

December

25 Cents

Cosmopolitan



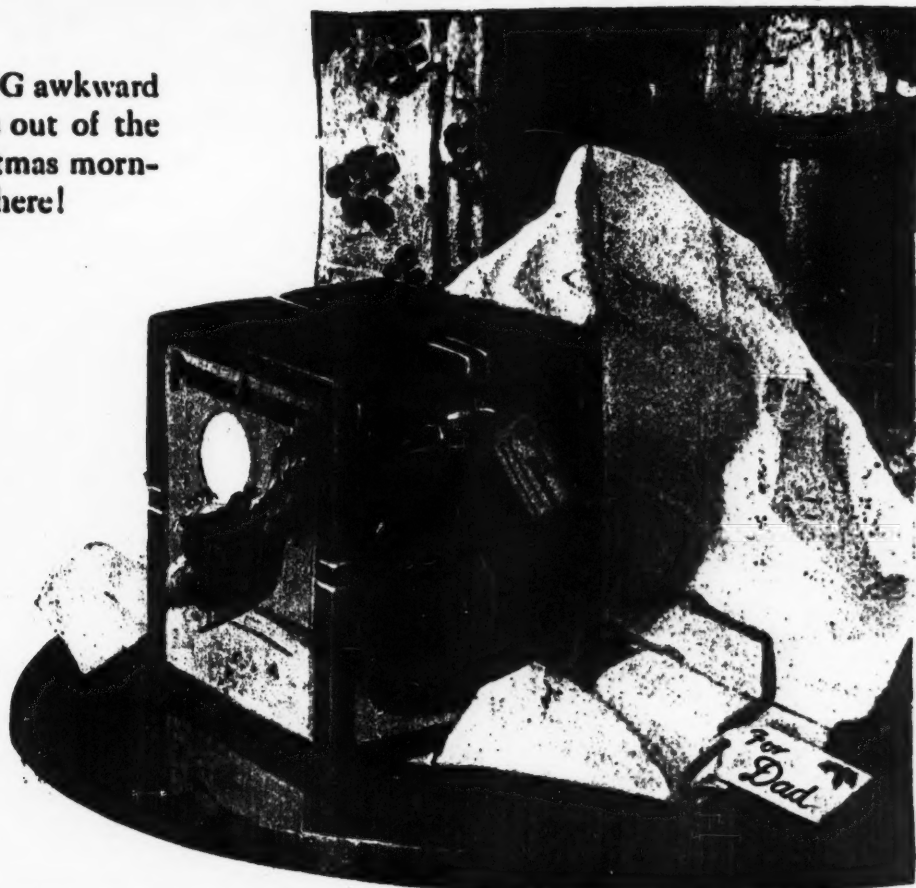
December

25 Cents

Cosmopolitan



TAKING awkward angles out of the early Christmas morning atmosphere!



HOW that low-on-luck feeling will peel off *his* mind when the happy-handout-happens Christmas morning; and, his keen eye sights the stage all set with the pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco gownned in the glories of a radiant holiday rainbow! Turkey takes to the tall timbers compared with the all-star-feast *you* spread so temptingly before his smokeappetite!

PRINCE ALBERT, for Christmas, lands on a man's tank-of-thanks like a spill-of-snow when the sleigh-bells are rusty from lack of jingles! P. A. as a *man gift* is the high-sign, the last word, the directest route to his comfort, his contentment, his smoke-happiness! It's the touch-that-lifts-the-lid; that takes the awkward angles out of the evergreen-and-

holly atmosphere and makes the whole family on both sides think and talk in one language!

YOU'LL enjoy seeing *him* fuss with his old jimmy pipe, all-brimful with Prince Albert! Or, *getting his "rolling his own!"* Never was such a delightful makin's cigarette as P. A. supplies. He can smoke the limit with Prince Albert *for it can't bite his tongue or parch his throat!* Our exclusive patented process fixes that! He'll just want to get thirty-six-smoke-hours out of the legal twenty-four *that's all!*

FILL his smokecup to overflowing! Prince Albert is the glad-gift, the holiday-hunch that will hum him a smoke te-de, te-dum long, long after Christmas is but a merry memory!

PRINCE ALBERT is also sold in handsome pound and half pound tin humidors, in tidy red tins and in tippy red bags—wherever you buy tobacco.

R. J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national Christmas joy smoke

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By George Creel

PELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 400,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized at last, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the senses of which they are conscious; how to discover and to train the senses of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 alone there were 400,000 Pelmanists, figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency.

The famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it over their signatures. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were talking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F. Benson, were writing columns in praise and interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life, far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centres of individual being. It was an astonishing phenomenon, virtually compelling my interest, and I agreed gladly when certain members of Parliament offered to take me to Pelham House. A growing enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind wandering and wool gathering.

Viewed historically, Pelmanism is a study in intelligent growth. Twenty years ago it was a simple memory training system.

The founder of Pelmanism had an idea. He went to the leading psychologists of England, and also to those of America, and said:



GEORGE CREEL

"I have a good memory system. I think I may say that it is the best. But it occurs to me that there is small point in memory unless there's a *mind* behind it. You gentlemen teach the science of the mind. But you teach it only to those who come to you. And few come, for psychology is looked upon as 'highbrow.' Why can't we popularize it? Why can't we make people train their minds just as they train their bodies? Why can't you put all that you have to teach into a series of simple, understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education?"

And the eminent professors did it! Pelmanism to-day is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone it recognizes the absolute interdependency of these powers and trains them *together*.

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

The course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." They are sent one at a time and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over, with pen and ink, by a staff of trained instructors. There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application*. *Pelmanism has got to be worked at.*

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening."

You can take a pill for a sluggish liver, but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles.

Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just

as the arms stay weak or grow flabby, when not used, so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

Pelmanism is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely! Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

I say deliberately, and with the deepest conviction, that Pelmanism *will* do what it promises to do.

Talk of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but with my own eyes I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies, refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough."

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

One may utilize Pelmanism as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational or cultural—but the advantages of the training touch life and living at every point. (Signed) GEORGE CREEL.

Note.—In bringing Pelmanism to America, the needs of the United States have been considered at every point. Plan, methods and principles remain the same but American psychologists have Americanized the lessons and American instructors, carefully trained in the course, will pass upon every work sheet.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study.

It guarantees nothing but what it can deliver. A written statement, in which the student gives his word of honor that he has not received results, will gain an instant refund of fee. Whatever may have been your experience with other courses, Pelmanism *will* help you.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"**MIND AND MEMORY**" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it. Every reader of this page should send for "Mind and Memory"—*now*.

SEND FOR "MIND AND MEMORY"

The book, "Mind and Memory" is free. Use the coupon or a postcard and send for it—*NOW*, or call personally.

PELMAN INSTITUTE OF AMERICA
Suite 326, 505 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

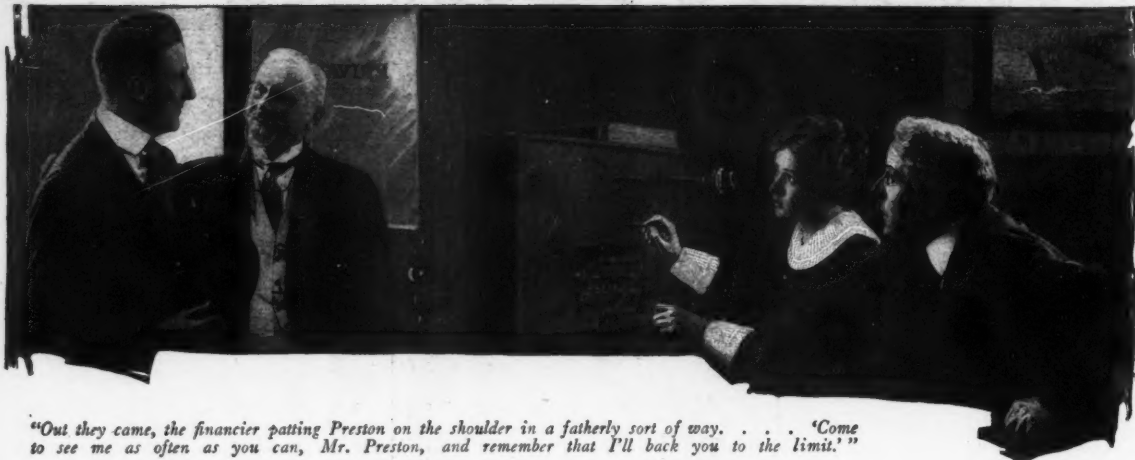
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Please send me, without obligation, your free booklet, "Mind and Memory."

Name.....

Address.....

All correspondence strictly confidential.



"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit.'"

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit.

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes. But it WAS done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales.

We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:25 train out of Chicago, we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was the man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power.

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that—is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. It's amazing! There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work."

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible . . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and

astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal

convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasms. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, you've got to know how to talk convincingly!

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

You needn't send any money—not a cent. Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the complete Course "Mastery of Speech" will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will own nothing.



"At luncheon one of our directors said, 'Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?' And Preston answered, 'You're on!'"

achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. When you talk people listen and listen eagerly. You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the



"At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction."

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly

Dept. L-3712 119 W. 40th St. New York

Please send me Dr. Frederick Houk Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you \$5 in full payment of the Course.

Name

Address Cosmo. 12-19



TRY THIS FAMOUS TREATMENT

Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from blackheads or blemishes

BLACKHEADS are a confession. Think how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. Such blemishes are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Make the following treatment a

daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

This treatment has helped thousands

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six

weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample of cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1612 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1612 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



To make your skin fine in texture

If constant exposure to dust and dirt is coarsening your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it

fine again. Full directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXVIII

DECEMBER, 1919

NO. 1

The Star of Stars

By Meredith Nicholson

WE need no calendar to warn us of the approach of Christmas, for the brightest day in the history of civilization proclaims itself from afar. The first trumpetings of winter turn our thoughts to the great festival, and we yield ourselves with pleasurable sensations to the Christmas spirit.

The weightiest argument in favor of the authenticity of the New Testament lies in the continuity of the faith and hope inspired by the Star of Stars that hung over the little town of Bethlehem in the long ago. Even the skeptic or the unbeliever, questioning or scouting the divinity of Jesus Christ, must concede that He spoke as never man spake, and that His simple gospel revolutionized the world.

It is not more miraculous that Christ died and rose again from the dead than that His spirit is born daily into the lives of millions.

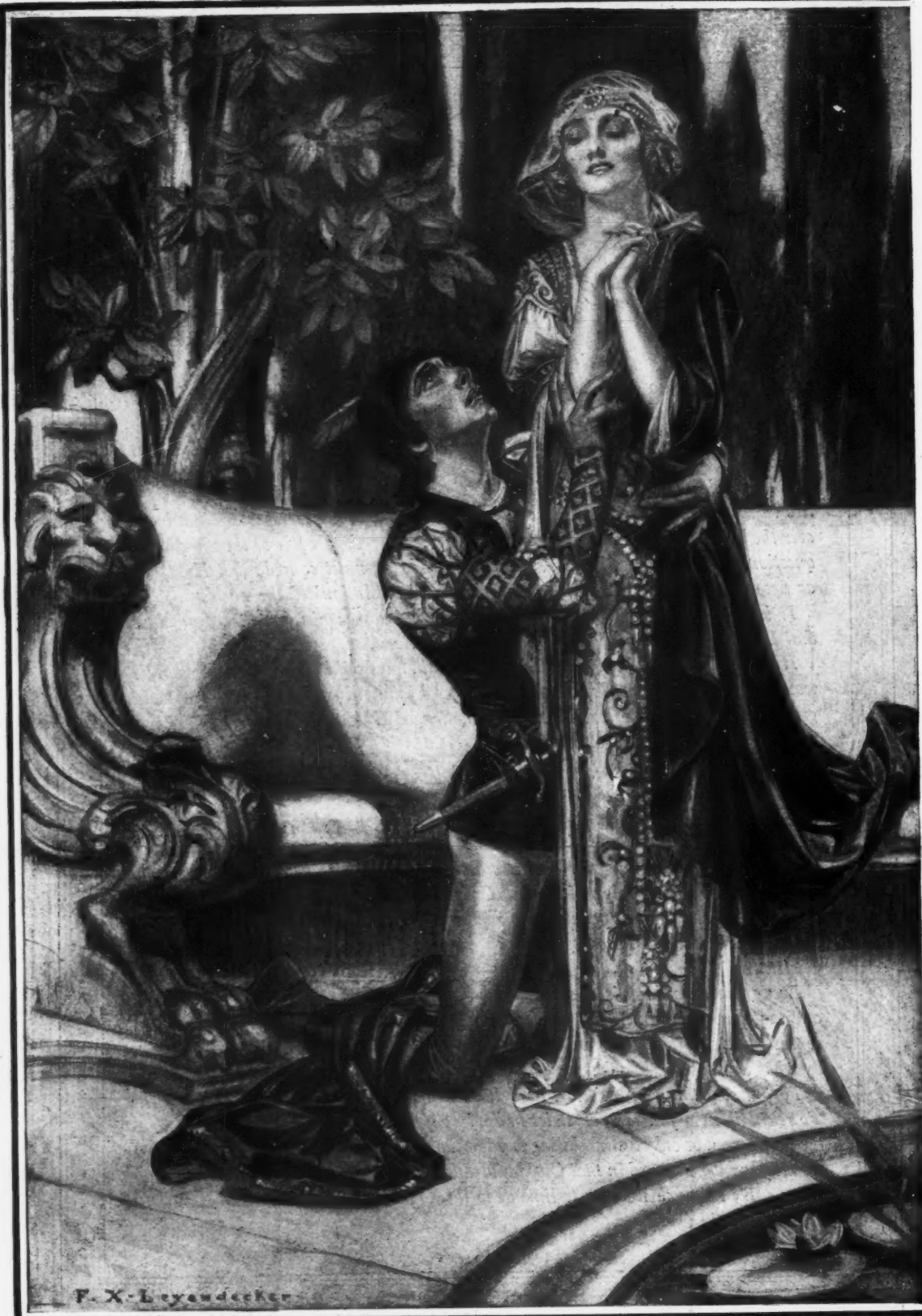
He came to serve and to lift mankind. He laid hands of healing upon the world's wounds. By His example, He crystallized and vitalized truths that had been only groped for in the ages before Him. He challenged Hate to do its worst with Love, for He knew that Love is eternal.

To think less of ourselves and more of our neighbors, to ease the burden of friend or stranger, to help the good cause or the discouraged comrade—in these ways we may widen and strengthen the influence of the Christmas spirit.

The work of Jesus Christ is not finished. It begins anew with every rising of the sun; and He made it your business and my business, to be carried forward in His spirit. The campaign of the Red Cross in its war upon tuberculosis presents to every American an opportunity to render a service to mankind in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Invest generously in Red Cross stamps as part of your Christmas.

Every generous deed is a sacrament, a renewal of the bond between ourselves and that power within us that makes for righteousness. The finest gift is one that represents a sacrifice, for there, truly, the heart goes with it. We are enriched, not by what we keep but by what we give away.

To put something in the heart as well as in the hand is to bestow a perfect gift. To rekindle in a faltering or stricken soul confidence in the Eternal Good, though the instrument be only a stimulating word or the smallest gift—by such simple means we may lay up treasure in that City builded by no hand and unassailable from any shore. By so much we bear testimony to the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.





THE LOVE THAT LEADS TO GOD

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Decoration by Frank X. Layandecker

O H, I have loved you four ways,
And I shall love you five;
For when the body turns to dust,
The soul is more alive.

You came into my youth-prime
And gathered all its flowers,
As kings go to their gardens
And revel in the bowers.

I loved you—loved you—loved you,
As Nature loves the sun;
And your life was my life,
And all our ways were one.

There came a chastening grief-time,
When love seemed purified.
A little child had come to us;
A little child had died.

Love smiled on us through tear-drops—
The earth-path we had trod
Showed somewhere in the distance
A curve that led to God.

Then came the somber fall-time,
With cares to fill each day;
But your ways were my ways,
And duty seemed but play.

What kisses told in June days,
Hand clasping hand now told.
And there was youth in both our hearts,
Although our lives grew old.

And now you are immortal;
You know the second birth;
And your ways are God's ways,
And mine are ways of earth.

And in the love I bear you
I feel the chastening rod.
O great soul! O mate-soul!
You are so near to God!

Though I have loved you four ways,
I yet shall love you five.
My soul will cast its body off
And stand by you alive.

And we shall dwell together
In glory like the sun,
Where your ways and my ways
And God's ways are one.

HAVE you ever fought against some one of nature's hidden forces that tore at your reason—that possessed and held you in its awesome spell? This is the story of the struggle between a girl and the Great River—a real epic of the Mississippi—one of the most powerful stories ever written—

By Rupert Hughes

PART I

FROM all four sides of her father's house, the big river was visible.

It came splendidly down from somewhere up north, where she had never been, turned sharply to its left, marched gleaming past her father's house in an eternal parade, turned sharply to its right, and went tramping down south somewhere, where she had never been. Always and always, it kept on going.

The house was set at such an angle in the sickle-blade that water was to be seen at any window.

As a wee child, Milly had thought that the Mississippi made that gigantic swerve just to keep from running over her father's house. She had heard it called the "Father of Waters" and had thought of it as a kindly stream. In her first geography lesson she had read of it, and felt greatly puffed up, as people do who meet their acquaintances' names in print.

Before she went to school—when that she was and a little tiny girl, a mere lapling—she had told her father that the river went round the house because it was good-hearted and kind. Her father chuckled till he almost shook her off the platform of his long legs, which made a bridge from his chair to the rail of the porch. But he agreed with her estimate of the river's benevolence. He never tired of musing over the everlasting variety of the lights it echoed from the sky. Her mother complained that he had never had any ambition since they moved out there and he began to spend all his spare time mooning over that stupid old stream.

Her mother was always at work in the house. She could see no "sense" in the slow river, but her father found all wisdom there. He meditated upon it every evening and nearly all day Sundays. The smoke from his pipe puffed out like the smoke from the steamboats that went up and down the water.

One evening, papa said that the river was like a person. It was always changin' and always the same; whilst you'd set and watch the worter slidin' past and no two minutes runnin' was you lookin' at the same worter, but yet you was always a-lookin' at the same river. Folks were just like that—thoughts runnin' through 'em, teeth and hair comin' and goin', chairs and clothes wearin' out under 'em; but they was always the same folks.

Milly asked her father one day,

"Was the Mississippi ever a baby river, papa?"

And he laughed like all-get-out; but he said:

"O course it was, honey. You can tell by them there hills it's been a-growin' and a-growin'. A jollerjist can tell you just how many million years old it is. These bluffs is all fossils that was once as live as you and me. This river has took a good while to grow up. Maybe it's only a youngster yet. But it couldn't 'a' wore this path through them hills in a day or a week. No sirree-bob!"

"Papa," she said, "are we goin' to be fossils, too, some day, you and me?"

She remembered how slow he had smoked before he answered,

"I shouldn't be suprised, honey."

"And will folks pick us up out of a bluff a million thousand years from now, papa?"

"I shouldn't be suprised if they did."

16



The Father

Her mother had evidently been listening, for she came out and snatched Milly from his lap and said,

"If you got to have such wicked notions, Adna Hobday, you haven't got to fill this poor child's mind with 'em, have you?"

"No; I guess I haven't got to," her father had half sighed, half laughed.

Her mother had taken her in and made her study her Sabbath-school lesson; but Milly was lonesome for the river. She heard a steamboat mooing down on the levee, and later she heard the slow chuff-chuff of its smoke-stacks, the faint smack-smack of the paddles on the wheels, and the tinkle of the bells in the engine-room. She wanted to go out on the porch and see the packet push by, but her mother told her to do as she was told for once.

Milly explained to her elder brother, Jesse, about how nice it was of the old Father of Waters to go round the house instead of right through the yard, and her brother whooped:

"Why, you dern fool! Ain't you no sense at tall, even for a girl? The old river goes round because this bluff is a big rock and the river can't budge it. Gosh all hemlock! And you thought the river was bein' polite to the house. Don't you know they built the house here and the whole town here, too, because this was a place where the river couldn't git in? Gee, you make me si-ick!"

Brother Jesse was his mother's boy, very practical and ener-



of Waters

Illustrated by
R. L. Lambdin

getic. He would have made a rich man if he hadn't got caught in a backwater, one of the stagnant pools left by the rivers of commerce where they overflow and subside.

Milly was her father's girl. She inherited his ability to dream wide-eyed above waters. The river became so much a part of her life that it seemed to run through her soul-scape as well as through her landscape. It was the very current of her blood.

When she was about six or seven, the Father in heaven took her father on earth away from the world and from the back porch and from the contemplation of the father in the river.

Milly was very bitter. She had had three fathers in her life, and she could not forgive the invisible one for robbing her and the river of their favorite.

Her mother was horrified with her. She tried to teach Milly religion and resignation, but she only woke a fierce stubbornness in the child, especially when she forbade her to spend hours on the porch keeping her father's chair flopping back and forth with an uncanny and ghostly persistence.

Her mother could keep Milly off the porch; she could lock her in a room for punishment, but she could not lock her in any room where the river was invisible, for, you see, the house was set at such an angle that water was to be seen from any window.

But when Milly grew old enough to start to school, she began to neglect the river a little. She was away all day, and of nights

she had to study. She loved to study her schoolbooks, too.

The pushing stream of her life, having entered the

Valley of School, suddenly rounded a curve and ran into the Meadows of Love. Milly had reached the advanced age of seven before she learned what love is and what it does to a person. Boys had hitherto been to her eye only brothers, more or less removed, more or less disgusting. But now she met Hugo Ludlum.

II

SHE saw him first in school. He sat a few rows ahead of her, and she was struck by the exceeding cleanliness of the back of his neck, the region about his ears, and his white collar. His hair was combed and brushed smooth, too. This was some new kind of boy.

Milly longed for a glimpse of his face, and when he turned round to watch the teacher at the side blackboard, she almost cried aloud at his beauty. There was not a smooch on his skin anywhere, and the hand he raised to lean his cheek on was white. Even the finger nails lacked the black edging she had supposed to be universal among boys. She whispered her neighbor,

"Say, Edie, who's 'at boy with the shiny face?"

Edie whispered back:

"Why, don't you know Hugo Ludlum? He's tur'ble nice boy—never slaps your face nor pulls your hair nor nothin'."

Milly gazed on him with a tender awe. He was more absorbing than the Mississippi River.

She grew so desperate that she could not wait for recess and a formal presentation. She wrote on a piece of paper, "i lov u," rolled it up, and flung it at him. It landed on the desk of Ikey Goolup, the champion sloven of the school, and Milly almost blazed out with chagrin lest he read it and accept her and marry her before she could stop him.

But Ikey Goolup assumed that the pellet was a spitball, and he made it his own and, with great violence and accuracy, pasted it behind the ear of good little Charlie Nanry, who told the teacher on Ikey and had him sent to the principal for a hot palm.

In the excitement, the incriminating document was lost sight of, to Milly's intense relief. At recess, the insane child brushed past Hugo and whispered in hog-Latin,

"I-gray ove-lay oo-yay!"

Hugo understood and fled. Milly pursued him for nearly two years before she got him infatuated.

He called on her once, and they sat on the porch, trying to think of something to say. The river suggested to Milly a topic.

"I s'pose you're just achin' for it to get warm enough to go in swim'n'."

"Oh, I never swim," said Hugo.

"Aw, go on!" said Milly, with light raillery.

"Honest, I don't!"

"Who'd 'a' s'pected a big boy like what you are would be a 'fraid-cat."

"No," said Hugo; "I'm not afraid of the river, but mamma is. She's so scared of it she won't let me go near it."

Milly was more shocked to find her hero afraid of his mamma than of the river. She scoffed uproariously and whittled her finger at him until he explained:

"I'd love to go in with the fellows, but mamma carries on so. She says I'm all the children she's got, and she cries, and so I promised her. It hurts me, but I'd rather hurt me than hurt her."

Milly saw that there were heroisms that she had not dreamed of.

"What's your mamma afraid of?" she asked.

"That I'll get drowned."

"Oh, that old river wouldn't hurt you! That's the nicest old river that ever was."

"But boys do get drowned, mamma says. She says every year the river takes just so many boys away. There was Billy Tatlow, you know, and Steve Sheeley, and Robbie Pulver."

"That's so," said Milly. "I'd forgot about them."

"Mamma says she can't forget her own brother. He was drowned tryin' to save an old lady when the War Eagle ran into the bridge and was wrecked and lots of people got drowned."

"That's so," Milly whispered. "I 'member hearin' about that."

She sat and stared at the vast placid benevolence with a new wonder. Its twinkling surface had won her trust, but she thought now of the grim depths beneath. She saw strange eddies boring here and there like gimlets, and they looked cruel.

Later, when the swimming-season came on, she begged her brother Jesse not to go in, but he gave her the laugh. She implored her mother not to let him go, but her mother told her not to be foolish—boys had to learn to swim.

Milly spent a day of terror, but Jesse came home none the worse for his adventure except for a large area of sunburn and an ear-ache. Yet Milly was glad that Hugo did not go swimming, because that left him free to talk to her.

One summer afternoon, as Milly was going to walk past the Ludlum home in the hope of getting a glimpse of her cavalier, she met his mother just dashing through the gate in a panic of terror. She rushed past Milly without seeing her. The child turned and ran alongside, gasping,

"Wha—what's mat-tatter, Mizzizzuz Ludlum?"

Mrs. Ludlum panted:

"I'm worried about Hugo. He hasn't come home, and I've just had a premonition that he's gone swimming."

"But he promised you."

"I know; but he's only a boy, and I—I've had a premonition."

Milly did not know what a premonition was, but it was evidently something convincing. So she stumbled along with the frantic mother. They made their way out to the edge of the bluff, to the path where the boys went down to the river to swim.

Mrs. Ludlum could make out faintly, far below, a covey of pigmies in the water. A few steps down, and she fell heavily on one hip, and sat rocking back and forth, nursing her ankle. She said to Milly,

"Run on down and call Hugo—quick!"

Milly darted along the path sure-footedly as a little goat. She

pushed through the sickly-sweet pawpaw shrubs. The hazel bushes smacked her in the face. Birds in flight sprinkled the air before her path. She paused on a jutting ledge in some trepidation. She was getting uncomfortably close to the swimming spot. She stood forth and called into space:

"Oh, Hugo! Hugo Lud-lu-um!"

The boys stopped paddling and yelping. They stood waist-deep in the water. One or two dived off the bank for decency's sake. Milly looked the other way and called out of the side of her mouth. She heard her brother's well-known treble in the well-known spirit:

"Go on away from here! Ain't you 'shamed of yourself?"

"I want Hugo Ludlum! His mother wants him!"

"He's not here! He ain't been here! You go on away now, or I'll tell mamma on you!"

Milly scudded back to the top of the hill with the glorious news. Mrs. Ludlum picked herself up and limped home, incredulous until she saw Hugo on the front lawn fixing the hose so that it would shower the grass with diamonds.

His mother ran to him and smothered him in her arms as if he had come back from the grave. He explained that he had lingered at the library over a book. He was awful sorry he had scared his mother. But she kissed him and blessed him, and felt that she had rescued her boy from the maw of the alluring, youth-devouring river.

She insisted on making a festival of the supper, and compelled Milly to be guest of honor. It is always wonderful to children to eat the food of other families. An alien table is an island of adventure.

Milly felt that she was married already to Hugo, and it pleased her to fancy that the old couple was visiting the young folks-in-law.

After supper, she and Hugo played dominoes while Mr. Ludlum read the evening paper and Mrs. Ludlum read her work-basket. The group was so soothingly peaceful that Milly put away the plan she had cherished from the far-off days of her father's lap-kingdom.

She and her father had agreed that, when she grew up, she would marry the captain of a steamboat, so that she and her father could explore those mystic realms to the north, whence the river came down, and those legendary lands to the south that the river kept visiting.

Sometimes her father would take her down to the levee to watch a packet come in or a freighter take on cargo. Milly could not tell whether she was more fascinated by the human cargo in fine clothes or the stuff that went aboard in boxes on the shoulders of the darky roustabouts.

There was a friend of her father's, young Harley Stannard, only twenty and already first mate of the Molly Moore. And once he took her on his shoulders and carried her about the boat. It was a wonderful place, and Harley said he was going to marry her when she grew a little older. And she had agreed.

One of her first experiences of human perfidy was the news that he had married another woman without asking her. She had found out the depths of human levity, too, for when she had protested, "I don't think he's very nice to not wait for me," her father had laughed and told her to hurry and grow or all the men would be married up.

She thought of this now, and was glad that she had not married Mr. Stannard before she met Hugo Ludlum. Besides, she could now revenge herself on him.

She would be more than satisfied to be the wife of Hugo, who would some day inherit the magnificent hat store of his father. He had indeed clerked there on several occasions, and had been permitted to paste the gilt initials of customers in the nobby headware they bought, the famous "Fifth Avenue" felts and "college straws" for which Mr. Ludlum was the sole and exclusive agent in Carthage.

Mr. Ludlum was as round all over as the crown of any of the derbies he sold. He was forever laughing, a contagious chuckle like the noise that boys made running along the street with a stick pressed against the picket fence in front of Miss Malkan's.

On this night, Hugo and Milly grew so frantic over a domino crisis that they fell to laughing wildly. Mr. Ludlum dropped his paper and stood by them and laughed with them. This set them off again. Every time they gave out, he set that ratchety chuckle going, and away they went.

Milly often had these spasms of giggle, epilepsies of unwelcome amusement, especially in church. She laughed now till she was faint, sick, suffocated. Mrs. Ludlum made her husband let her alone. Then Milly began to cry for no reason at all. She ran home all by herself.

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Milly asked her father one day, "Was the Mississippi ever a baby river, papa?"

After that, Mr. Ludlum was more careful.

Late that summer, Milly wandered over to see her future mother-in-law. Hugo was away, and Mrs. Ludlum, who was always fretful without him, welcomed his other feminine adorer. He explained that he had gone across the river with the Congre-

gationalist Sunday-school picnic. Milly said,

"Oh, yes: Jesse has gone to that, too."

"I thought your mother went to the Baptist church."

"Oh, mamma does; but Jesse goes to the church that's havin' the next picnic."

The Father of Waters

Mrs. Ludlum permitted Milly to help her in the kitchen. "I'm going to have Hugo's favorite dessert to-night—floating island."

"Oh, I'd like to learn how to make that!" cried Milly. "I really ought to, you know, so's that—"

She paused and blushed. Mrs. Ludlum smiled. She need not be jealous of Milly yet.

At last everything was ready but the prodigal. Mr. Ludlum came rolling up the street and sat on the porch with his wife and their tiny daughter-in-law-to-be.

They kept watching for Hugo.

Suddenly, round the corner whirled a shabby old depot hack; it was plainly empty, but the well-known negro driver seemed to be in a desperate hurry. He lashed the horses to a run.

"Wonder who's goin' to miss his train to-night," laughed Mr. Ludlum.

But the driver turned in to the Ludlum curb, threw his weight backward, and checked the horses so sharply that they slid, and their shoes scratched sparks from the stone.

The driver stood up in his pulpit and shouted at the porch,

"Oh, Miz. Ludlum, your bov's drowned!"

Then he struck out with his whip; the horses plunged; the hack careened round the next corner and was gone.

III

GOOD news can wait or walk. Bad news takes a hack and has the horses whipped.

That black messenger of Death never explained his fierce haste to be the first to blast the happiness of that home.

He had nothing against the Ludlums. Nobody had. Every loved them—except Luck.

Milly forgot her own anguish, her own premature widowhood before the spectacle of that plaintive little couple smitten to a madness of grief at the destruction of their only child, their final child.

They beat the air so frantically with their hands; they clung together so like two blind wretches sinking in a current; they made such drowning, gurgling, choking noises that Milly fled from them in panic.

She was afraid to tell her own mother the woeful thing. She was not like the hack-driver. She hated bad news.

Jesse was very late for supper. He came in scared and craven with a kind of guilt upon him for being even a spectator at such a scene. From his broken, reluctant account, it was easy to understand what had happened.

A crowd of boys, wearying of the inanity of Sunday-school merriment, had struck out through the woods for any adventure that might offer itself. Hugo had been hurried along with them. They had suddenly come out upon a shining floor of sand with a flood of shallow crystalline water pirouetting across it.

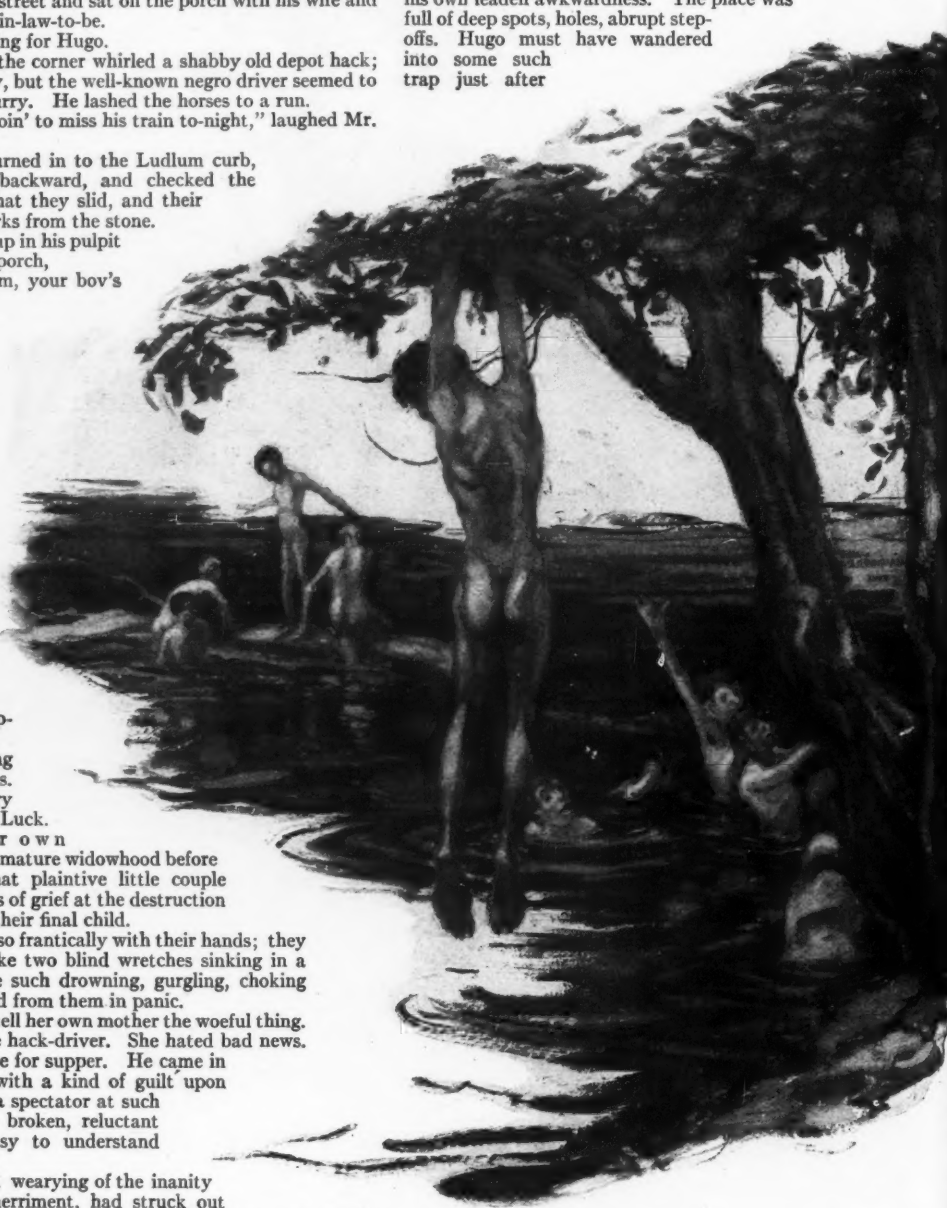
They had snatched away their clothes and darted in. Hugo alone had abstained. From the warm, gay bath they had called to him, dared him to come in. He had refused, remembering his mother. They had made fun of him, called him: "Coward-calf," "Mamma's boy," "Miss Priss."

He was human—for once. He felt the tremendous pressure of young public opinion. Suddenly he whipped off his neat clothes; he piled them in an orderly fashion. He had never undressed before in the presence of boys to whom nakedness was common-

place. He made haste to hide himself in the water. It gave him an unimagined delight. He wondered that he had lived so long without this better half of a Mississippi boy's amphibious existence.

The other urchins swam, dived, turned rude somersaults, tried to see who could stay under the longest.

Hugo wished that he had learned to swim. He kept trying, marveling at the buoyancy of his friends and his own leaden awkwardness. The place was full of deep spots, holes, abrupt step-offs. Hugo must have wandered into some such trap just after



the other boys had all seized their noses, gulped deep breaths, and ducked under in a final test of endurance.

When they came up spluttering, one by one, and had quarreled a while over who had stayed down longest, they called to Hugo to decide. He did not answer. They could not find him.

His clothes were on the bank in their neat array. The boys were terrified. They could imagine him sinking suddenly, coming up, strangling, beating the water, crying vainly, perhaps, across the surface where never a head showed.

They imagined him turning, smothering, fighting—thinking of his poor mother, no doubt.

They grew afraid of this living, cheating river. Even here, in

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his innocent little bayou, it had waylaid one of them and devoured him. They ran out on the bank in panic.

Then, as Jesse said, they grew mad at the river. They dived in and swam here and there, thrusting down to the depths with eyes open and staring,



They had snatched away their clothes and darted in. Hugo alone had abstained. They had called to him, dared him to come in. He had refused, remembering his mother.

their fingers traveling along the bottom, feeling for poor Hugo Ludlum.

They sought him till they were worn out. Eddies twisted them; slippery arms seemed to drag at them. They, too, had mothers to think of. They dressed and left the place and Hugo's clothes. They hurried back to the picnic and turned it to a funeral.

Men ran from there to the river and plunged; boats were found, and the search in the deepening twilight of the water was going on now.

From the porch of the house, Milly could see lights moving on the other side of the river.

Milly's mother ran over to Mrs. Ludlum's to hold her on this side of madness.

Mr. Ludlum was down at the river hunting for grappling-hooks.

IV

THREE days later, the river spewed up what it had made of the slim, silvery youth it had kidnapped. The sight revolted the strangers who found the body bumping against the mud banks three miles below. They

tried to keep Mr. Ludlum from looking;

but he did. He kept his wife from looking into the coffin. It had to be a much bigger coffin than one would have expected.

Milly went back to her porch habit. She could not keep her eyes

off the river.

She studied

it as one

might study

the face of a

trusted

friend who

had been

guilty of

perfidy.

She asked

it, "Why?"

She saw sun-

flood, sunset,

moon-rise, star-

shower. Sometimes, waking

from a nightmare that tried

to drown her in her own bed,

she would steal to the win-

dow and watch the daybreak draw

the black shroud of night slowly

from the stream, watched it turn

from the darkling shudder of a black-

snake's skin to the autumnal tints of a

copperhead's scales, and to the gold and

amber of just a great river a mile wide. But she

could not love it any more. She feared it now. The

shimmer of its surface was always a sinister quivering;

it was reptile, ophidian.

Early that fall, the river captured a second boy, Charlie Nanry, a poor boy from the other side of Main Street, who had been running across one of the great rafts that floated dead forests down to the Southern sawmills. A log had rolled under his nimble feet too quickly for him, and he had slid down into the river. The logs had closed over him.

That winter, two young men skated across a sheet of thin ice. They were not found till the next spring.

Milly began to keep toll of the human sacrifices the old river demanded of the populace it enriched by the traffic it bore and the regions it watered. She read in the papers the names of boys in other towns who were pulled in as by crocodiles.

A skiff ran on a snag and sank with half a dozen men and women. Two steamers collided. A barge with people on it turned turtle. A small traveling circus-boat caught fire. The river did not put out the fire, but it gathered in people and animals.

Milly wanted to move away from the river. But people do not move away from danger.

She read of other rivers that killed, of floods that swept over dikes, invaded streets, split concrete dams, mowed down villages, set houses spinning like tops through strange scenes.

She read of the Gulf of Mexico and its sudden uprising against Galveston. She read of the ocean and its tidal waves at Messina, of accidents at sea, of the Titanic and the iceberg.

She was haunted by an overwhelming horror of deep water, and, one day at church, when the preacher spoke of the deluge that drowned the world, she had to rise and tiptoe up the aisle

to escape a threatening paroxysm of fear. But she outgrew this obsession as she outgrew her childhood, her dresses, her school-books, her little-girl ideas. She grew used to the old river and forgot it again in the stream of the new terrors and raptures that sweep a girl along.

At length, she was a beautiful woman, nubile and besought in homage by the town youth and by out-of-town youth.

Even Captain Harley Stannard paid clumsy court to her. He commanded a homely old freight-boat that plied between St. Louis and St. Paul and made her town a half-way stop on each trip. He was a widower now, with a little motherless daughter.

Milly liked him, and she came to know the voice of his old side-wheeler, the Amy J., named after his deceased wife. Usually he saluted her home on the bluff with two long calls and two short ones from the hoarse whistle. He meant it as a gallantry, but Milly could not get over the feeling that it was the ghastly voice of the dead woman hooting at her.

Besides, a handsome young fellow from Boston came to town at that critical period and paid Commonwealth attentions to the nineteen-year-old villager with devastating effect. He promised to take her East on the honeymoon when he went back the following summer; nobody else had a chance against a young man with a pleading background of all that the Eastern glories mean to the children of the Middle West. So Milly Hobday consented to become Mrs. Lawrence Trippet come next year.

V

CARTHAGE was gay that fall, and Larry Trippet said that even Newport had nothing to offer more charming than the river-dances of Milly's home town; for it was a custom there to charter a steamer to push a barge several miles up the river on moonlight nights and drift back; and the lower floor of the barge was made for dancing, with a platform for the band and a corner for refreshments; the upper deck was like a roof-garden in Tunis, where couples could snuggle together in the full moon-glory and whisper their communions while dulcet breezes fanned young men's glowing cheeks with the cool curls of young women, and the old steamer's smoke-stacks puffed like the pipes of a great organ intoning bridal music.

During the winter there were many dances, and Milly saw little of the river except for a glimpse of it late as she bade Larry long good-nights. It was very still under its complete armor of ice, and everything in the world was so perfect that the fears of the past could not obtrude on the dreams of the future.

At the first warnings of spring, the river grew noisy. The ice began to split with the sound of a cannonade. It began to move in solid sheets; these grew brittle and broke raggedly into cakes that crowded and jostled, climbed and bucked like passing droves of white cattle, lowing all night and all day.

The stampede raged against the piers of the bridge and against the stone rocks set up to protect them from the onslaughts of the ice-packs.

Open spaces of dark water appeared and disappeared, and one could feel that spring would soon give back the river to its old dominion.

It would cease to be a gray warrior and become again the mirror of all the color-moods of the sky.

In the forenoon of spring came flocks of wild duck. They kept away from the town but fluttered about the bayous on the other side and sat upon the clear intervals of open water.

Hunters went out along the opposite banks, but it was necessary to explore the ice-wilderness in boats to retrieve the quarry.

And then, to Milly's horror, Larry Trippet revealed an interest in this sport. He spoke lightly of his plan to cross the river in a skiff and to bring her home a feast of game.

When she protested, he laughed. When she forbade him to go, he disclosed an unsuspected wilfulness. When she wept with fear, her tears slid off his heart as if it were a duck's back. When she grew frantic, he left her and went to his boarding-house.

The next morning, she woke early. She glanced from her window to the river. The sky was a raw gray, and filled with clouds like shadows of the cakes of ice. The sky was a dismal parody of the river. There were no boats among the ugly blocks of floating steel.

After breakfast, she went again to the chilly porch. Now she saw a skiff well out in the stream. One man rowed, and one man leaned across the bow with a shotgun in his arm. She knew him at once for Larry Trippet by the red cap she had knitted him to

wear when he went skating in spite of her pleas. She recognized Tim Nanry, too, a levee-loafer, elder brother of the Nanry boy who had been drowned years and years before.

The old fright gripped Milly's heart. She shouted from the porch, but the wind blew her voice back into her mouth. She ran into the house, flung on a heavy cloak, and hurried along the streets to the top of a long wooden stairway leading to the river level. There were a hundred and twenty-four steps in that turning, rickety flight. The steps were slippery with frost, but she got down them somehow without accident.

The old fright gripped Milly's heart. She ran into the house, flung on a heavy cloak, and hurried along the streets to the top of a long wooden stairway leading to the river-level. There were a hundred and twenty-four steps in that turning, rickety flight. The steps were slippery with frost, but she got down them somehow without accident.

She called from the shore, but the boat had dwindled beyond reach. It looked pitifully small as it tossed in the current, twisting this way and that to avoid the ice-throngs.

Here at the water's edge, the full speed of the current was evident. It chased past, with reeling floes of ice grinding together like shears. Some of them were shot into the air and fell upon others and bore them under, only to be smothered beneath the next plunging bulk.

From this level, Milly could hardly see the boat. She thought her of the bridge, and ran to it with a feeling that disaster impended and that she must not fail to witness it.

Her heart was puffing white like her father's pipe-smoke. Her heart hurt her as if some one were jabbing half-open scissors into her breast.

She met Captain Stannard with his little girl in hand. The captain's boat was moored for the winter, and he was getting impatient for the spring to release her from the jail of ice.

"What's your hurry, Milly?" he said. "Slow down and take a walk with the little one and me."

"I can't!" she gasped. "There is a skiff out in the river, and I'm afraid it may be in danger from the ice."

"Well, you can't help much from here, can you?" said the captain. "I guess they're safe enough. Lots of fellow go out. They're after ducks, I suppose."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I was kind of worried."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry, if I was you."

"Oh, yes, you would, if you were me."

"Well, maybe I would. Who's in the boat?"

She hardly liked to fling Larry Trippet's name in his face just then. So she said:

"Two men. They're too far away now to see just who they are."

Then she ran on. But he followed, dragging the anchor of the little girl.

Half a mile out on the bridge, Milly paused and leaned on the rail, gasping. She peered into the distance where the petty boat fared slowly its tortuous path. She heard the faint crack of the shotgun; she saw wild ducks rise and wheel away.

She wished that Larry were braving death for some other purpose than to inflict it upon innocent passengers through the sky. She had always grieved over the sight of slain wild ducks hung on hooks in the markets or drooping in long strings of glossy beauty and pitiful from the arms of gunners.

Captain Stannard and his child came up and stood peering into the distance.

From this eyrie, the river had a fearful vastitude, and the boat was a mere speck, like a wee wild duck sitting there awaiting its doom from the hunting-river. Everywhere ice-blades clashed like bayonets. There was a chaos of eddies, of snarling, blundering beasts in a mob of sullen wrath. Below her, the ice flashed beneath the bridge, or charged the battlement with a crash and a cry. It seemed to rush at her in wolfish ferocity, to leap and snap and to fall back with a baffled rage. Everywhere the river was one seethe of hatred, of gnashing teeth, of ruthless malignity.

When she searched the bitter wilderness for the boat, she could hardly find it again—it was so tiny and so far away. But it was not so far away that she was spared the vision of what she had dreamed.

Suddenly the dot was changed to a dash. She realized that the skiff had been thrust up into the air by some lurching floe. She could just see the two little figures in it sprawling in air with outstretched arms against the gray.



"I'll be all right—pretty soon. Only—it—it takes a few minutes for me to—to realize how much—how much bigger life is than—than the people who live it"

After the Ceremony

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by

Howard Chandler Christy

THE ceremony was over. The bride and groom had departed. In the hallway of the Carver home and on the stairs lingered knots of departing youths and maidens. They were chattering raucous nothings in peacock voices, their faces aflush with the drunkenness of recent excitement.

In the smoking-room loafed one or two oldsters, swigging a final round of drinks and joking greasily about the wedding, winking as they exuded nuptial jests for which some stalwart member of the bride's family ought to have kicked them.

In the upper reaches of the house, Mrs. Carver was sniffing, in happy maudlin sentiment, as she superintended the putting-away of the wedding-gifts. Locked in his own study, her husband was slouching miserably in his biggest chair and chewing at an unlighted cigar as he fought to reconcile himself to the idea of his baby daughter's instantaneous plunge into stark maturity.

Yes; the wedding was over. So was the reception. And everything about the house seemed as flat and unprofitable as it was disorderly. This was the aftermath of the weeks of hysterical preparation. The most solemnly momentous climax in the lives of two young people had been celebrated with the sensual merriment which the Great Moment seems to call for. And now the reaction was setting in.

The sole participants of the rackets revel who did not feel the let-down were a man and a girl whose motor-car had just left the last of the city's houses behind it and was picking up speed on a smooth stretch of country road. The man was Rolf Deane. The girl, two hours earlier, had been Faith Carver. Now, as the garishly bright new wedding-ring attested, she was Mrs. Rolf Deane. Theirs had been a love-match pure and simple. And

the wedded youth and maid were glorious'y happy.

There was everything to make them happy. Rolf was well blessed in the way of looks and position and money. Faith was one of the prettiest and most popular girls in her large and somewhat mixed set. Both of them were young, splendidly healthy and normal, and absurdly much in love with each other.

They were in luck, too, from another view-point. For Deane's law-partner had put his summer home at their disposal for the honeymoon. And Rolf's own Jap servant was to cook for them.

This honeymoon cottage was an ideal site for its purpose. Two hours' motor run from the city and high in the hills, it offered delightful seclusion as well as every comfort. It was a rambling Colonial house, overrun with wisteria and far from the highway. Here, if anywhere, a new-wed couple might feel a thousand miles away from the inquisitive outer world.

As the car sped purring through the early springtide dusk, Rolf took one hand from the steering-wheel and slipped his arm round the girl, who nestled close to his side.

"Heart of mine," he told her, almost in a whisper, "presently I shall wake up and find this is a paradise-dream. It's all the way we planned it, dear. Exactly the way we p'anned it. Things so seldom are. And it's going to keep on being the way we planned it. The moon is coming up. See?"

"Moonlight—and spring—and wisteria!" sighed Faith, in dreamy ecstasy, adding: "And you! And me!"

"We'll be there in another half-hour," said Deane. "I told Yama to have dinner ready for us at eight."

"Dinner!" she mocked. "That's the difference between a man and a woman! Here we've been married barely two hours,

I'm visualizing moonlight and wisteria. And you're visualizing—dinner!"

"Yes," he agreed; "that is the difference between a woman and a man. One talks of moonshine and the other talks of eating. But at heart there isn't any real difference between women and men. If there were, the world would have stopped six thousand years ago."

"I wonder," she mused. "Yes; I suppose you're right. For six thousand years, men have spoken their thoughts. And women have been taught to say only what they *ought* to think. Now, a woman has been trained that way so many centuries that she doesn't even know it is dinner she craves rather than wisteria and moonlight. And when she hears a man tell the truth about it, it gives her a distinct shock. But—it's rather a nice shock."

"Behold, an honest woman!" he approved, with the great laugh she loved to hear. "A woman who is honest enough to know she isn't honest! Just the same," he confessed, "in a way, you were right. If honeymoons were all dinner and no moonshine and wisteria—why, they might as well be a shipping-clerk's Saturday-night spree. It is the wisteria and the moonlight that make life something more than a pigsty. And it is women who supply those those tings. So they—"

"I suppose you think you're talking sense," complained Faith. "And I suppose I ought to be a good wife and say, 'How profound!' But it's all Greek to me. It isn't even nonsense, is it?"

"No," he made answer lightly; "it isn't nonsense. And—and I'm glad it's Greek to you, sweetheart."

"So many things are Greek to me," she went on, with something between a smile and a frown, "lots of things. For instance, there's aunt Arline. You know how strong-minded and modern and full of theories she is."

"Yes," he asserted; "I do. Other men must know it, too. For she's never married. What about her?"

"Oh, she undertook to have a long and horrible talk with me yesterday," returned Faith. "At least, I know it was horrible. And the only thing that kept it from being long was because I got up and walked out of the room. She has ideas—you know."

"She would!" growled Rolf.

"Ideas about marriage—and things," pursued Faith. "She scolded me because I hadn't asked you to tell me every single thing about your whole past life before I promised to marry you. Did you ever hear of such an idea?"

"Yes," said Deane; "I have. Several times. But usually in books. What did you tell her?"

"I told her you never asked me if I'd been engaged before or if any other man had kissed me," answered Faith. "And that I wasn't going to make a fool of myself by asking you the same questions—or any others."

"Good for you, baby!" he applauded, refusing to note the half-wistful note that had crept into her soft voice. "Good girl! Lord, but it's fine to know there's one normal and old-fashioned woman left in this feministic, eugenic, drapery-stripped universe! A woman whose soul is clean without being antiseptic. A drift of snow or of rose-leaves is every bit as pure, you know, as a roll of medicated gauze. And much more alluring. I don't know whether or not I ever said so before—" He broke off. "But—I'm gladder that you love me than for everything else that ever happened. And I'm glad I'll always be able to fight your battles and stand between you and the world—you precious, helpless kid!"

He tightened the pressure of his arm round her as he spoke. And, smiling up into his adoring face, the girl lost the tinge of questioning wistfulness that had clouded the gladness in her eyes.

The fat moon had butted its way clear of the eastern tree-tops when the car turned in at a driveway and chugged up a steep pitch toward a cottage that crowned a hill overlooking the valley and the river. At the doorway, a squat little Jap stood teetering like a sandpiper as he greeted the honeymooners. A yokel in overalls appeared to take the car to the garage behind the house.

Rolf nodded to his partner's man of all work and to the Jap as he brought the car to a halt. Then, swinging to the ground over the sealed left door of the machine, he ran round to help Faith alight. Before she could set foot on earth, Deane had picked her up bodily. He ran up the veranda steps with her and carried her, protesting, across the threshold, setting her down, flushed and laughing, in the lighted hallway.

"A bride must always be *carried* over the threshold," he explained to her. "I don't know why. The custom dates back ever so far. So I did it for luck. People put butter on a cat's feet to keep it from running away," he continued. "I wonder if that wouldn't be a good plan to try with brides, too? It's worth the experiment. Yama!"

But Faith frowned so rebukingly on the idea that her husband changed his intent. And when Yama came trotting in, he merely bade the Jap carry the luggage up-stairs.

Dinner over, the couple sat close together on the veranda steps, gazing out over the moonlit hills and the shimmering silver ribbon of river below them. The fragrance of the porch's wisteria hung heavy in the hushed, warm air. Somewhere, far away, a night bird was singing drowsily.

The two lovers talked little. The hush and the mystic spell of the night had crept into their very souls. Even the pattering footsteps of Yama died away as the Jap finished putting the dining-room and kitchen to rights and trotted off, at last, to his own sleeping-quarters. Rolf and his bride seemed to have the whole moon-soaked wonder-world to themselves.

Then, from somewhere in the distant village, a church-clock struck ten. Rolf got to his feet. Stooping, he lifted Faith from her cushions on the steps. His arm about her, he led the way indoors. But, as they passed through the doorway, a hail from the foot of the veranda halted them. The man of all work stood there, grinning up at them.

"Sorry to bother you," he was saying, "but there's only about a gallon of gas left in the car. I found out, just now, when I was overhauling it. An' there's none in the boss's garage. Hadn't I better go over to Symes's, first thing in the mornin', an' order some? I didn't want to without I asked you first."

Impatient at the interruption and with a morbid desire to punch the fellow's head, Rolf growled a word of assent. Then he turned to follow Faith, who had slipped from his embrace at the man-of-all-work's advent and had run up-stairs. But at the stair-foot he was halted once more. This time by Yama.

"Scuse!" besought the Jap, who had evidently come down from his own quarters in belated recollection of a duty unperformed. "Scuse, sir; I forget to ask you what time is you wish breakfas?"

"Late—any time at all! I don't care!" snapped Deane.

"Yes, sir. Good-night, sir. Thank," said Yama humbly, scuttling back out of sight.

Rolf Deane stood glowering after the overconscientious servant. Then, glancing up the deserted stairway, he made as though to follow his vanished bride.

But, one foot on the bottom step, Rolf paused again. He had forgotten to lock the front door when he came in. As he reached the threshold, he stopped short, his hand on the lintel, a full-flavored oath on his wrathful lips. For some one was standing on the veranda, just outside the radius of light from the hall lamp.

"Well?" demanded Rolf sharply, straining his light-accustomed eyes to make out the nature of the figure in the shadows.

"Well," was the quiet answer; "I am here."

The voice was a woman's. And the speaker moved forward into the patch of lamp-glow. But the revelation of her face in the stronger illumination was not needed to make Rolf Deane recognize her. At first tones of the full and rather deep voice, he had quivered, involuntarily, as though he had been lashed with a whip.

Yet the voice was not unpleasant. And the level-eyed visage, disclosed by the lamplight, was more than pleasing. A student of such matters might, perhaps, have deduced from the voice an inherent love for the dramatic, and a breeding that was not flawless. The same observer might have read from the full-lipped face a dearth of self-control and a nature where passion sometimes usurped the seat of calm reason.

Deane's first shiver at sound of his visitor's greeting was followed by a gust of hot anger. Trying in vain to speak as calmly as had she, he challenged fiercely,

"What in hades are *you* doing here?"

"I don't like you, Rolf, when you are brutal," chided the woman, flinching at his tone. "I am here because I belong here. Where else should I be?"

"Where else?" he rasped in fury. "Anywhere else! Please clear out!"

"No," she refused, unruffled by his harsh command; "I am going to stay. I belong here. That is why I came. I am late because my train was delayed five hours by a washout. When I got to the Carver house, the wedding was over and the guests had all left. But I found out from one of the servants where you had gone on your honeymoon, and I took the first train out here. I walked from the station."

"This is damnable, Hilda!" sputtered Deane, his jarred nerves taking charge of him. "What right had—"

"I was waiting for you to ask that," coolly interposed the woman. "I had every right to come. You and I belong to each other, Rolf. You have said so a million times. It is *I* you married in the sight of God, not Miss Carver—"

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The two lovers talked little. The hush and the mystic spell of the night had crept into their very souls

"You'll leave her name out of this!" stormed Deane. "And I'd leave God's name out of it, too, if I were you. There's no use in blaspheming. God had mighty little to do with our acquaintanceship from the very start to the rotten finish. He—"

"Our 'acquaintanceship?'" she rebuked. "'Acquaintanceship?'" I am your wife, Rolf. You've called me your wife again and again. I—"

"A man who is drunk with a fool infatuation will rave idiotically," Deane defended himself. "In those days, the word 'wife' meant nothing to me. Less than nothing to me. And, from things I remember, it meant even less to you than it meant to me. Your husband had scant reason to consider it a holy title."

"He had himself to thank for that," she retorted, losing an atom of her hard-held nerve. "If he had been worthy of a wife, I never would have turned to you."

"Or to either of the two men who had the honor to be my predecessors in those temporary lodgings known as your heart?" sneered Rolf. "Perhaps not. It doesn't matter now. I want you to get out of—"

"No," she caught him up; "it doesn't matter. Neither of them mattered. Neither of those beasts you are unkind enough to remind me of. I was desperate. I didn't care what happened, so long as I could forget the slavery of being married to Mark Brenner. I took my amusement where I found it. Till I met you. Then nothing mattered but you. Nothing is ever going to matter, Rolf—but you. You are my mate, my king, my husband."

"I am a man who was fool enough to think he was in love with you," he contradicted. "I didn't break up your home. That was broken up already. I didn't win you from your husband."

Others had done that. Se we both went into the affair with our eyes open. And, when I came to my senses, I wrote and told you so. I hadn't seen you in six months until to-night. Naturally, I supposed you understood—"

"Understood?" she echoed. "I understand that I love you, and that you belong to me as firmly as though all the priests alive had married us. When you quarreled with me and didn't come back again and wrote that hideous letter, I felt you didn't realize what you were doing and that you'd return to me some day. I was so sure of it that I didn't mind waiting—though the waiting was so tedious! Then, yesterday, I had a letter from Jim Davis. He happened to say in it that you were going to be married to-day. I caught the night train and—"

"And you can catch the next train back!" he blazed. "What do you mean by intruding here—like this, Hilda? It's—"

"It's not I who am intruding," she denied. "It is the girl who went through a marriage ceremony with you to-day. I belong here—at your side. And here I am going to stay. I love you, Rolf. I never loved anyone but you. We were made for each other. I could be patient while I felt you were only punishing me by staying away. But now—"

"You're insane!" exclaimed Deane, "Stark crazy, Hilda! I owe you nothing. There was no talk of marriage between us. If you want me to make a scene by having the men lug you off this place by force, say so and I'll do it. But you'd be wiser to go peacefully. If you need any cash—"

"I am not going," was her stolid retort. "If you won't let me stay here as your wife, at least I am not going to leave here alive."

"That's cheap and noisy melodrama!" he scoffed, albeit a bit worriedly. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just this," she said: "Life is not worth the living without you. I came here to claim my rights. If you refuse me those rights, I'm not going on living. And I shall end things, here and now. I have thought it all out. And I've come, ready," she finished, with a slight gesture toward the hand-bag she carried on her wrist. "I am not bluffing, Rolf. You have deserted me. You have wronged me. You'll take me back, or there will be a human sacrifice here to adorn your wedding-night. Make your own choice."

The man felt a twinge of physical nausea at her flamboyant threats and at a memory they evoked. More especially at the memory.

During a six-month gap in his law-course, Deane had worked as a reporter on a morning paper in the Middle West. Coming home late, one night, he had passed the suburban bungalow of a couple who had that day been married. He had seen, stretched at full length on the ground under one of the bedroom windows, the body of a woman.

The body was still warm when Rolf went to examine it. In one hand was gripped a phial of morphia tablets. In the other was a crumpled note. The note was addressed to the bridegroom. It told, hysterically, of the deserted woman's resolve to die at the threshold of the home to which her lover had just brought another woman.

Rolf had been enough of a man—and little enough of a newspaper man—to destroy the note and to carry the body into the middle of the street, a half-block away, before "discovering" the tragedy. And, to-night, the recollection rushed back upon him with stifling force.

"Well?" Hilda Brenner went on, as he stood staring in sick dumbness at her, "Which is it to be?"

With a mighty effort, he sought to rally his shattered self-mastery.

"This is—this is—absurd!" he fumed, trying to make his voice sound cold and masterful, and succeeding rather badly. "It is absurd, Hilda! I owe you nothing. We aren't children. Our eyes have been open all the way. I had a perfect right to marry whomever I chose. You have no claim on me. None at all. And I'm not going to let you smash my life—and—and some one else's—in this way. You'll clear out of here. First, you'll give me that hand-bag," he commanded, reaching toward the reticule.

Deane's domineering tone and the mandatory move of his clenched hand did not impress the woman the very least. She merely shifted the hand-bag beyond his reach and faced him in regal scorn.

"I've given you your choice," she said tensely. "Choose whether you—"

"His choice of *what*?" asked Faith, stepping noiselessly out upon the veranda. "What must he choose? And, Rolf, do you

mind very much telling me who this is? I was wondering where you were. Then I heard voices down here. So I—"

She left the sentence unfinished, which was a way of Faith's when the remainder of a phrase was too obvious to call for words.

Oddly enough, in the bemused excitement of the past few minutes, it had not occurred to Rolf that his bride might come downstairs again and break in on his scene with Hilda Brenner. That last bit of hideous anticipation had been spared the man. Now its realization struck him all but speechless. He had an idiotic impulse to bolt. Sheer cowardice, for almost the first time in his life, sought to take full possession of him.

"Do you mind introducing me?" Faith asked him, breaking the miserable brief pause. "I should like to ask her indoors, you know," she explained. "It's getting chilly out here."

His wife's pleasantly formal speech stung Rolf into action. Setting his teeth and drawing a long breath, he prepared to pull down upon himself the whole beautiful structure of happiness he had so laboriously upbuilt.

"I will not introduce her to you," he declared, wholesome anger stirring him to swift and brutal speech. "I'm not going to. Because she is not the sort of woman for a clean girl like you to meet. Her name is Brenner," he added, heedless of the intruder's wordless gasp of indignation at his affront. "Brenner—Hilda Brenner. Long before I knew you, I met her. She was convalescing from a love-affair with a man who was not her husband. I was lonely and in a strange city. The fault was mine rather than hers for what followed. I broke with her long before you and I were engaged. It was a clean break, and—"

"I'm glad there was *something* 'clean' about the matter," interpolated Faith, with a gentle cynicism that caused her husband to stare.

But, disregarding this proof that innocence is not necessarily ignorance, he forced himself to go on with his wretched explanation.

"It was all finished," he said. "I had no reason to think it was not. Then, to-night—not fifteen minutes ago—she turns up here, raving that I am her husband 'in the sight of God'—and all that drivel, and saying she belongs here, instead of you. When I told her to go, she threatened to kill herself. She's got something in her hand-bag—a gun or poison or something—and she offers me my choice of giving you up for her or seeing her kill herself. She—"

"Yes," interrupted Faith; "I think I understand. There's no real need of your wallowing through any more of the slime unless you really want to, Rolf. I understand. Hm."

She fell to musing, her dainty head a little on one side, her half-shut eyes surveying the defiant woman in front of her. Rolf looked at his girl wife in absolute amaze. He had expected tears, fainting, recriminations, the wildest commotion. Instead, Faith was behaving with a stolidly philosophic calm which staggered him.

That a girl whose life had been so sheltered could take thus her first jarring contact with the seamy side of the world was incredible to him.

Hilda Brenner seemed equally aghast at the bride's reception of the news. The woman had braced herself for a right turgid clash when she had seen Faith come out on the veranda. But it was hard to be dramatic now, when her new opponent was not only icily cool but was gazing at her with that discomfitingly impersonal scrutiny. Hilda made as though to break the queer silence. But Faith forestalled her.

"Mrs. Brenner," she said civilly, "I must apologize to you for my husband's manner just now. I'm afraid he cut a rather sorry figure in telling his story. A man always does, I suppose, between two women. And that must account for the very brutal way he spoke about you. I hope you'll overlook it. He's—he's had a trying day, you know."

Rolf Deane's eyes bulged. This slip of a girl was actually apologizing for him—and to such a woman! Faith was behaving more as though she were the shielding mother of a naughty child than the disillusioned wife of a sinner. Serenely, she went on:

"I don't know very much of the world, Mrs. Brenner. But most girls in this century have a theoretical knowledge of things—even while they hate to think that such things exist. Of course, I wish my husband could have been the Sir Galahad that every girl dreams of. But, since he isn't, why—why, I must take him 'as is.' I don't pretend to be glad he's merely 'as is,' instead of 'guaranteed.' But it can't be helped now. It seems to me that the remainder of this talk rests between you and me—doesn't it?"

Gallantly she schooled her voice and her manner to a pleasant calmness which carried conviction not (Continued on page 158)



Fear-Devils

The Secret
Springs—II

New ways to health successfully applied by a physician and reported by Harvey O'Higgins

Photographic Illustrations
by A. P. Milne

SCIENCE is at last giving us the key to many of the old frustrating mysteries of life. It is at last beginning to learn the hidden origins of those incalculable powers and unexpected weaknesses in man that have made him what the poet called "the glory, jest, and riddle of the world." It is discovering the occult springs of our success or failure as human beings, the latent causes of our ill health and our unhappiness, the concealed motives of our conduct, the blind sources of our emotions and our opinions, our characters and our beliefs. And it is finding these in its explorations of that dark region of the human psyche which is known as the "unconscious mind."

This article is the second of a series on the subject written with the assistance of an eminent physician whose identity is masked, for professional reasons, under the pseudonym of "Doctor X." A diagnostician in practise and a specialist in diseases of the internal glands, Doctor X has been for years studying and recording the cases and the cures on which he bases the findings that are here set forth. The cases are, of course, disguised, so that his patients may not be recognized, but the studies are authentic, and the conclusions, however startling they may seem, are the conclusions of an exact scientist working on theories that are now more or less accepted by all modern psychologists.

There is already an enormous library of research and controversy on the subject of the unconscious mind. These present articles do not pretend to be exhaustive. They aim only to make plain to the average lay reader certain practical facts about himself that he should know if the new science is to help him live with some increased prospect of health and happiness, with some enlarged degree of wisdom and success.

It would seem then, gentle reader, that, besides the conscious and intelligent mind of which you are so proud, you have an-

other mind—the mind that dreams while your conscious mind rests in sleep—a child-mind that was born in you before your conscious intelligence developed—a mind that is very busy in your love-affairs and in all your affections. In this mind, as we have seen, there is a love-image which is the "symbol," the starting-signal, of the whole emotion of instinctive love, and that emotion not only starts ungovernably but proceeds unreasonably under the direction of your unconscious mind and quite beyond the reach of your reason, your judgment, and your intelligence.

Is that all? By no means. It has long been apparent that your subconscious mind controls not your instinct of affection only but all your other instincts, too, and influences your conduct through them, and even dictates your thoughts and your opinions, and helps to set your character and largely directs your life. Your subconscious mind, indeed, in some of its aspects, might better be called your instinctive mind, your animal mind, the primitive mind of the savage who has not yet been civilized.

We do not know what instinct is—any more than we know what electricity is. But we know how instinct works—just as we know how electricity works. Take, for example, the instinct of flight in an animal.

A rabbit hears the bark of a dog. At once, as science has discovered, the rabbit's heart speeds up and its blood-pressure rises. Its breathing quickens, in order to gain more oxygen. Sugar, which is a muscle-food, is thrown into the blood. Digestion is stopped, and blood is shunted into the running-muscles. All this is automatic and independent of intelligence. That is to say, it is instinctive. The rabbit bounds away toward the safety of his hole and reaches it with evident elation. He is happy in the satisfaction of an instinct.

Scientific studies on the battle-field have proved that exactly the same physical changes take place in the body of a man. But,

Fear-Devils

unlike the rabbit, the man has a conscious intelligence which conflicts with his instinct. The frightened rabbit does not have any feeling of self-reproach when it yields to its instinct of flight. The man has. Moreover, the man, having been taught to believe that fear is shameful, can blot the feeling of fear out of his conscious mind. The new science of the subconscious mind has discovered that the fear is suppressed from consciousness into the unconscious—with amazing results.

Since the European war began, we have all been reading in the newspapers about soldiers with "shell-shock"—about men who have gone blind or deaf unaccountably on the battle-field, and who have as mysteriously recovered their sight or hearing when a submarine sank their hospital-ship and plunged them into cold water. And we have read about the physicians who were curing

such cases by hypnotism, or merely by suggestion, or by a rather heroic electric treatment. Doctor X has had several of these shell-shock cases—cases of heart-disease or of digestive trouble that had no discoverable physical cause. What are these cases?

"When a man," he says, "goes blind or deaf from shell-shock, there is nothing wrong with his eyes or his ears. They are receiving and registering light-waves and sound-waves and transmitting the messages to the brain. But the conscious mind does not receive these messages. In some way, the subconscious mind has broken the connection. The physician who cures such a case by hypnotism merely reaches the subconscious mind and reassures it. He says to it: 'The battle is over. You do not have to go back. You can see—or you can hear—without danger. You are safe.'

"The plunge into cold water from the sinking ship restores the sight or hearing because the sinking of the ship confronts the subconscious mind with a new danger from which blindness or deafness cannot protect it. My cases of heart-disease were merely examples of the rapid heart of instinctive fear; they had been mistaken for heart-disease, because the conscious mind of the patient had so explained them to himself. My cases of digestive disorder were of the same origin; instinctive fear stops digestion, as I have said, in order to deliver blood to the running-muscles. My patients had repressed the feeling of fear from their conscious minds, but it had remained in their unconscious, instinctive minds. It had remained there as a mass of undrained unconscious emotion—an unrecognized, subconscious wish—the wish to escape. And when some final shock weakened the repression, the wish expressed itself in a bodily symptom. A man, in fact, goes blind or deaf from shell-shock because a compulsive and instinctive fear has wished him so."

The curing of shell-shock is simple enough if the patient is safe from the danger of being returned to the trenches. Several thousand cases were cured by the signing of the armistice. But the problem is complicated by the fact that shell-shock is not a disease of cowards but of bravemen. It afflicts only the man who refuses to allow himself to be conscious of a feeling of fear. He could be saved from the disorder, according to Doctor X, if army doctors would go through the training-camps and make some such speech as this:

"As soon as you face the dangers of the battle-field, you will feel fear. Your body will register fear uncontrollably. This is instinctive. It cannot be prevented. It is fear, not cowardice. Do not attempt to suppress it. Say to yourself: 'My old body is scared, but I am not. It is getting ready to run, but it is not going to run back; it is going to run forward. It is not going to retreat but to charge.' If you attempt to suppress your instinctive feeling of fear, you are likely to end in a hospital with a bad case of shell-shock."

In other words, Doctor X finds that if the instinctive emotion is not suppressed—if it is recognized, though not acted on—it will drain off harmlessly in the conscious mind. He adds: "Such a simple lesson in the psychology of the instinctive mind would prevent all the cases of pure shell-shock that I have seen, and it would go far to do the same for many of the complicated neuroses that are the result of physical injury added to shell-shock. Moreover, along with every instinctive emotion go definite physical changes similar to those that accompany instinctive fear. And these changes will appear as disease symptoms if the instinct has been blocked and the instinctive emotion suppressed into the unconscious mind."

Why?



One of Doctor X's patients suffered from insomnia and depression through dread of a certain chair. She believed that Death hovered over it. What caused this singular fear and its connection with her illness are explained by the physician

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"Well, broadly speaking," Doctor X says—and here is the crux of his whole story—"instinct is the one thing in the mind of man that is both unconscious and compulsive. It is the same in animals. The bird that has an instinct to fly south at a certain season cannot resist when that time comes; it has to go. The action cannot be directed or controlled by the animal; the instinct is unconscious and it is compulsive. Civilized man represses his instincts. He tries to control and direct them. And commonly he succeeds, but more commonly he merely represses their direct expression and they escape into action in some disguised form.

"I have recently had a patient who was referred to me by a nose-and-throat specialist to be diagnosed. He was suffering with what seemed to be a constant and uninterrupted hay-fever. His tonsils had been removed and the septum of his nose had been straightened, but without effect. My examination showed that he was suffering with a chronic congestion of the blood-vessels on the inside of his nose—a sort of persistent blushing.

"The blush of shame or anger was not originally confined to the face. An angry naked baby shows its resentment by turning red over its whole body, and it is quite probable—though not proved—that this flushing occurs along the lining-skin of the body also, so that an angry stomach is probably a blushing stomach. With the repression of emotion, the blushing of shame has been localized in the skin of the neck and face, and the nose has become a favored outlet for what we call the 'minimized' expression of anger—the snarling and snorting of animal rage in miniature.

"My patient's snuffing, sneezing nose so suggested the minimized expression of a repressed anger that I shifted the examination from his nose to his mind."

He proved to be a very intelligent man, manager of a large industry. He had a very broad outlook on life and on the duty of the individual to his fellow men. That is to say, he had what we call the "herd-instinct" strongly developed. It showed in his lively sympathy for the problems and well-being of the workmen under him. It showed, also, in his outspoken patriotism and in his genuine regret that his age barred him from active service in the war against Germany, which we had just entered. And it showed, finally, in his reluctant confession that he was worried and distressed because the executive heads of his corporation were getting their employees exempted from military service on the plea that the men were engaged in an essential war-industry.

On further probing, this proved to be a very sore point with him. He knew that the government stood in great need of his skilled technicians. Many of the men wished to volunteer for special service. The wives of others were complaining that the neighbors were calling their husbands "slackers." He himself believed that the executive heads of the company were wrong. Yet he felt in duty bound to convince the men and their wives that the executive order was wise and just. He was, consequently, angry at his superiors, angry at himself, humiliated by his position, and full of exasperated resentment at the whole business. All of this he was loyally repressing. It was apparent only in his irritated nose.

"I explained to him what I thought was the matter," Dr. X continues. "He replied simply that the theory opened a new field of thought to him, and he wished to consider it. With that, he left me.

"When he returned, he had solved his problem. He had resigned and applied for

work with the government. An examination showed that his nose was already clearing up. I ordered him to take a rest, but before he left for his holiday, his nose had cured.

"Here we have an instinctive anger-reaction replying automatically to the signal of interference in the course of moral self assertion. If the whole process had occurred in the conscious mind, the flush of irritation would have been apparent and recognizable. But the emotion had been repressed; the symptom had been split off from it, and all that appeared in consciousness was the chronic bodily irritation.

"There was an interesting confirmation of my diagnosis in this fact: the patient's hay-fever was relieved rather than aggravated by the alkali dust of his boyhood home in the West; and he was always day-dreaming of buying a ranch there and escaping to



Have you acquired an inexplicable aversion for one or several objects? Read the story of this child's experience with a Gipsy woman and a stick of peppermint candy, and you may get a clue to the origin of your own feelings

the freedom of the prairie from the confinement and subservience of his commercial work. It was part of his cure to encourage him to look forward to this Western haven of refuge as the goal of his career."

That is to say, the patient was immediately relieved by re-ordering his life so as to allow his suppressed instinct of self-assertion to express itself, and a permanent cure was provided by bringing his suppressed subconscious wish into his conscious mind and allowing it to drain off there.

After this ego-instinct—the instinct of self-assertion—perhaps the most powerful of all human instincts is the sex-instinct.

"I have a patient who is suffering with a 'humiliated skin,'" says Doctor X. "She is unhappy with her husband, who, she complains, offends against her self-respect. As a matter of fact, she is unhappy because her ideal love-image has been founded on her brother, whom she idolized in girlhood, and no married relation is ideal to her. This revolt of the suppressed instinct of sex has been so thoroughly explored by the Freudian psychologists that I hardly need refer to it. In my experience, it is responsible for most of those diseases in women for which surgical operations are now so fashionable. Such operations rarely cure. They amputate the symptom, so to speak, but they do not reach the cause of the symptom.

"It seems to me, however, that the Freudians err in seeking the origin of so many bodily and mental ills in the sexual instinct. True, that instinct is most repressed by our civilization and most potent in its resentment against repression, but it is also most frequently and successfully sublimated, converted into harmless energy, and socialized along channels that are for the general good of the herd. The unconscious mind itself—as the Freudian studies of dreams show—disguises the sexual impulse in symbols whose meanings are not easily recognized. I find that beneath these symbols is another layer of meaning in which the sexual content is displaced by other instinctive trends; and in my experience it is often a great mistake to expose to the patient the sexuality of dreams and impulses which his subconscious mind has disguised from him. I find that the exposure has little value as a curative. It is still necessary to reestablish the patient's defective personality or to reorder his life so as to remove the conflict. And frequently, as I say, the exposure is valueless, because the psychic conflict is not really sexual."

The doctor gives, as an example, the case of one of his patients, an ascetic and religious young man who came to be treated for insomnia and nervous breakdown. His dreams showed strong sex-repression, but they so disguised it that he could tell them without the slightest suspicion of their real meaning. They were nearly all dreams of his childhood—which indicated that he had not broken his home ties early enough in life. This proved to be true. He had been engaged to marry, but he had kept postponing his wedding, reluctant to begin life for himself, until a less dilatory lover ran off with his fiancée. As a result of that disaster, he had fallen ill. The illness increased his dependence. It also convinced him that he would never be well enough to take on the responsibilities of marriage. He had since left home, but he had abandoned all thoughts of love, and he was living the bachelor life of a hermit, completely ascetic and unsociable.

He had not only developed insomnia. He had also developed an aversion to beds. He sat up half the night reading, and often slept in his chair. He always traveled in a day-coach on the railroads, and the sight of a sleeping-car filled him with irritation and dread. Doctor X says:

"I was struck by the fact that he constantly wore blue—not only blue-serge clothes but blue-silk socks, blue neckties, or a blue band on his straw hat. When it appeared that he carried also a blue-leather card-case and a pocketbook of the same color, I suspected an unconscious 'compulsion.'

"His explanation was that he had been told blue was his color, that it was becoming to him, that he always preferred it.

"I was struck, also, by the repeated appearance in his dreams of a little cousin named Roger, of whom he had been very fond in his boyhood days. Roger had died at the age of four. What was the significance of the subconscious image of this infant in his mind? Both puzzles were solved by a dream which he brought to be analyzed.

"I dreamed I was at home," he said, "on the farm where I was born, and I was looking in the chicken-house for eggs, and there was with me a small child who seemed to be baby Roger. I found an egg, but I dropped it, and it broke. There was a hen sitting on some eggs, and Roger crawled back in a corner and said he had found lots of eggs. I looked in the nest, and it was full of eggs that were marked with a blue pencil. I told the baby that

he mustn't touch the eggs and that we must get away so that the hen would come back and hatch them all into chickens."

"In order to discover what this dream meant," Doctor X continues, "I began to ask him to 'associate,' as we say, the objects in his dream with the ideas which they suggested—that is to say, to tell me what thoughts came to him when I said 'egg' or 'chicken-house' or 'blue marks,' and so forth."

He at once recalled that as a child he had been in the habit of going with his mother to the chicken-house to see her feed the chickens and gather the eggs. He recalled, also, that she marked with a blue pencil the eggs that were to be left to hatch and gathered only the unmarked ones. From this, he had concluded, as a child, it was the blue mark on the egg that made it fertile and produced a chicken. Blue, therefore, was a sign of fertility.

It also appeared that the egg which he had dropped in his dream represented his unhappy love-affair, which had been frustrated. And the baby Roger represented his own child that had never been born.

It seemed too fantastic to suppose that this young man was wearing blue because of an unconscious and frustrated wish to have children, but further dreams repeated the symbol in so many forms that it was unmistakable.

"Moreover," says Doctor X, "when I assured him that his fear of insomnia was not fear of a sleepless night but fear of a loveless life, his insomnia began to improve. His phobia for sleeping-cars and beds disappeared. Sleep rapidly resumed its normal aspects, but he suffered from the pain of his real disappointment, his failure to realize a love-object.

"I pretended to accept his belief that his ill health forbade him to marry, but I pointed out that he could socialize his thwarted affection by devoting himself to acts of kindness and works of charity or reform, and achieve a measure of happiness by making others happy. As a result of that advice, he joined in some social and charitable church and settlement work. He improves so much in health that he soon ceased to consult me. The last time I heard from him, he was deep in a 'Platonic friendship' with a young woman at the settlement-house. I venture to prophesy that the first time he sees her in blue, he will discover that he is in love with her."

I might go on reporting these cases endlessly. Doctor X has hundreds of them—cases of chronic ill health that came to him for diagnosis because the physicians who had been treating them had failed to cure them; cases of obscure nervous disorders that had no recognizable physical origin; cases of functional disturbance that looked as if they might be due to some trouble with the internal glands. And again and again he found that the illness was due to the blocking of an instinct or the repression of an instinctive emotion. And again and again he cured by first releasing the emotion into the conscious mind and then reordering the life of the patient so as to relieve the blocked instinct.

Instinctive fear is a common cause of illness in his practise, because it affects the heart and the thyroid gland. But this fear is not always the instinctive fear of physical danger, as in the case of the soldier. It may be the fear of moral danger, "for man," as he points out, "reacts to a menace against his moral welfare, exactly as the animal reacts to a menace against its bodily safety, and the daily battering of the instinct of fear—in the shape of worry, anxiety, or moral distress—against the heart and glands of the patient will produce definite structural changes and a great degree of ill health."

He finds perhaps the most fruitful of all the causes of illness among his patients to be the blocking or suppression of the instinct of self-assertion, expressing itself in anger, resentment, jealousy, or a permanent conviction of failure and inferiority.

"I have a patient," he says, "a very gentle and charming man, sympathetic, artistic, a radical if not a socialist in politics, especially interested in the betterment of working-conditions, most violent in his opposition to child labor, considerate of the feelings of others, but easily irritated, and continually under medical treatment for all sorts of physical ills. He has a minor position under the municipal government. He complains privately, with great bitterness, of injustices that are put upon him by his chief, and shows strong emotion in his resentment. At other moments, he seems truly fond of this man, and blames the friction on the imperfections of municipal government. His main difficulty is his lack of interest in his work and consequently of 'going-power.' He has always to force himself to begin his routine tasks by an effort of will, tires easily, and has to whip himself up again and again. This he attributes to his physical condition. Now, let us look at his youth."

He was born in a small country town of poor parents. He was set to work at an early age, and at twelve (Continued on page 123)

"Home, James!"

Young Lochinvar brought brightly up to date, equipped with modern conveniences, and given a touch of speed—

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated by P. A. Carter

ZANNA'S case has always been perfectly clear to me. It was a nine days' scandal when it happened, and people put the strangest interpretations upon it—especially her own people. Which is usually the way, isn't it?

New York people couldn't understand about Zanna. Her father was a distinguished nerve-specialist—an alienist, as he preferred to be called. He had been educated abroad. Her mother was born in New York and learned to speak grammatical French before she could write grammatical English. Her brother studied at Oxford for a year, and her sister had a studio once in Paris; so you can see that they were good New Yorkers.

They were not the smart set, or the very rich set, or the philanthropic set, or the artistic set, or the literary set; but they were closely intertwined with all of these, which is perhaps the best thing to be in New York, for by this means you can successfully patronize (or enjoy) any one of them. You can launch a long-haired genius from the Ghetto because you are rich enough, and you can smile at Mrs. Croesus from Newport, who hands him a four-figured check later, and sends him in his dinner on a tray in the library before the concert, because you are cultured enough. Doctor and Mrs. Berrian were like that.

They could speak Italian with their sculptor and English with their butler, but at the great moment of her life, they were unable to speak American with their daughter. And so they lost her. Susanna, of course, like any well-to-do American girl, hadn't the remotest idea of all that vast machinery of life that worked ceaselessly to provide her with the common necessities of life.

Once, when she had dressed in a great hurry and changed her mind suddenly in the middle of things, she laughed a little, as she stood on the threshold, at the white, fluffy rings of clothes she had stepped out of, at the bed covered with discarded sheathings of her dainty comfort, at the abandoned evening coat on the chair, and the hats and gloves on the table.

"How do you ever get these things straight, Minnie?" she asked. "Isn't it awful?"

"Pardon, mademoiselle?" said the woman.

It was Berthe, her mother's maid. For the moment, she had forgotten, and confused her with her own, her old nurse, who had never left them.

She laughed and explained in French, and Berthe smiled gently. "Minnie and I will arrange it all, *mademoiselle*; it is quite simple," she said. "I will bring down the rose mantle later. I hope Ma'am'selle Zanna will enjoy herself at the theater."

Everybody had always hoped that Zanna would enjoy herself, and so, naturally, she did, too.

She was a nice girl, with nothing particularly beautiful or particularly clever or particularly anything else about her. She had the brown eyes and hair of the average American girl, the eyes bright from youth and health, the hair glossy and thick from good care, the skin warm and clear from good food, fresh air, and exercise. She had a nice, friendly smile, and a firm, broad-shouldered figure, and her mother kept her in simple straight-lined clothes that became her. She was twenty-three and had been out in the world only a year, because, up to that time, she had been at college.

"I think it's most important, and so does Harris," said Mrs. Berrian, "that every girl, no matter whether she has to or not, should be able to support herself; don't you?"

And everybody always nodded its head and looked serious and answered:

"I certainly do, Mrs. Berrian. So wise of you and Doctor



Zanna Berrian, the very very nice girl who provided New York's nine-day scandal

Berrian. Nowadays, you never know. It's perfectly criminal, when you think of it, to leave a woman helpless."

Zanna always got on very well with boys, though, like many American girls, she liked her own sex quite as well. She was very fond of her brother Sanford, and, as he was a clever, bookish fellow, she saw a great deal of his friends. They edited the college magazine and wrote little plays and discussed things a good deal, which used to amuse Doctor Berrian immensely. They played ball from the grand stand, he said. But he admitted that he'd rather pay for Sanford's autographed edition of Stevenson at a pinch than settle some of his patients' sons' bills.

"As long as he plays golf, I don't care," said Doctor Berrian, "though I prefer tennis myself."

Zanna played both, of course, but not well enough or long enough at a time to be called athletic.

If fact, if Mrs. Berrian had any criticism for her younger daughter, it was that she seemed to show no signs of any characteristic ability. She was musical herself, and could get up from her dinner-table and play anybody's accompaniment, even Strauss and Debussy. Her elder daughter had a fair, if uninspired gift for modeling, and Sanford insisted that as soon as he was twenty-five, next year, he was going to put whatever was coming to him from his grandfather's will into a new critical review and run it with some other Harvard fellows, whether they made it pay or not.

At him, as at his older girl, Doctor Berrian laughed gently. But Zanna was his favorite.

"She's so normal," he said.

"My dear! As if they all weren't!" Mrs. Berrian was displeased. "Only, if she *had* a talent, now——"

"Normal women haven't talents," said Doctor Berrian.

That summer, Zanna decided that she'd like to learn to run a motor-car. The natural person to teach her was Helmar, the Swedish chauffeur; but Helmar was crabbed and taciturn, and indicated, in his simple Scandinavian way, that with the doctor's two big cars on his hands, and only one assistant who spent all his time going errands in the Ford, and Mr. Sanford bothering the life out of him dirtying up the three of them, he had no time to give young ladies lessons, apart from the fact that he wouldn't be responsible for any car a woman learned on. Michael Reilly, his alleged assistant, was too reckless and casual a driver to be trusted with a daughter, and Doctor Berrian admitted frankly that he himself was too nervous to teach anybody anything that summer. He was writing a book on paranoiac tendencies, and had to have the exclusive use of the summer-house in the orchard, where there was no telephone. Sanford was perfectly willing to teach her, but agreed cheerfully that he was an inspirational sort of driver himself, and didn't know just exactly why the machine worked as it undoubtedly did if you put your foot on a certain place.

So Zanna, who was a methodical sort of girl, strolled down to the village and inquired at the local garage and machine-shop for an instructor.

"Sure!" said the proprietor, who, as the livery-stable man, had watched her grow up. "Sure, Miss Berrian! We ought to be able to fix you up. How about Henry?"

"I never *could* understand anything Henry said, Mr. Pelly," said Zanna; "he stutters so. And the cook says he bumps them awfully going to church. He's jerky, she says."

"Well, well, well! What do you know about that?" mused Mr. Pelly. "Some folks is hard to suit, ain't they? How about Sam Heidenwegger? He don't stutter."

"If he's the red-haired one, he ran over a collie—a beautiful dog—and never looked to see," said Zanna. "I hate him."

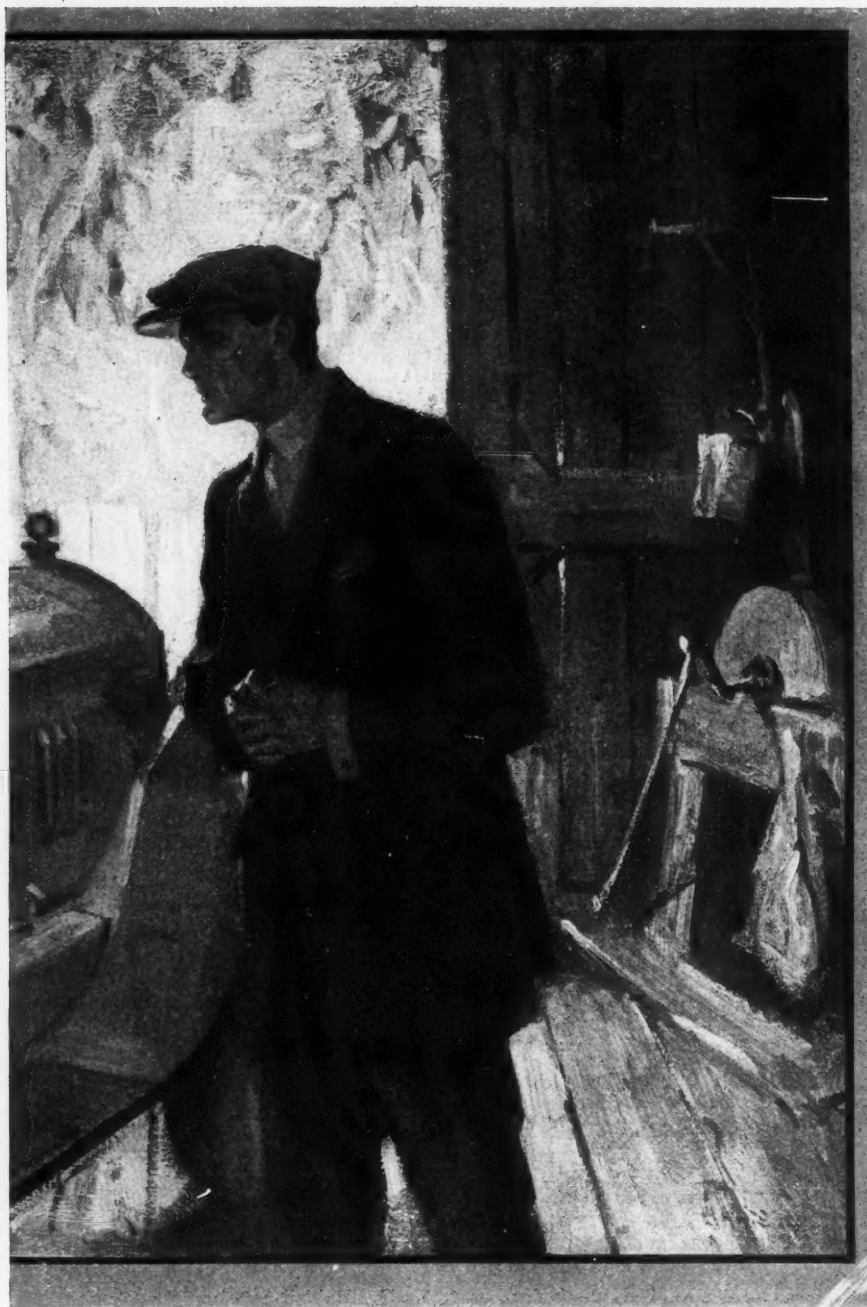
"Well, well," said Mr. Pelly soothingly, "don't have him, then. There's no call to, s'long as we've got others. Look here, Miss Berrian: Try Jim Elder, why don't you? He's new, but he knows more about a machine than all the rest of 'em put together—an' then some. He's boss here. Kind o' foreman, you might say. He c'n make a whole car right over while you wait, Jim Elder can. He's kep' pretty busy, now folks know he's here; but I wouldn't wonder if he c'd spare you an hour now an' then, see'n it's you."



"God, no!" he cried roughly. "You've done too—now. Good-by. My manners aren't

"Where did he come from?" Zanna asked.

"He come from the West. He was head man for the big garage at the Shelter Inn, and he got big money there, I don't doubt it a minute. But there was so many complaints, and the chauffeurs they fought so, an' the tips, an' all, that the management got sick an' tired of it, an' bounced 'em all. They turned the garage into a dance-pavilion, an' got all their cars over from Hamilton an' some from Pease's Corners an' some from us. So Jim Elder kind o' happened along, an' we took him for so much an' commissions. He c'n handle the high-class jobs all right. He's taught a lot o' people, an' he might's well teach you, I guess, if you'll come when he ain't too jammed up with work. He'll charge you a good price, I wouldn't wonder, but I guess he'll be worth it to you. What you learn from Jim, you'll know."



look here, Miss Berrian: I'd better quit right much, I'm afraid. Good-by"

"Where is he?" said Zanna.

"Jim! Hey, Jim!" Mr. Pelly called, and a square-shouldered fellow in filthy overalls walked up briskly.

"How much will you give this young lady lessons for, Jim? They're old customers of mine, and I wouldn't want her to break her neck. Got the time?"

Jim said briefly:

"She won't break her neck—Can you come around fairly early?"

"Any time," said Zanna. "How long will it take, do you think?"

"Ten days, if you take a lesson a day. Longer, if you skip. Fifty dollars for the ten. If you want to know anything about the engine, that's different."

"Oh! Do I have to?"

"Not a bit. I don't advise it gen'ally. If you've got the time and the interest, why, go ahead. When'll you start?"

"But—but—suppose I don't learn in ten lessons, Mr.—Mr.—"

"My name's Jim," he said. "You will. Start to-day?"

"Why, I—I suppose I might," said Zanna.

He threw on a stained tan-colored duster and a peaked cap, ran a low runabout into the side courtyard, and motioned her to the seat at the wheel.

"First, you can shift the gears," he began. "As she stands, she's in neutral."

Zanna frowned slightly and concentrated her attention.

"Now we're off!" Mr. Pelly chuckled, and left them.

On the tenth day, Zanna drove her father to the station and impressed him so thoroughly with her technique that, after a consultation with Mrs. Berrian, he informed her of their plan to forego an elaborate celebration of their thirtieth wedding anniversary and present her with a sweet little runabout instead.

"And then I'll have Jim teach me all about it!" she cried joyously.

"He says I've got the makings of a real driver."

"But please wear heavy gloves, dear," Mrs. Berrian begged.

At this point, Helmar, after six years of faithful if cold-blooded service, suddenly left them. He felt moved to go back to Stockholm, he said, and see his girl, whom he had left, somewhat abruptly, eight years ago. He would have to go in three days. He was very sorry

but there it was—he had to see his girl.

Doctor Berrian sat aghast, for he loathed changes and depended enormously upon Helmar. Mrs. Berrian, caught unawares, displayed a peculiarly bitter brand of temper which few people suspected her of. She said very unpleasant things about him, none of which affected him at all. Sanford meditated profoundly for an hour, and then, having broken the Ford, punctured a tire of one of the big cars, and bent the mud-guards of the other, he bicycled to Mr. Pelly's garage, and spent a few moments there, returning with a Napoleonic expression and a flat tire.

"What did we pay that dough-faced Swede, pater?" he asked.

"Twenty-five good round dollars a week," said Doctor Berrian gloomily; "but he was worth it, for he did everything but paint the cars and take down the engines."

"Jim Elder would come for thirty," Sanford announced triumphantly, "or thirty-five and feed himself, which he prefers."

"Home, James!"

"In that case, we'd win," said Doctor Berrian, "as your mother tells me Helmar eats enough for a small family five times a day. Get Elder by all means. I've lost four hundred dollars' worth of energy already."

Jim came the next day, scrubbed and calclimined the two rooms over the garage, installed a complicated system of electric wires and batteries, moved in a box of cooking-pans, a box of books, and a box of tinned soup, punched Michael Reilly's head and bandaged it scientifically later, and requested that the orders for the day should be telephoned down before ten o'clock, so far as possible.

It was observed that the servants referred to him as "Mr. Elder," and from the day when the cook explained shortly but clearly to Mrs. Berrian that there would be no Parker House rolls the next morning on account of the chauffeur's refusal to allow but one marketing-trip *per diem*, on the ground that a two-cent cake of yeast was not worth fourteen cents' worth of gas plus thirty-one cents' worth of his time—from that day, I repeat, the atmosphere of the Berrian establishment changed perceptibly.

"You'd better ask Elder about that," said Doctor Berrian mechanically, when consulted about any administrative move; and when the kitchen-maid gave notice, followed later by the laundress, Mrs. Berrian only shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm sure I can't help it, Margaret," she said feebly. "If Elder says you had plenty of notice for the early mass, then you probably had. He prefers to have Michael drive nothing but the Ford, and Doctor Berrian says he's quite right. I can't help what you used to do. I think alternate Sundays for the eleven-o'clock mass is very fair to everybody, and it was the cook's turn to-day. There has to be some system, you know."

"There's nothin' but system goin' on in this place, it seems, nowadays," said Margaret icily. "I'm thinkin' you'll find the help doesn't care for it, Mrs. Berrian."

Zanna's little car became the apple of her eye. She loved it as man loves that which he knows inside out and upside down and round the corner, and refused to allow her brother to so much as touch it.

"You couldn't run a perambulator, San, and bring it back in one piece," she said patronizingly, and he gave her an angry grin.

"You heard Jim say that, I'll bet," he growled. "This family treats me like a dog. Why, even that fool of a Michael had the nerve to tell me to please be careful of the Ford—careful of the Ford! It's all that stingy Jim."

"You might learn a good deal from Jim," said Zanna.

"So it seems," he answered glumly, mounting a well-repaired bicycle.

Zanna had now become definitely motor-mad, and was engaged in a profound study of the gasoline-engine.

"She'd rather be talking about machinery with Elder than talk about anything to anybody else," Mrs. Berrian complained.

"She shows her sense," said Doctor Berrian. "I'd rather talk to him than anybody else myself, this summer!"

"Girls are so odd, nowadays," said Mrs. Berrian. "Supposing I had spent half of my time asking the coachman questions and arguing with him!"

Sanford giggled.

"Jim's the limit," he said. "You never saw his rooms, did you, mammy? You know, he sits like a lord, with an electric toaster on one side of him, an electric coffee-pot on the other, and a little egg-boiling thing in front. He eats a regular course breakfast, and all the while he's reading a whale of a big book about electricity."

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Berrian. "Is he really so highly educated?"

"Not at all," her son returned promptly. "He only stayed through the high school, he told me, on account of the chemistry there. His mother wanted him to get a scholarship and go to college, but he said he'd seen too many college-boys. How's that?"

"A very good point," Doctor Berrian put in.

"He thinks literature's a waste of time. I told him of my designs on it in the shape of editing a magazine when I'd got my M. A., and he looked pityingly on me and said maybe it was the best I could do, but he was sorry for me."

"I feel that way myself, as I've often told you," said Doctor Berrian.

Mrs. Berrian stiffened.

"It's one thing for your father to say that, Sanford, a distinguished scientific man, and another thing altogether for a chauffeur to say it," she complained. "I think you all spoil Elder."

"But, mammy, he isn't a chauffeur in the sense of that dough-faced Swede," Sanford explained; "he's just like 'Eary Straker in 'Man and Superman.' Shaw would have loved Jim."

"He works in our garage for thirty-five dollars a week," said Mrs. Berrian. "If that isn't a chauffeur, what is?"

"He did it so as to get free time, mother," Zanna explained.

"He thought it all out. When he takes you out, and waits, he's studying, and in town he's going to take some of those Y. M. C. A. courses evenings, and get into a big automobile factory by and by. He says nothing pays like private service, if you know how to use your time."

"He seems to know how to use *our* time very advantageously," said Mrs. Berrian, a little acidly, and, from that day, she cherished a growing if respectful dislike for Jim Elder.

On the first of September, Zanna went off to the Berkshires for a fortnight, but wrote back that she wasn't having a very interesting visit and would be glad to get back. The men in the party were stupid—mere college-boys, she said.

"Mere!" scoffed Sanford, "Dear, dear, dear! What do you bet we never get rid of her, after all, mater?"

"Sanford," said Mrs. Berrian, "will you never grow up? But, really, Zanna is a little difficult. That nice lawyer she said was an old pussy-cat, and she actually told young McKee that she'd lived all her life with one doctor, and that was enough! Girls do say such things, nowadays."

"She likes chauffeurs, if you ask me," Sanford remarked.

Mrs. Berrian sniffed.

Just before Zanna's return, the family decided to take a little tour, for the sake of the foliage, and meet her half-way.

She drove her own car all day, and met them at a comfortable little tea-house, with tables under the apple trees, within half an hour of the scheduled time. It was just dusk.

"Hello, people! Got any tea?" she called from the car. "I just about made it, and that's all. Something's loose. She sounds like an aeroplane down-hill. Good-evening, Jim. Will you come here a minute and bring your flash-light?"

A tall figure in a wrinkled duster slouched over to the road.

"Good evenin', Miss Berrian. Let's see 'f I c'n help you out," he drawled. "I'm no shark, like some, but I ain't so bad at that, mebbe."

It was Sam Heidenwegger. Zanna stared, drew a long breath, bit her lip, and stood silent by the throbbing engine, while Sam got out the tool-kit. After a few seconds,

"Ain't you going to shut off y'r engine?" he asked.

Still in silence, she quieted the car.

Sam threw back the hood and peered within.

"There's nothing wrong with the engine," she said coldly; "it's some bolt or other. Don't bother with it. I'll get my tea."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Zanna—you're so pale, child?" said Mrs. Berrian. "You've driven too far—I know it!"

"I won't have that fool pawing over my car!" she burst out. "Where's Jim?"

"Welcome home—we're all well, thanks," said her brother sardonically. "Jim's taking a course in the Y. M. C. A. Tuesday and Friday evenings. Far be it from us to cramp the style of What's-his-name, the learned blacksmith! Hence Sam, at five dollars, per. You'll have to bear up a little longer, old girl."

A loud bang was heard, followed by a series of sickly sputters. "He's ruined my car!" cried Zanna, and burst into tears.

It was all over in a moment, and she wiped her eyes and begged everyone's pardon.

"It's more than I've ever driven on a stretch, and I've always hated that man ever since he ran over the collie," he explained. "Is this where you got the rooms, mother? Could I have my dinner on a tray? I—I seem to be all in."

"Now, what is the matter with that girl?" Mrs. Berrian demanded nervously.

"*Cherchez le chauffeur*," said Sanford airily.

His mother, grateful for a chance to let loose her emotions, fell upon him.

"My dear Sanford," she began, with misleading self-possession, "I don't believe you realize it, but you give a very strange impression when you say things like that. Of course, we make allowances in the family, but there is such a thing as good taste, and you seem to forget it."

"Sorry, mammy," said Sanford; "I'll try to be tasteful. If Sam has the car sufficiently junked by now, shall we have some supper?"

Zanna pushed a heavy motor-truck through treacherous mud in weary dreams all night. By morning, she was thoroughly



tired. Her eyes looked back at her from the cracked mirror over dark rings; her cheeks were white and a little drawn. She decided to let Sanford take the car back—

Who was that talking with Sanford out under the window?

She jumped out of bed and peered, barefooted, from behind the curtain. A young man in an unfamiliar blue serge was smoking a pipe under the honeysuckle. He was broad-shouldered and agile; he was laying down the law to Sanford.

"Not one minute before twelve o'clock you won't get there," he said.

Zanna drew in a long breath and hurried to her bath. It was a beautiful blue day.

"Elder's here after all," said Doctor Berrian cheerfully. "Mr. Pelly's Henry strained his arm cranking a Ford, it seems, and he telephoned to the house that he must have Sam. So Elder took a night train, and Sam's just started back on the six-something. Very decent of Elder. Mr. Pelly's very rushed, he said."

"Good-morning, Miss Berrian—I fixed your car up, all right," said Jim; "you certainly took it out of her. Who put in those new spark-plugs for you?"

"Why? Aren't they all right?"

"They're a crime," said Jim. "If you have a moment, I could show you just why. Then you'd know."

They started off toward the car.

"If I were you, I'd take a little breakfast first, sis," said Sanford, and Zanna laughed and rubbed her cheek against his coat sleeve and told them funny stories about the local garages *en route* all through the meal.

"I'm glad to see you got a good rest, my dear," said Doctor Berrian.

After breakfast, Zanna went into the barn with Jim. The car stood on the sunny old ground floor, trim and shining; the whole place smelled of hay.

"You aren't much of a credit to me on the spark-plug question," said he. "I guess I didn't make it very clear. This is the kind I told you never to let 'em put in."

"Oh, yes," said Zanna.

He seemed curiously different in the blue serge. And, moreover, he wore a rather hideous tie.

But his cloth sport-cap was like anybody else's. His eyes were agate-gray under brows as straight as a foot rule. There was a suspicion of a cleft to his chin. It was very amusing to be lectured by him; he wasn't always trying to be funny, like Sanford and father. His only use for words was to make you understand. There was a pleasant, dry, crispness to his voice, very characteristic. She had heard it under the window.

"Think you've got it now? Because I sha'n't always be here to explain it, you know, Miss Berrian," he concluded. "In fact, not much longer."

Zanna started, and attended for the first time.

"What?" she said. "'Not much longer,' did you say? What do you mean by that?"

"I mean I'm leaving."

"Leaving—us?"

"That's it. Leaving—you."

Something in the dry, crisp words caught at her breath; her eyes widened.

"But, Jim—why?"

"What does it matter why? The fact is, I'm leaving. The sooner the better. I should have left long ago. Only, I didn't—that's all."

"Does—does father know?"

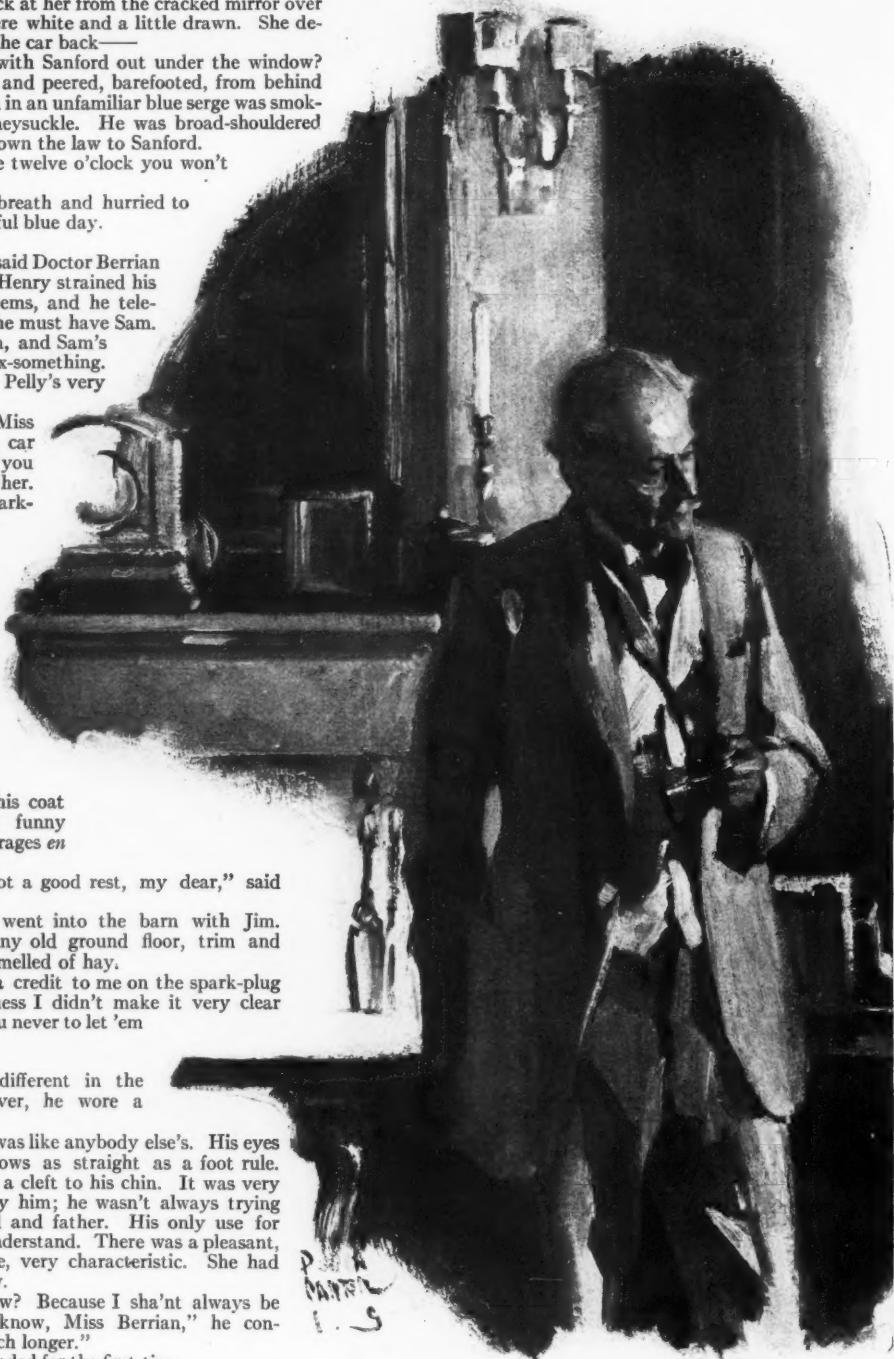
"I'm going to tell the doctor as soon as we get home. I meant

to stick it out till you went back to the city, but it's no good—I'll have to go."

"I'm sorry," said Zanna.

She leaned against the mud-guard, staring at the hay above in the loft. The air seemed very close and too sweet. Her feelings had been so played upon, so jerked about since last night, that she utterly failed to understand them now. Only, this terrible, dull, sad fatigue had caught her again. What was it? It had all vanished at breakfast.

"I'm sorry, too, Miss Berrian, but it has to be so," Jim was saying. "You—you can't be sorer than I am. But it just happened that way—that's all."



"But—but what *is* it?" she heard herself asking sadly. "Why can't you stay, Jim? Is there anything I can do?"

"God, no!" he cried roughly. "You've done too—look here, Miss Berrian: I'd better quit right now. Good-by. My manners aren't much, I'm afraid. Good-by."

He pushed past her quickly, like a blind man, and fairly knocked her against the mud-guard. She gave a little gasp and crumpled down on the running-board. In a second, he had turned and picked her up, holding her arms so tightly that the pain brought her back to herself.

"Don't look like that—don't!" he said, low and hurried. "Stop it! Stand up! Oh—oh—"

For her head had fallen on his arm and he had kissed her.

And Zanna, who had never kissed any man but her father and brother, with the single exception of a boy at dancing-school, once, had kissed him back, once and twice and three times, and fainted dead away.

Hours or years or seconds later, she awoke, lying flat on her own motor-rug in the open back doorway of the barn. Jim was fanning her gently with his cap. He looked very pale and stern.

"All right now, Miss Berrian?" he asked, in a businesslike voice. "I guess so. You made too long a run of it yesterday. Have a drink of water?"

She took the white cup, but did not look at him again.

"Thanks," she said. "It was very close in here."

"Please don't," she answered evenly. "Doctor Berrian will be uneasy. Take them home, and Sanford will take me."

He nodded shortly.

"Whatever you say," he said. "And if—if it'll make you feel any better, Miss Berrian, just tell your brother all about it, and if it's any satisfaction to him, he can kick me out, 'stead of my just walking out. I mean it. He can."

"It wouldn't make me feel any better," she said quietly. "Good-by."

She heard his steps along the path, quick and firm and even.

So it was over! This was it, and it was over. Zanna

knew well enough that love came to girls usually. Away in the back of her mind, it had always been the easy certainty of this girl, as it is the easy certainty of every girl, that it would come to her. Sometime he would come stepping out of the blue, somewhere, somehow. And she would step to meet him—she was no prude.

But she had nowhere read and never been told that it was humanly possible for him to be a hired chauffeur.

She went out into a little orchard behind the old barn and sat down under a fragrant, gnarled sweet-bough to confront the worst moment of her life. It is not easy for a girl to realize that love is not necessarily a pretty pink package tied with blue ribbons, you see. It is confusing enough for us older ones to understand that we can hate and love a thing at the same time; but it is perfectly appalling to the young. When you bite into a chocolate-cream drop, you don't expect it to burn your tongue. There is, of course, the great counter-truth that nasty brown medicine makes you feel very good, later—but they don't consider this, you see. So it's hard for them.

Now, all this time you may have forgotten Sanford, but I have not,

and I can tell you where he was during the last scene. He was passing by the barn. When he saw Zanna stretched on the automobile-rug, and Jim sitting beside her, fanning her, he realized in a flash that the girl's figure he had noticed clasped tightly in some coat sleeve or other as he went by, a moment before, must have been his sister's figure, and that the pale, egg-shaped oval we learn to know as a face when we see it casually in the dimness of an old brown barn at about shoulder-height was the face of his sister pressed against the face of a man. It was not a waitress; it was not a chambermaid; it was not even a farmer's daughter. It was his sister, Miss Susanna Berrian.

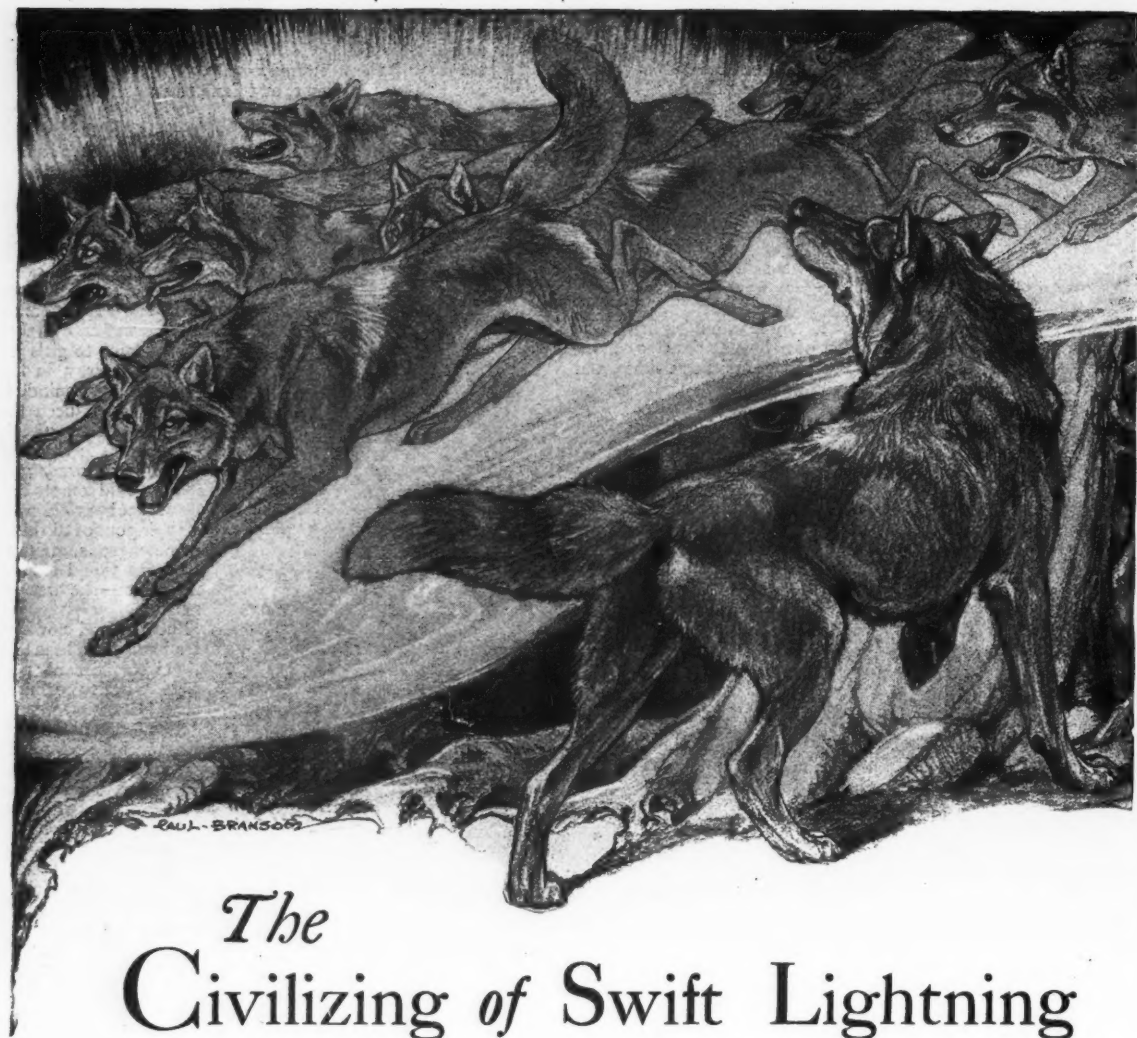
So that, when Jim walked out of the barn, he walked into a determined young fist and some very unpleasant, choking language. But the return blow, though (Continued on page 182)



"Please allow me to manage this, Harris. Don't let us lose our heads. It's ghastly, of course, and I blame myself for letting the man stay."

I'm all right now. Don't tell them. It would frighten mother. I'll come out soon."

"That's good. And I'll be gone, I guess. Supposing I take your car home, and you and your brother try the other car?"



The Civilizing of Swift Lightning

By James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by
Paul Bransom

THE glorious spring of the Northland, with its bursting life and happy song, had come and gone. Summer was ending.

Marvelously had these two seasons passed over the vast and unmapped regions of wilderness between the Great Slave and the River du Rocher, a thousand miles north of civilization. And now autumn, with its first cool night-breaths, was not far away, and with its approach came a new thrill into the blood of all living things. It was like a tonic coming to rouse them after a long plethora of idleness and overfeeding. And the forests, faintly at first, began to reveal the delicate artistry that very soon would blazon more loudly and with resplendent triumph the presence of September—"the Moon in which the deer rub their horns." For even now, with August not entirely gone, patches of gold and yellow began to appear in bolder tints with each passing day amid the green-and-purple masses of forest and swamp. And one night, as they sat under the stars in front of their cabin of logs, Gaston Rouget and his dark-haired Jeanne heard the honk of geese high up over their heads.

And then, suddenly, as if in answer, there came from far away in the forest that reached southward a long and lonely howl. And Gaston's hand sought Jeanne's, and he said, with a bit of awe in his voice:

"It is the wolf-dog, my Jeanne. The summer is almost over now, and very soon he will leave us entirely—and go back forever to the wild. When the wolf-packs begin to run—then he will go. And—*tonnère*, I am sorry!"

Two miles away, it was Swift Lightning that howled. Only once did he turn his muzzle up to the stars and give voice to his loneliness. Then, alone, he sat at the edge of a yellow bit of plain, and watched and listened, gripped by a thing that was growing heavier upon him as the days of summer came to a close.

It was not that he yearned for the land of the white-wolf packs far north, where he was born, and where he had lived, a mighty leader among those packs. It was not that he yearned for the grim tundras and empty plains of the arctic coast where, twenty dog-generations before, fate had brought Skagen, the great Dane, to give him birth among the wolves. Months of plenitude in the southern forests had made him forget many of these things. Memory no longer recalled to him the days and weeks and months of starvation and fighting for life. In those ways is nature kind to the beast. She does not destroy his memories of what has gone, but softly she puts them to sleep, and dormant they lie until something comes to rouse them to life again—perhaps years afterward.

It was Firefly, his matehood with the beautiful collie, that kept Swift Lightning's memory alive in one certain direction, and made the thing eat inside him like a cancer. One thing lived vividly in his brain, ceaselessly and without slumber, and that was all his experience with man. Whatever had passed between him and man, and between him and Firefly, was night and day his living, pulsing memory of life. This, in a measure, was because, after twenty dog-generations, the blood of Skagen, the great Dane, was running strong in him again. He was a throwback. With the



spirit of the dog within him, and nine-tenths of his blood running wild-wolf, he yearned, with Skagen's yearning, for the hand of man and woman and child—yet it was bred in him to believe that they were the deadliest of all the enemies the earth held for him. And therein Firefly, his mate, could not make him understand. And nature was powerless to make him reason.

And now had come the thing that was eating like a sickness inside him. Firefly, a white man's dog, a woman's dog, a dog from the land of little white children, had discovered the cabin of Gaston Rouget and of Jeanne Rouget and of the baby Jeanne, with the bright, shining hair. And at that cabin was Trésor, the giant mastiff, and with Trésor there was Waps, his little Airedale mate; and in that cabin there was laughter and song. And, because of these things, Firefly rejoiced. For she knew what it meant to have a woman's gentle hand stroke her head again, and she lived once more in the laughter and tears of a child's grief and play.

And Swift Lightning, with the wolf-blood in his veins making its last great fight to win him back to utter savagery, did not understand.

II

It was man. That was the poison. Man, the anthropoid. Man the destroyer. Man, the all-powerful and the all-feared. Man, the lure. For nature, in placing that riotous, steadily growing drop of dog in Swift Lightning's wolf-blood, had placed him between the devil and the deep sea. Nothing that had ever happened between him and man had Swift Lightning forgotten. For while the wolf in his blood made him dread the man-god and fear him, the spirit of Skagen, the dog, filled him with the yearning for his comradeship. It was that yearning that had taken him to the white men's cabin on the edge of the glacier-slash, where O'Connor, the white man, had fired at him with a rifle. It was this same yearning that had more than once lured him close to man, and always man had met him as an enemy. It was man that had put the hot fire of a bullet into his shoulder, man who had slashed him with a seal-spear, man who had set the horde of ship's dogs on him.

For it was not given to these men to know that Swift Lightning's forefather, many years ago, was born in the kennel of a white man's dog far south. But Gaston Rouget—he had guessed the truth.

COS

And yet—it must be that nature, in some one of her marvelous ways, had made Firefly, the beautiful young collie, understand. For all of this summer, Firefly had worked bravely to bring Swift Lightning to the cabin of Gaston Rouget. But never had she lured him farther than the edge of the clearing in which the cabin stood. More than once, with tightly drawn breath, the man and the woman had watched, wondering if the miracle would happen and if Swift Lightning would come to them. For in their hearts, because of the wonder of Firefly's matehood, was a love for this great gray beast of the forests.

If Swift Lightning could have known that!

And Firefly could not make him understand. Night after night and day after day, she went to him with Trésor, the big mastiff, and Waps, the Airedale; and together the four wandered in the forests or ran under the moon—but always, at the end, the three went back to the cabin and Swift Lightning remained alone. Many days and many nights he was alone. And in these hours of his aloneness, as the autumn came, the thing inside him ate more viciously at his vitals. In a last mighty surge, the wolf that was in him rose in fierce demand. And Swift Lightning listened to the wolf-howl as he had not listened before; and as the nights grew cooler and the days grew shorter—as the loon cried more shrilly, and the moose began to give their challenges, and the wolf-packs to gather—he stood at last—uncertain of himself—almost ready to yield up all that he ever won.

And to-night he stood in the edge of the little plain, and howled that single howl. Firefly, already on her way to join him, stood still in the deep forest and listened to it; and in the wild note of it was something that drew a whimpering whine from her and stirred within her a new kind of fear, another understanding.

She was alone when she came to him. To-night, she had

The Civilizing of Swift Lightning

stolen away from Trésor and his little Airedale mate, and Swift Lightning, when he made sure that they were not behind her, muzzled her neck and whined his gladness. And then, with his muzzle in her silken coat, his nostrils tasted again the poison that had robbed him of the glorious days they had lived before the big flood and the discovery of Gaston Rouget's cabin. For, that day, the woman had fondled Firefly, and the child had played with her, and Gaston had picked swamp-burrs out of her hair that evening after supper, smoking his strong black pipe. The poison hung like a deadly incense about her. To Swift Lightning, that man-smell—that stink of tobacco, that odor of human hands—had become the evil of all evils. It was his curse. Not a dog, and yet not a wolf, it had both attracted and repelled him. Many times he had answered its call, and always it had hurt him, or tried to hurt him. And, at the last, it was robbing him of his mate.

In his throat grew a low snarl as he smelled of Firefly's yellow body. It was not that he felt anger toward her. Firefly knew that. It was the cabin. It was the scent that came with her. And she flattened herself out on her belly and watched him anxiously from between her fore paws. For just as Swift Lightning knew that the cabin had made a great change in his mate, so did Firefly sense the impending change in Swift Lightning. For many weeks he had not gone far from the cabin. Always he could be found when she wanted him. Loyal he had fought the wolf that was in him, that he might be near her. But now, with the cool coming of the autumn, a redder light was growing in his eyes, and he was looking afar. Slowly the thing was impinging itself upon Firefly. She did not

reason that it was the cabin and the rivalry of a man and a woman and a child that were driving

him back into the savagery of twenty generations of wolf forebears. But the fact that he was going, that, little by little, she was losing this mate who had fought and triumphed and lived for her, became a growing thing within her.

And to-night she was different. For a week she had not played and scampered round Swift Lightning. Yet each night or day she had returned to the cabin and had tried to lure him back. Now, as she watched him looking off into the star-mist, there came to her from a distance the wolf-howl. She saw Swift Lightning's body grow tense, and she whimpered. The rivalry of that distant call struck to her soul, and she wriggled to his feet, still whimpering, and suddenly Swift Lightning relaxed and muzzled her for an instant in the old joyous way, forgetful of the poison of man and cabin.

It was he, and not Firefly, that led the way to-night. And it was away from the cabin. Always, at the far edge of this strip of plain, Firefly had stopped. Farther from the cabin she would not go. But now, when Swift Lightning struck into the country beyond, she followed him. Strangely, Swift Lightning sensed the fact that she was not the old Firefly. There was mystery about her, a mystery that held him, that made him travel slowly, that made him stop when she stopped. And when he saw that she was going with him, away from the cabin, that she was following him where she had refused to follow before, his splendid head went up as in the days of old, when he alone possessed her. And when the wolf-howl came many times in the hours that followed, he paid no heed to it. Frequently Firefly paused to rest, and at the end of the second hour she lay down in the edge of a giant windfall of trees, and Swift Lightning made no further effort to edge her on.

All the rest of that night, Firefly did not move. And the next day she went no farther than the edge of a tiny creek a few yards away, and still farther back in the shelter of the windfall she found herself a place to lie. Swift Lightning was puzzled. He was uneasy. The great mystery thrilled him, and yet he did not fully understand. But the glory of the old days had returned to him. Again he possessed Firefly—alone. The second night, she made no effort to return to the cabin, and this night the wolf-howl might



Out into a pool of warm sunlight Firefly had brought her

have been a hundred miles away for all the attention Swift Lightning paid to it. Alone he hunted. He brought in two rabbits and laid them at Firefly's feet.

In the gray dawn of the third day, he returned again from his hunt in the near bush. He was not gone long. But a great change had come under the windfall. And as he went in, his eyes glowing, his body trembling with the thrill of the new thing that came to him, mystery fell away, and a great understanding surged upon him. And from that gray-dawn gloom of her nest, Firefly's eyes glowed at him softly, and there was a joyous, whimpering note in her golden throat—and, in the presence of that miracle under the windfall, he stood for many minutes like a beast carved out of wood.

For Firefly had come into the kingdom of motherhood. And the children she bore were Swift Lightning's children.

III

UNDER the windfall, Firefly's heart was beating a new and wonderful psalm. It was her first motherhood. Every fiber of her was attuned to the glorious thrill of it. And outside—in the soul of the great gray beast who had come into the heritage of his first family—the answer to that thrill was like the vibrating tremor of strange music. For a space, it dazed him. And then he was uneasy. Again and again, in the first hour after his marvelous discovery, he trotted back and forth in front of the windfall. And five times in that hour he went in close to Firefly, and smelled of the tiny, whimpering life which he could not see, and each time when he went forth again his head was higher, and his step quicker, and in his eyes a deeper fire. For, at last, had he come face to face with fatherhood. And that fatherhood meant more to him than it would have meant to a dog, for nature had made the law that a wolf should have but one mate, year in and year out; and to Swift Lightning, monogamous in his matehood, the little creatures under the windfall were flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood, and for them he was ready to fight, ready to give up his life if the call came to that, just as he was ready to fight and die for the mother who had given them birth. Therein, in a moral way, was Swift Lightning, the wolf, greater than the dog.

And it came very soon upon Swift Lightning that this windfall into which Firefly had crept was the one sacred place in all the world, a place which must not be desecrated, a place to be defended. It was that first instinct of savagery that pos-

sessed him the sixth time he came out from the wonderful nest under the tumbled tree-tops and logs. He went completely round the windfall, not questingly and inquiringly but openly and defiantly. It had become suddenly *his* property, no matter who or what had inhabited it before, and he was almost eager that something should challenge his sovereignty that he might prove to all living things the absolutism of his empire.

Since that first golden night when he had mated with Firefly long ago, he had not felt quite so ridiculously eager to do something, and at last his energy found a vent in scouring the near-by bush for game, and before the day was fairly under way, he had brought three big rabbits to his mate. This, again, was the wolf in him, and Firefly, though she did not eat, twice thrust out her red tongue to his face in grateful appreciation. A dog herself, unbred in the ways of the wolf, it was still not beyond her to comprehend the devotion and the chivalry of the wolf. And she did not snap and snarl at him, as a mother dog usually snaps and snarls at another dog's intrusion. Each time that Swift Lightning came into the windfall, she welcomed him with her glowing eyes, and her yellow

(Continued on page 105)



babies, and there Swift Lightning saw them clear y for the first time

Synopsis of the Earlier Instalments

WHAT an inspiring strong man's American lordship it is that the old laird—proud, sensitive, reserved, brusque yet tender Hector McKaye—bequeaths to the most precious thing in his life, his son, out of twenty-five years of his own labor! It is the merchant principality of Tyee, the human, humming town of Port Agnew and its mills, his fleet of ships, his mighty, roaring forests of pine and fir, and his millions.

Donald McKaye, eager, certain, shoulders the great burden. Four years of college behind him, back from a world-jourant with his father, the two settle themselves in their lofty Tyee Head home, The Dreamerie, tanged by the salt Pacific sweep, one to take off the weights of life, the other to put them on.

To old Andrew Daney, the mill general manager, young Donald confides that he will start at the beginning—in the woods, as a logger, as his father began. But, first, there is other work to be done. Learning that the old mill-dump has become a rat's nest of women from the overflow of the neighboring squalor of Darrow, of negroes, and of Greek fishermen, encroaching upon precincts he has always considered sacred to his little playmate of years before, Nan of the Sawdust Pile, and her old father, Caleb Brent, Donald rushes to investigate.

He meets a toddling tot of four who inquires, "Are you my farver?" He finds that the boy is Nan's—nameless, except for the Christian name of Donald, the child she has borne to a bigamist to whom she believed herself married. Nan has come home to disgrace and ostracism, but Donald finds her the same sweet girl, even more wonderful, more comprehending. And he becomes her champion again, cleaning out the Sawdust Pile by fist and fire, and offering to see that the boy gets his chance in life.

No wonder, then, that on the first day the tongues of the gossips begin wagging. No wonder that they are saying in Port Agnew and up in the woods that the old laird is sick at heart. There is a scene at The Dreamerie. Mrs. McKaye and the girls, down for a flying trip from their fashionable establishment in Seattle, storm. The old laird says nothing. Donald only sets himself for the greater battle.

In a confidential talk later, the old laird tells Donald that he is glad his son is standing by Brent and his girl, and Donald replies that he will accord Nan the treatment which a gentleman always accords the finest lady in the land.

After Donald leaves for the logging-camps, Hector overhears a conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Daney, in which the good lady relates the town gossip that Donald is the father of Nan's child. He is greatly distressed, but satisfies Mrs. Daney that this is impossible, and begs that she will not carry the story to his wife and daughters. Mrs. Daney, however, cannot resist an impulse to call upon Nan and ask her to discourage Donald's attentions. When Nan threatens to tell Donald of her visit, she departs in haste and fear.

The Laird also visits Nan and offers to help her and her child. She can live in one of the houses he owns in Tacoma on her own terms, and he will advance funds to enable her to get on her feet. She thanks him, but says she will not desert her father, who will be happy only in his home on the Sawdust Pile.



Sometimes the distant boom of the breakers on Tyee Head
depths out yonder find haven

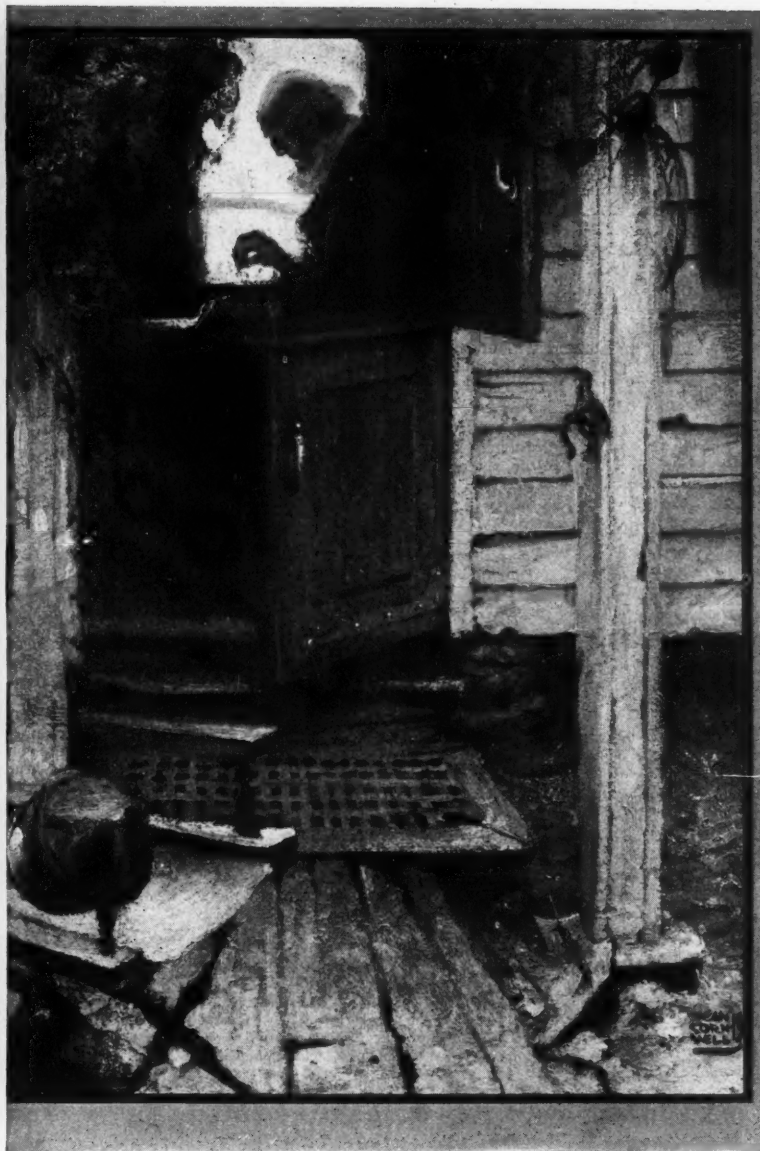
Kindred of

By Peter B. Kyne

X

AT the front of Caleb Brent's little house there was a bench upon which the old man was wont to sit on sunny days—usually in the morning, before the brisk, cool nor'west trade-wind commenced to blow. Following Hector McKaye's departure, Nan sought this bench until she had sufficiently mastered her emotions to conceal from her father evidence of a distress more pronounced than usual; as she sat there, she revolved the situation in her mind, scanning every aspect of it, weighing carefully every possibility.

In common with the majority of human kind, Nan considered herself entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-



called to her to desert her hopeless fight and in the blue from the tempests of her soul

the Dust

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

ness, and now, at a period when, in the ordinary course of events, all three of these necessary concomitants of successful existence (for, to her, life meant something more than mere living) should have been hers in bounteous measure, despite the handicap under which she had been born, she faced a future so barren that sometimes the distant boom of the breakers on Tye Head called to her to desert her hopeless fight and in the blue depths out yonder find haven from the tempests of her soul.

In an elder day, when the Sawdust Pile had been Port Agnew's garbage-dump, folks who clipped their rose bushes and thinned out their marigold plants had been accustomed to seeing these slips take root again and bloom on the Sawdust Pile for a brief period after their ash-cans had been emptied there; and, though

she did not know it, Nan Brent bore pitiful resemblance to these outcast flowers. Here, on the reclaimed Sawdust Pile, she had bloomed from girlhood into lovely womanhood—a sweet forget-me-not in the Garden of Life, she had been transplanted into Eden until Fate, the grim gardener, had cast her out, to take root again on the Sawdust Pile and ultimately to wither and die.

It is terrible for the great of soul, the ambitious, the imaginative, when circumstances condemn them to life amid dull, uninteresting, drab, and sometimes sordid surroundings. Born to love and be loved, Nan Brent's soul beat against her environment even as a wild bird, captured and loosed in a room, beats against the window-pane. From the moment she had felt within her the vague stirrings of womanhood, she had been wont to gaze upon the blue-black hills to the east, to the horizon out west, wondering what mysteries lay beyond, and yearning to encounter them. Perhaps it was the sea-faring instinct, the *Wanderlust* of her forebears; perhaps it was a keener appreciation of the mediocrity of Port Agnew than others in the little town possessed, a realization that she had more to give to life than life had to give to her. Perhaps it had been merely the restlessness that is the twin of a rare heritage—the music of the spheres—for with such had Nan been born. It is hard to harken for the reedy music of Pan and hear only the whine of a sawmill or the boom of the surf.

Of her mother, Nan had seen but little. Her recollections of her mother were few and vague; of her mother's people, she knew nothing save the fact that they dwelt in a world quite free of Brents, and that her mother had committed a distinctly social *faux pas* in marrying Caleb Brent she guessed long before Caleb, in his brave simplicity, had imparted that fact to her. An admiral's daughter, descendant of an old and wealthy Revolutionary family, the males of which had deemed any calling other than the honorable profession of arms as beneath the blood and traditions of the family, Nan's mother had

been the pet of Portsmouth until, inexplicably, Caleb Brent, a chief petty officer on her father's flag-ship, upon whom the hero's medal had just been bestowed, had found favor in her eyes. The ways of love, as all the philosophers of the ages are agreed, are beyond definition or understanding; even in his own case, Caleb Brent was not equal to the task of understanding how their love had grown, burgeoned into an engagement, and ripened into marriage. He only knew that, from a meek and well-disciplined petty officer, he had suddenly developed the courage of a Sir Galahad, and, while under the influence of a strange spell, had respectfully defied the admiral, who had foolishly assumed that, even if his daughter would not obey him, his junior in the service would. Then had come the baby girl, Nan, the divorce—pressed by the mother's family—and the mother's death.

If his wife had discerned in him the nobility that was so apparent to his daughter—Poor old hero! But Nan always checked her meditations at this point. They didn't seem quite fair to her mother.

Seated on the bench this afternoon, Nan reviewed her life from her sixth year, the year in which her father had claimed her. Until her eighteenth year, she had not been unhappy, for, following their arrival in Port Agnew, her father had prospered to a degree which permitted his daughter the enjoyment of the ordinary opportunities of ordinary people. If she had not known extravagance in the matter of dress, neither had she

Kindred of the Dust

"It isn't that, popsy-wops. He's the new laird of Tyee now, and he must be careful of the company he keeps."

Old Caleb growled in his throat, "Much he cares what people think."

"I know it. And much I care what people think, for I've grown accustomed to their thoughts. But I do care what his father thinks, for, of course, he has plans for Donald's future, and if Donald, out of the kindness of his heart, should become a frequent visitor here, The Laird would hear of it sooner or later—sooner, perhaps, for it would never occur to Donald to conceal it—and then the poor laird would be worried. And we don't owe The Laird that, father Brent."

"No; we do not." The old face was troubled.

"I met Mrs. Daney on the beach, and it was she who gave me the intimation that The Laird had heard some cruel gossip that was disturbing him."

"I'm sorry. Well, use your own judgment, daughter."

"I'm sure Donald will understand," she assured him. "And he will not think the less of us for doing it."

She got up and went to the peculiar and wholly impractical little desk which Mrs. McKaye had picked up in Italy and which Donald, calm in the knowledge that his mother would never use it or miss it, had given her to help furnish the house when first they had come to the Sawdust Pile. On a leaf torn from a tablet, she wrote:

THE SAWDUST PILE, Saturday Afternoon.

DEAR DONALD:

I had planned to reserve my thanks for the books and the candy until you called for dinner to-morrow. Now, I have decided that it will be better for you not to come to dinner to-morrow, although this decision has not been made without father and me being sensible of a keen feeling of disappointment. We had planned to sacrifice an old hen that has outlived her margin of profit, hoping that, with the admixture of a pinch of saleratus, she would prove tender enough to tempt the appetite of a lumberjack, but, upon sober second thought, it seems the part of wisdom to let her live.

We honor and respect you, Donald. You are so very dear to us that we wish to cherish always your good opinion of us; we want everybody in Port Agnew to think of you as we do. People will misunderstand and misconstrue your loyalty to the old friends of your boyhood if you dare admit your friendship. Indeed, some have already done so. I thank you for the books and the candy, but with all my heart I am grateful to you for a gift infinitely more precious but which is too valuable for me to accept. I shall have to treasure it at a distance. Sometimes, at colors, you might wave to

Your old friend,

NAN BRENT.

The unknown pedestrians paused in the path. "Ah done tol' you-all Ah'm right." Dirty Dan heard one of them say.

known penury; when her feminine instinct impelled her to brighten and beautify the little home on the Sawdust Pile from time to time, she had found that possible. She had been graduated with honors from the local high school, and, being a book-lover of catholic taste and wide range, she was, perhaps, more solidly educated than the majority of girls who have had opportunities for so-called higher education. With the broad democracy of sawmill towns, she had not, in the days gone by, been excluded from the social life of the town, such as it was, and she had had her beaux, such as they were. Sometimes she wondered how the choir in the Presbyterian church had progressed since she, once the mezzo-soprano soloist, had resigned to sing lullabys to a nameless child, if Andrew Daney still walked on the tips of his toes when he passed the collection-plate, and if the mortgage on the church had ever been paid.

She rose wearily and entered the little house. Old Caleb sat at the dining-room table playing solitaire. He looked up as she entered, swept the cards into a heap, and extended his old arm to encircle her waist as she sat on the broad arm of his chair. She drew his gray head down on her breast.

"Dadkins," she said presently, "Donald McKaye isn't coming to dinner to-morrow after all."

"Oh, that's too bad, Nan! Has he written you? What's happened?"

"No; he hasn't written me, and nothing's happened. I have decided to send him word not to come."

"Aren't you feeling well, my dear?"





The Laird was in excellent spirits, a condition which his interview that afternoon with Nan Brent had tended to bring about

Her letter completed, she sealed it in a plain white envelop, after which she changed into her best dress and shoes and departed up-town.

Straight to the mill office of the Tyee Lumber Company she went, her appearance outside the railing in the general office being the signal for many a curious and speculative glance from the girls and young men at work therein. One of the former, with whom Nan had attended high school, came over to the railing and, without extending a greeting, either of word or smile, asked, in businesslike tones,

"Whom do you wish to see?"

In direct contrast with this cool salutation, Nan inclined her head graciously and smilingly said:

"Why, how do you do, Hetty? I wonder if I might be permitted a minute of Mr. Daney's time."

"I'll see," Hetty replied, secretly furious in the knowledge that she had been serenely rebuked, and immediately disappeared in the general manager's office. A moment later, she emerged. "Mr. Daney will see you, Miss Brent," she announced. "First door to your right. Go right in."

"Thank you very much, Hetty."

Andrew Daney, seated at a desk, stood up as she entered.

"How do you do, Nan?" he greeted her, with masculine cordiality, and set out a chair. "Please be seated and tell me what I can do to oblige you."

COS

A swift scrutiny of the private office convinced her that they were alone; so she advanced to the desk and laid upon it the letter she had addressed to Donald McKaye.

"I would be grateful, Mr. Daney, if you would see that Mr. Donald McKaye receives this letter when he comes in from the woods to-night," she replied. Daney was frankly amazed.

"Bless my soul," he blurted, "why do you entrust me with it? Would it not have been far simpler to have mailed it?"

"Not at all, Mr. Daney. In the first place, the necessity for writing it only developed an hour ago, and in order to be quite certain Mr. McKaye would receive it this evening, I would have had to place a special-delivery stamp upon it. I did not have a special-delivery stamp; so, in order to get one, I would have had to go to the post-office and buy it. And the instant I did that, the girl on duty at the stamp-window would have gone to the mail-chute to get the letter and read the address. So I concluded it would be far more simple and safe to entrust my letter to you. Moreover," she added, "I save ten cents."

"I am very greatly obliged to you, Nan," Daney answered soberly. "You did exactly right." Had she conferred upon him a distinct personal favor, his expression of obligation could not have been more sincere. He took a large envelop of the Tyee Lumber Company, wrote Donald's name upon it, enclosed Nan's letter in this large envelop, and sealed it with a mighty blow of his fist. "Now then," he declared, "what people do not know



She stole to the old square piano and sang for him while, without, Dirty Dan

will not trouble them. After you go, I'll place this envelop in Don's mail-box in the outer office. I think we understand each other," he added shrewdly.

"I think we do, Mr. Daney."

"Splendid fellow, young Donald! Thundering fine boy!"

"I agree with you, Mr. Daney. If Donald has a fault, it is his excessive democracy and loyalty to his friends. Thank you so much, Mr. Daney. Good-afternoon."

"Not at all—not at all! All this is quite confidential, of course, otherwise you would not be here." He bowed her to the door, opened it for her, and bowed again as she passed him. When she had gone, he summoned the young lady whom Nan had addressed as "Hetty."

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"Miss Fairchild," he said, "phone the local sales-office and tell them to deliver a load of fire-wood to the Brent house at the Sawdust Pile."

Two minutes later, the entire office force knew that Nan Brent had called to order a load of fire-wood, and once more the world sagged into the doldrums.

XI

At six o'clock, Donald came in from the logging-camp. Daney made it his business to be in the entry of the outer office when his superior took his mail from his box, and, watching narrowly, thought he observed a frown on the young laird's face as he

COS

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COS



O'Leary crouched in the darkness and thrilled at the rippling melody

read Nan Brent's letter. Immediately he took refuge in his private office, to which he was followed almost immediately by Donald.

"That's your handwriting, Mr. Daney," he said, thrusting the large envelop under Daney's nose. "Another letter in a smaller envelop was enclosed by you in this large one. You knew, of course, who wrote it."

"Miss Brent brought it personally."

Donald started slightly. He was amazed.

"I take it," he continued, after a slight pause, "that it was entirely your idea to conceal from the office force the fact that Miss Brent had written me this letter."

"It was, Don."

COS

"I am at a loss to know why you took such a precaution." Donald's eyes met Daney's in frank suspicion; the latter thought that he detected some slight anger in the younger man's bearing.

"I can enlighten you, Don. Miss Brent was at some pains to conceal the fact that she had written you a letter; she brought it to me to be handed to you, rather than run the risk of discovery by dropping it in the post-office for special delivery. Some of the girls in our office went to school with Nan Brent and might recognize her handwriting if they saw the envelop. I saw Hetty Fairchild looking over your letters rather interestedly the other day, when she was sorting the mail and putting it in the boxes."



"McKaye speaking," he announced. "I've just discovered Donald has an enemy—that Greek, Chirakes, from Darrow. Did Dirty Dan come in from the woods to-night?"

"The entire procedure appears to me to be peculiar and wholly unnecessary. However, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Daney, for acceding so thoroughly to Nan's apparent wishes." He frowned as he tore the envelop into shreds and dropped them in Daney's waste-basket. "I'm afraid some young women around this plant are going to lose their jobs unless they learn to restrain their curiosity and their tongues," he added.

"I thought I was still general manager," Daney reminded him gently. "Hiring and firing have always been my peculiar prerogatives."

"Forgive me, Mr. Daney. They shall continue to be." The young Laird grinned at the rebuke; Daney smiled back at him, and the somewhat charged atmosphere cleared instantly.

"By the way, Donald, your father is in town. He's going up to Seattle to-night on the seven-ten train. Your mother and the girls left earlier in the week. He's dining at the hotel and wishes you to join him there. He figured that, by the time you could reach The Dreamerie, shave, bathe, and dress, it would be too late to have dinner with him there and still allow him time to catch his train."

"How does idleness sit on my parent, Mr. Daney?"

"Not very well, I fear. He shoots and fishes and takes long walks with the dogs; he was out twice in your sloop this week. I think he and your mother and the girls plan a trip to Honolulu shortly."

"Good!" Donald yawned and stretched his big body. "I've lost eight pounds on this chopping-job," he declared, "and I thought I hadn't an ounce of fat on me. Zounds, I'm sore! But I'm to have an easy job next week. I'm to patrol the skid-roads with a grease-can. That woods boss is certainly running me ragged."

"Well, your innings will come later," Daney smiled.

At the mill office, Donald washed, and then strolled over to the hotel to meet his father. Old Hector grinned as Donald, in woolen shirt, mackinaw, corduroy trousers, and half-boots came into the little lobby, for in his son he saw a replica of himself thirty years ago.

"Hello, dad!" Donald greeted him.

"Hello, yourself!"

The father, in great good humor, joined his son, and they proceeded to dine, chaffing each other good-naturedly the while, and occasionally exchanging pleasantries with their neighbors at adjoining tables. The Laird was in excellent spirits, a condition which his interview that afternoon with Nan Brent had tended to bring about; during the period that had elapsed between his subsequent doubts and his meeting with his son, he had finally decided that the entire matter was a mare's nest and had dismissed it from his mind.

After dinner, they walked down to the railroad station together, Donald carrying his father's bag. While The Laird was at the ticket-window purchasing his transportation, his son walked over to a baggage-truck to rest the bag upon it. As the bag landed with a thud, a man who had been seated on the truck with his back toward Donald glanced over his shoulder in a leisurely way, and, in that glance, the latter recognized one of the Greeks he had evicted from the Sawdust Pile—the same man who had thrown a beer-bottle at him the day he motored through Darrow.

"What are you doing in Port Agnew?" Donald demanded.

To his query, the fellow replied profanely that this was none of his interrogator's affair.

"Well, it is some of my affair," the new boss of Tyee replied. "I have a crow to pluck with you, anyhow, and I'm going to pluck it now." He grasped the Greek by his collar and jerked him backward until the man lay flat on his back across the baggage-truck; then, with his horny left hand, Donald slapped the sullen face vigorously, jerked the fellow to his feet, faced him in the direction of Darrow, and, with a vigorous kick, started him on his way. "That's for throwing beer-bottles!" he called after the man. "And hereafter you keep out of Port Agnew. Your kind are not welcome here."

The Greek departed into the night cursing, while The Laird, still at the ticket-window, glanced interestedly from his son to the Greek and then back to Donald.

"What's the idea, son?" he demanded.

"A recent dweller on the Sawdust Pile," his son replied easily. "He declared war on me, so, naturally, he comes into my territory at his own risk. That scum from Darrow must keep out of our town, dad, and force is the only argument they can understand. Daney gave them a free hand and spoiled them, but I'm going to teach them who's boss around here now. Besides, I owe that fellow a poke. He insulted Nan Brent. There would have been a bill for repairs on the scoundrel if I had caught him the day I drove his gang off the Sawdust Pile."

"Well, I approve of your sentiments, Donald, but, nevertheless, it's a poor practise for a gentleman to fight with a mucker, although," he added whimsically, "when I was your age I always enjoyed a go with such fellows. That man you just roughed is George Chirakes, and he's a bad one. Knifed three of his countrymen in a drunken riot in Darrow last fall, but got out of it on a plea of self-defense. Keep your eye on the brute. He may try to play even, although there's no real courage in his kind. They're born bushwhackers." The Laird glanced at his watch and saw that it still lacked eight minutes of train-time. "Wait for me a minute," he told his son. "I want to telephone Daney on a little matter I overlooked this afternoon."

He entered the telephone-booth in the station and called up Andrew Daney.

"McKaye speaking," he announced. "I've just discovered Donald has an enemy—that Greek, Chirakes, from Darrow. Did Dirty Dan come in from the woods to-night?"

"I believe he did. He usually comes in at week-ends."

"Look him up immediately, and tell him to keep an eye on Donald, and not to let him out of his sight until the boy boards the logging-train to-morrow night to go back to the woods. Same thing next week-end, and when" (Continued on page 162)



A Dancing Daisy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED CRISKEY JOHNSON

DAISY DE WITT, one of the cleverest dancers in New York's "Century Midnight Whirl," is an American girl born in Cuba. Her talent for dancing has been self-cultivated, and she shows a remarkable aptitude for imitating the steps and manner of other dancers, which makes her one of the chief attractions of that entertaining revue.



FRANCINE LARRIMORE is the co-star of "Scandal," a society comedy that is one of the first productions of the present New York season. Her early training for the stage was obtained in farce and light comedy, to which line of work she has returned after having appeared with much success for a short time in musical plays.



A Beauty of the "Follies"

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED CREWET JOHNSON

HAZEL WASHBURN has for three years been one of the delights of the eye in the "Ziegfeld Follies." But it is not alone the beauty of this blond New England girl that attracts, for she sings and acts charmingly, and is always prominent in many of the elaborate episodes of which is composed that popular perennial revue.



A Rising Star

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIFFERT

INA CLAIRE has attained stardom in the second step of her career on the legitimate stage. Two years ago she made her debut in straight comedy, being "featured" in "Polly With a Past," in which play she has acted all over the country until the present season, when she is the star of "The Gold-Diggers," by Avery Hopwood.



*Bubbles
skimmed from
the melting-pot*

Anetta the Third

By Ida M. Evans

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

ANETTA THE FIRST'S feet ached hard toward the late afternoon of her eighteenth birthday. All her personal possessions in a brown-woolen-petticoat bundle on her wide, stolid back, Anetta Pzycychi was on her twenty-sixth plodding mile from her low-valley hut-home to steerage and America—that wonderful America where, so Mitteleuropa passionately believed, were life, liberty, and the unhindered pursuit of happiness.

Anetta the Second's feet ached wretchedly toward the late afternoon of her eighteenth birthday. Toward a steaming stock-yards vat, Anetta Krepe had stooped steadily while a great time-clock at her spare, stolid back plodded through the day—one day, merely, of a steaming six, or often seven. Anetta was one of an American-born family of fourteen.

Unto the third generation—

Anetta the Third's feet ached excruciatingly toward the late afternoon of her eighteenth birthday. But the pertinence of the Biblical allusion becomes a bit strained here, and it had best be abandoned. Between a first generation and a third, a-l-i-e-n can change its spelling to pure C-h-i-c-a-g-o-born, and a pair of insteps may give the laugh to heredity. Anetta Pzycychi's stolidly plodding eighteen-year-old feet had been heavy-soled, large-toed ones that, swollen by the miles, puffed clumsily from the sweaty confines of wooden shoes as clattering and uncouth as the rocks that cumbered her low, sterile native valley. And American-born Anetta Krepe, sixth child of Anetta Krepe,

"Jip Watts, of Watts' Midnight Inn, puts me on Saturday night." Anetta did not try to keep pride out of her voice

Anetta the Third

née Pzycychi, had heavy-jointed ones of aching flat insteps and thick soles that, flaccid from vats' floor-sucking steam, distorted beyond original cheap ugliness the dollar-sixty-five American-factory shoes in which they sullenly perspired. But the feet of Chicago-born Anetta Koskaum, daughter and granddaughter—

Anetta herself regarded them with pensive approval as, having crossed them gracefully if wearily, she lolled on a gray-velvet settee of the State Street La Première suit-and-coat shop—a rear settee, well behind the thirty-five-dollar-marked-down-from-forty tricolette rack, where Ferdie Hennings, the floor-manager, would not be apt to glimpse her for several idling seconds.

Soft seal-brown, velvet-suède, hand-turned sole, low of vamp, artistically smart of long, slim toe—the wearer herself now approved them, crossed gracefully and wearily, with the expect approval of one who knows the fourteen-dollar bargain shoe-tables of her State Street as she knows the contents of her chiffonier's top drawer.

And then she likewise—though this quite impersonally, indeed, with a calculating air of appraisal far removed from mere peacockism—approved the smart brown-silk stockings, showing slenderly round-filled, between short cloth skirt and low smart suède vamp. In the wide-framed mirror fronting the



"Well, I don't see no use in dance lessons when you got a good job as you got, fifteen dollars in a coat-and-suit shop. It ain't sensible, Anetta"

They were not, those slim feet, any more like Anetta's plodding stolid young grandmother's than the gray settee, velvet-backed, mirror-fronted, flanked by silken rack, velvet rack, and satin rack, was like the hard, mud-baked, rock-tripping road of the sterile Mitteleuropa valley. Their width was AA; their size otherwise three and a half; while instep and ankle had a lissome, supple slenderness that must have come from somewhere, but assuredly not from steerage or stock-yards—though it may be that it was derived, in part at least, from the scamped vitality that two stolid, hard-pressed parents necessitously bestowed upon fourteen hard-to-feed young who, in their turn, bestowed it, scamped a bit more, upon *their* young.

But wherever it came from, Anetta Koskaum possessed it. And as for the shoes adorning it—oh, the clumsy, wooden, uncomfortable shoes in which the one Anetta had patiently plodded; the cheap, cramping, factory-stitched ones which the other had dully endured! Anetta the Third's shoes were the kind that adorn, not merely contain a foot and protect it from the elements.

settee, she proceeded to further approving personal appraisal—her slim, graceful young form; her silky brown hair, which almost exactly matched brown vamps and silk hose; cheeks as white and smooth as the small ankles inside the brown stockings; iris-blue eyes; pretty pink lips; a pert, pretty, pale little chin—

"And when you get all through, there's one or two patient customers would like to try on some of those navy duvetyns we used a quarter-page of this morning's edition to advertise," suddenly snapped a young man who had just put an indignant smooth-shaven face round the tricolette rack. "This is a sales-day, Anetta."

The young man spoke with sarcastic moderation. As a matter of fact, one or two score duvetyn-desiring women, of all conditions of age, shape, color, charm, and choler, were snatching at some garment-loaded racks and shrapneling the shop's atmosphere with loud cries for saleswomen's attention.

Anetta Pzycychi had cringed and stepped lively when a steer-

age person of authority had sharply ordered her to a gangway. And Anetta Krepe, though silently sullen, had forthwith moved her flaccid feet faster when a stock-yards foreman yelled.

But Darwin only touched on the evolving process. Any kind of a fairly steady pay-envelope for two whole generations makes for an inevitable cool contempt, breeding of familiarity for mere jobs and job-controllers. Anetta Koskaum, who steadily, week

in and week out, since her first cash-running days, had held one good job after another, now shook herself indignantly off settee and flung open a red-covered

sales check-book, hanging cord-secured at her black-cloth waist, for the perusal of her sarcastic superior.

"Well, I've fourteen duvetyns, seven tricolettes, four velour dolmans, eight tricotines, twelve serges—it totals eight hundred and eighty-two dollars. It's been sales-day for me! And nine hours on your feet—"

"In new shoes?" unkindly asked Mr. Hennings. "Maybe a wider last—"

"I don't know as I'd hold my job long here at the La Première in old shabby shoes!" retorted Anetta. "And, anyway, I've been going to tell you for some time, Ferd Hennings—"

"That you want a raise? Nothing doing. Old Anton Kahn's arteries have got so hard already looking at his pay-roll total and his income tax together—"

Anetta turned up a peculiarly scornful young nose.

"Don't get excited unnecessarily. Old Kahn can keep his raises and take care of his arteries. But without my bright young presence round his place of business—" Her grimace was satisfied and pert.

"I suppose"—in tone of boredom and disapproval—"you've finished your course of twenty lessons at the Morrissey dance-studio, and you forget the time-clock nights, getting away from here to take—"

"Finish 'em to-night," informed Anetta, progressing in a leisurely manner toward the crowded duvetyn rack. She did not try to keep the satisfaction out of her voice. "And right away I start out as a professional—"

"Yes?" It was the bored tone that skepticism gives to rank boasting. The crowding customers still remained the chief concern of the speaker. "And, meanwhile, there's a forty-six-waisted person from Oak Park wants a duve—"

"Jip Watts, of Watts' Midnight Inn, puts me on Saturday night." Anetta did not try to keep pride out of her voice.

"Jip Watts?"

"Heard of him?"—pertly.

"Yes—he advertises pretty near as heavy as the coat-and-suit shops." There was a slight but marked change of tone on the part of Hennings. "How did it happen?"

Anetta, pausing while the large-waisted lady from Oak Park indignantly beseeched her to hurry, grimaced pertly, insolently.

"He didn't happen," she informed, ignoring calmly the beseeching forty-sixer. "Mme. Maybelle Morrissey usually sends for him for her most promising pupils. He came one lesson—saw me—took me."

The expression of Hennings became less managerial and more respectful.

"Well, we'll sure be sorry to lose you, Anetta," he said kindly; "but—"

"You're certainly the lucky girl, Anetta!" enviously broke in a tall earringed girl at the tricolette rack near by. "I'd—"

"Listen, Anetta!" excitedly broke in a short earringed girl from the plain-blue-serge-rack. "Listen! If you ever see a chance for me, too—you know I took ten fancy-step lessons two years ago and—"

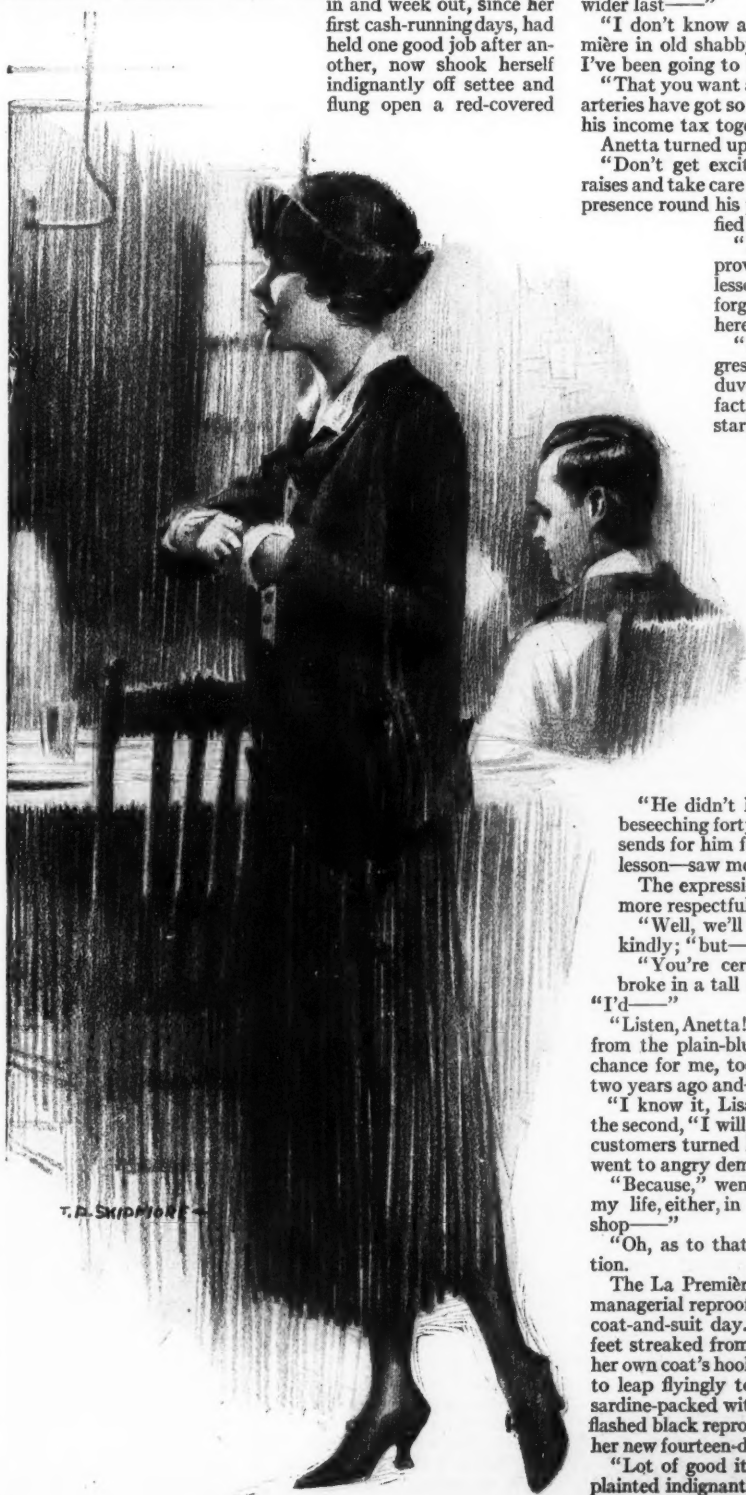
"I know it, Lisa," said Anetta to the first speaker, and, to the second, "I will, Rachel," while the large-waisted and other customers turned heavily to look at her, quit beseeching, and went to angry demands.

"Because," went on Rachel, "I'm not wild about wasting my life, either, in a stuffy, foot-blistering old coat-and-suit shop—"

"Oh, as to that—" began Hennings, scenting insubordination.

The La Première time-clock's long metal hands cut off the managerial reproof, customers' clamor, and Anetta Koskaum's coat-and-suit day. To her open joy. Her slim, brown-shod feet streaked from the duvetyn rack to time-clock, thence to her own coat's hook, to State Street, to Madison Street, thence to leap flyingly to a West Side street-car platform, already sardine-packed with homing feet, where her pert iris-blue eyes flashed black reproach at a great masculine tan heel that scuffed her new fourteen-dollar left suede one.

"Lot of good it does to buy new shoes in this town!" she plained indignantly to Rachel behind her. "Gee, I'm glad I



T. R. SKIDMORE

don't take this wild six-o'clock ride much longer. Thank goodness, my working-hours change their time of day!"

"I certainly wish I was you," said Rachel, with fervid envy.

From generation to generation descends hope, but not hopes; desire, but not desires. And each generation has its opinions, which usually have little in common with parents'.

Anetta Koskaum's opinion of that Chicago West Side street which was her home thoroughfare was easy to read as, dropping off the heels-scutting-heels platform, her small, smart-shod feet fastidiously hurried down three blocks of its drab, unluxurious length. Her iris-blue eyes were unkind as they met its débris and frame facades; her small nose curled at odors—a canal not far away, a glucose factory nearer, the gastronomical preferences of a hundred different supper-tables belonging to forty and more different nationalities. Those preferences! Sauerkraut, spaghetti, kosher soup, fish fried in oil, Hamburger, garlic—a coarse-repast potpourri for diverse palates gathered in a new land, and finally, arriving at ten flat, gaunt wooden steps that were the drab, worn approach to the building housing the Koskaums, the Schallmans, the Scelottis, the Swansons, the Kaloskys, the Phelunskys, the Heinemanns, the Maloneys, the Hogans, and the Wieboldts, her high heels clicked up with a distainful appreciation of the difference between their paintless unsightliness and the heels' smart, suede-covered sightliness. Anetta Psycychi's America—parts of it—did not suit her young, pretty-eyed descendant whose birth the other had plodded miles to secure to it.

Inside the Koskaum six rooms—

Ten pay-envelops came to those rooms—including Koskaum père's from the stock-yards. Anetta had eight brothers and sisters. And while the individual amount of those envelops is not essential to mention, the effect of the ten was bizarre. Standards of living—But when a sudden multiplicity of young envelops crowds out old standards, and new have not yet had time to grow—

The two-dollar sirloin steak that Anetta's mother turned in sizzling skillet on a new thirty-dollar gas-stove and the chipped twenty-five-cent platter ready for its serving. The dollar-and-a-half bottle of Queen of Rumania toilet-water that Anetta brought home, and the second-hand old walnut chiffonier, standing tight-squeezed in back bedroom between two low iron bedsteads on which she set it. The three-dollar silk stockings that Natie—who was stenographer at a huge West Side mail-order house—next in size to Anetta—had bought that day, and the two-tined fork with which Natie presently attacked her share of the sirloin. The eight pink roses brought home the day before by Lisbeth, who "manicured" on State Street, and the painted china vase from the ten-cent store in which they were withering. The pile of Chicago dailies, now a day or so old, and hence staler as to news than Livy's Chronicles, and the Old Country what-not, relic of parental Koskaums' first housekeeping efforts, on which they were piled. The six-dollar electrical-engineering volume, belonging to Emil, whom civil service had got on at the city water-works, and the fifteen-cent souvenir saucer from North Side amusement park which topped it. Incongruities all.

But nothing was quite so incongruous as the dissatisfaction that Anetta's pretty eyes emitted on entering her home, and the dissatisfaction that her mother's eyes emitted when Anetta, entering, asked impatiently,

"Supper ready?"

The one's dissatisfactions were not the other's. The older Anetta's soul was a depressed and lusterless thing. Long-houred early toil at stock-yards and, later, excessive child-bearing had made mind and body flaccid of tissue. The multiplicity of pay-envelops had come too late in a life for acquired dull unexpectancy of anything but woe and weariness to be put away. Now—

"You needn't always to be in such a hurry, Anetta."

"But I can't help it. I've got to rush."

"Natie and Lisbeth are bad enough"—querulously. "And Jennie and Emil and the others ain't home many evenings. But you're the worst, Anetta."

"I'm really working evenings as well as days"—defensively. "Dance lessons—"

"Well, I don't see no use in dance lessons when you got a good job as you got, fifteen dollars in a coat-and-suit shop. It ain't sensible, Anetta"—with a sigh.

"Yes, it is"—in firm, young tone.

Anetta let her blue eyes rest a moment on the newspaper topping the pile in the dining-room—which was part of the Koskaum family's sleeping-rooms as well. It was a Sunday supplement, that top sheet, and it portrayed the damask-curtained

New York hotel-suite of one Evie de Duslys, queen of dancing à la carte, whose earnings with her ankles were so fabulous that the supplement had turned green and black mentioning them. And, having read their amount, the belittlement that Anetta's bright-blue eyes cast round the room in which she stood was eloquent and promise-filled.

"I'm sensible," she repeated, with determination. "Some day you'll all say so."

"No, you ain't," querulously repeated her mother, taking up the sizzling sirloin, calling on Natie to dish up the potatoes, and Lisbeth to cut plenty of white bread and rye. "You already got a good, steady job—and a nice job—as jobs go. But—"

"Oh—a coat-and-suit job!" The holder of it was all scorn.

"But it ain't a bit of use to talk to you"—this with ingrained depression. "It's just as Mis' Schallman says, too. Children that we bring into the world it seems we can save ourselves the trouble of giving advice to. Her son George is like you, Anetta. Right back here in the motor-repair works he has his steady, good job, but he must—"

"I don't see why," sulked Anetta, helping herself to sirloin and potatoes, "I should be talked over with people I don't know."

"No, missy; you ain't home long enough to know our neighbors living right in the same building. In you rush, out you rush. Mis' Schallman says, too—"

"I don't care what she says. I don't know her."

"No; and you don't care that her mother and my mother came from the same place"—querulously. "And her son George—he ain't satisfied either, not with his steady job or to take his mother's advice, but he must go flying off—"

"George is nothing to me"—pertly. "Nor his mother. But the forty dollars a week Jip Watts is going to pay me—"

"Don't I wish I was you!" envied Lisbeth. "I never did care for manicuring."

"I'm not crazy about a typewriter," offered Natie. "Pass the potatoes, Emil."

"Oh, I guess I might as well keep my advice"—querulously, from the head of the table. "To all of you. None of you satisfied, and sitting down to a two-dollar steak! Like Mis' Schallman says, we was glad enough, years ago, to get potatoes with a bit of onion for flavor, but our children—the best ain't good enough for them. Always reaching after something better and then reaching some more—"

But Anetta had eaten swiftly and was through her meal, had powdered her face, and was making out and off.

On the steps outside, an overalled mechanic and a gray-stubbled laborer stood aside to let her pass flyingly down. And both looked after her, giving heed to her fourteen-dollar-shod youth. The young man, who had Slav eyes and the prominent chin that occasionally the fork of circumstance fishes from the melting-pot, gave the longest heed. The older man, at whom Anetta had smiled pertly, gave brief, being her father and tired from his day's toil.

Anetta saw only the one man. She was in a race with the minutes, which presently she outdistanced, to the Morrissey Dance Studio four miles away, and was greeted by Mme. Maybelle Morrissey with the gushing hospitality of a friend, mentor, and guide, home's memories thus being obliterated entirely for the time being.

"Though I'm going to give you more advice than practise of steps this last lesson," said that large-eyed, large-bosomed, large-nosed person, who wore a frowsy silk kimono and a good deal of cosmetics, but few stays.

"Shoot!"—pertly, pirouetting industriously.

"It's advice I give to all my most promising pupils," said Mme. Maybelle Morrissey earnestly. "'Cause it's them that expects the most from the profession. And it's them that ought to get the best advice from me." She watched the girl in ostentatious admiration. "You got the steps," she said heartily. "And you got brains, Anetta. So I'm saying to you, 'Good luck!'"

"Thanks!"

"But it's a dog's life at that," sighed the older woman. "I always tell my pupils that. I always advise them to marry. Marry the first chance you get. The first good chance, that is. But don't be too particular, either."

"No?" with a grin.

"No," said Mme. Morrissey earnestly. "Just so the man ain't a boob, and can buy you fourteen-dollar shoes, and is on good terms with the crossing-cops, and prefers that his wife shall wear blue-white diamonds instead of yellow, you'll get along real well with him, whatever kind of a man he is. That is, a professional dancer will."

"I'll remember." But Anetta laughed.



"He's paying alimony to two now, dearie, and I don't think an order from the League of Nations would make him take on a third"

"You'll remember," said the other significantly. "After a year, you'll call my advice to mind real often. I'm real sure you're going to be a credit to this studio. You've got something the same gracefulness that Elaine Simmons had. Only, Elaine began to drink and got fat. But she saw right away where she was drifting, and she married a broker quick. I'll say Elaine had brains, too, in spite of a fondness for liquid stimulant. And then there was Laura Clay—she said from the start it was a dog's life, and she married a brewer's son. Laura was the kind that says to men, pitiful like, 'Oh, this life is so hard!' Laura, and Elaine, too, had the sort of helpless I'm-so-afraid-I-will-
yield-to-temptation look. And the broker, and the brewer's son, too, was the kind of man that likes to think of himself saving a pretty girl from the life she was sure to lead if he hadn't been

sent by heaven to protect her. Laura and Elaine certainly have been a credit to this studio. Elaine was the first in the society column to discharge her footman to help push back the Huns. And she and Laura have had me to lunch at their homes—neither of 'em has an imitation Oriental rug in her house."

Anetta listened pertly, with a grin. But in her iris-blue eyes was an expression. It, indeed, was a great deal like the expression in Anetta Pzycychi's eyes as they plodded toward America.

II

Six weeks afterward, Anetta Koskaum had become a notable memory at the coat-and-suit shop and a notable nightly fact on the floor of the Midnight Inn. (Continued on page 141)



She was beginning to understand what she had unconsciously been afraid of: her own creed—when applied to another woman!

The Crimson Tide

A new novel by Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by Grant T. Reynard

Synopsis of the Earlier Instalments

WHAT would be the reaction of the horrors of warfare on a highly sensitive nature? One answer to this question will be found in the case of Palla Dumont, a Connecticut girl, who was companion to the Grand Duchess Marie, of Russia, and was an eye-witness of the murder of the imperial family. Although deeply religious, this event causes Palla to lose completely her faith in the guidance of the world by a benevolent deity, and adopt a belief that the attainment of justice and truth must come from a power within ourselves operating through the law of Love—the essence of which is unselfish service.

Alone in the world and possessing sufficient income, Palla, on her return to America, settles in New York and draws about her a circle of interesting people. Among them are Ilse Westgard, a Swedish girl of superb physique and brilliant mind, who was in the woman's battalion of the Russian army; John Estridge, who was an ambulance-driver in Russia; two Russians, Marya Lanois and Vanya Tchernov, the latter a pianist, and James Shotwell, a lieutenant who served in France.

Shotwell's parents expect him to marry Elorn Sharrow, but the young man falls in love with Palla.

Pressing his suit, he discovers that Palla's feminine instincts have been so transmuted in the fire of her experience that the normal aim of love and devotion to a husband has been replaced by an ideal of love and devotion to humanity at large. She has deep affection for him, she tells him, but has not experienced the emotion of sensual love, and even if this were so, she has now such contempt for social conventions—especially the marriage relation—that she will not accept the bondage that wedlock entails. The young man is puzzled by all this, but his ardor is not diminished.

Radical as she is, Palla has naturally no sympathy with the violence preached by many of the elements engaged in achieving the social revolution, and she organizes a club to combat these doctrines and make practical application of the law of Love. For this purpose, she hires a hall in which to hold meetings. The place is also used by the Red Flag Club, a revolutionary organization of a violent type. The owners are Elmer Skidder, a man from Palla's home town, and Angelo

Puma. These two are partners in a moving-picture company, and they expect to interest the banker, Alonzo D. Pawling, who has charge of all of Palla's funds.

Puma's role as a moving-picture promoter is a disguise. He is in Germany's pay, and has been sent from Mexico to do damage in this country, and is associated with three men, Kastner, Sondheim, and Bromberg, who are active in the Red Flag Club. Now that the war is over, Puma tries in vain to rid himself of these scoundrels, but they attempt to blackmail him.

Again Palla refuses to marry Shotwell, and this time he says good-by. He meets Marya Lanois and takes her to dinner. She tells him that she loves him and not Tchernov. Meanwhile, Estridge and Ilse Westgard have fallen deeply in love, and Ilse's enthusiasm for her radical social ideas begins to weaken.

XXII

JIM SHOTWELL discovered, in due course of time, the memoranda of the repeated messages which Palla had telephoned to his several clubs, asking him to call her up immediately. It was rather late to do that now, but he went to the telephone-booth and called her number.

A maid answered; Palla came presently, and he thought her voice seemed colorless and unfamiliar.

"Yes; I'm perfectly well," she replied to his inquiry. "Where in the world did you go that night?"

"What had you wished to say to me?"

"Nothing—except—that I was afraid you were angry when you left, and I didn't wish you to part with me on such terms."

"Have you nothing else to tell me, Palla?"

"No."

"Then you haven't changed your attitude?"

"Toward you? I don't expect to."

"You know what I mean."

"Oh! But, Jim, we can't discuss that over the telephone."

"I suppose not. Is anything wrong with you, Palla? Your voice sounds so tired—"

"Does it? I don't know why. Tell me, please, what did you do on that unhappy night?"

"I went home."

"I telephoned your house about twelve, and was informed you were not at home."

"They thought I was asleep. I'm sorry, Palla—"

"I shouldn't have telephoned so late," she interrupted. "I'm afraid that it was your mother who answered; and if it was, I received the snub I deserved."

"Nonsense! It wasn't meant that way—"

"I'm afraid it was, Jim. It's quite all right, though. I won't do it again. Am I to see you soon?"

"There's no use in my going to you, Palla."

"Why?"

"Because I'm in love with you," he said bluntly, "and I'm trying to get over it."

"I thought we were friends, too."

"You're right," he said; "we are." She heard his quick, deep breath, like a sigh. "Shall I come to-night?"

"I'm expecting some people, Jim—women who desire to establish a Combat Club in Chicago, and they have come on here to consult me."

"To-morrow night, then?"

"Please—no."

"Palla, is anything worrying you?" he said then. "Are you ill?"

There was a pause; then Palla's voice, resolutely tranquil: "Everything is all right in the world as long as you are kind to me, Jim. When you're not, things darken and become queer—"

"Palla!"

"Yes?"

"Listen: This is to serve notice on you. I'm going to make a fight for you."

"Jim?" he heard, after a silence.

"Yes, dear."

"I suppose it would shock you if I made a fight for—you!"

He took it as a jest and laughed at her perverse humor. But what she had meant she herself hardly realized; and she turned away from the telephone, conscious of a vague excitement invading her and of a vaguer consternation, too.

The ladies from Chicago were to dine with her; her maid had hooked her gown; orchids from Jim had just arrived, and she was still pinning them to her waist—still happily thrilled by this lovely symbol of their renewed accord—when the bell rang.

It was much too early to expect anybody. She fastened her orchids and was descending the stairs for a last glance at the table when, to her astonishment, she saw Angelo Puma in the hall. He saw her before she could retreat.

"Miss Dumont, a thousand excuses for this so bold intrusion," he began, bowing extravagantly at every word. "Only the urgent importance of my errand could possibly atone—"

"Please step into the drawing-room, Mr. Puma, if you have something of importance to say."

He followed her on tiptoe, flashing his magnificent eyes about the place. Palla seated herself, wondering a little at the perfumed splendor of her landlord. He sat on the extreme edge of an armchair, his glossy hat on his knees.

"Miss Dumont," he said, laying one white-gloved paw across his shirt-front, "you shall behold in me a desolate man!"

"I'm sorry." She looked at him in utter perplexity.

"What shall you say to me?" he cried.

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Puma," she said, "until you tell me what is your errand."

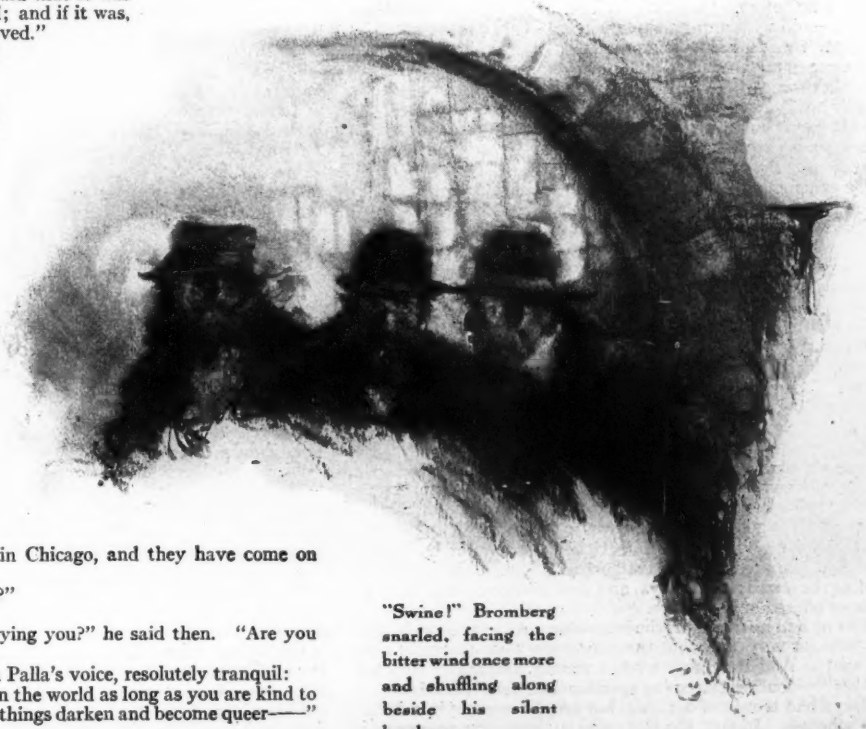
"Miss Dumont, I am most unhappy and embarrassed. Because you have pay me in advance for that which I am unable to offer you."

"I don't think I understand."

"Alas! You have pay to me by check for six months more rent of my hall."

"Yes."

"I have given you a lease for six months more, and with it an option for a year of renewal."



"Swine!" Bromberg snarled, facing the bitter wind once more and shuffling along beside his silent brethren

"Yes."

"Miss Dumont, behold me desolate!"

"But why?"

"Because I am force, by circumstance over which I have no control, to cancel this lease and option, and ask you most respectfully to be so kind as to secure other quarters for your club."

"But you can't do that!" exclaimed Palla, in dismay.

Puma's brilliant eyes became tenderly apprehensive.

"Miss Dumont," he said, in a hushed and confidential voice, "believe me when I venture to say to you that your club should leave for reasons most grave, most serious."

"What reasons?"

"The others—the Red Flag Club. They complain that your club has interfere with them—"

"That is exactly why we're there, Mr. Puma—to interfere with them, neutralize their propaganda, try to draw the same people who listen to their violent tirades. Ours is a crusade of education. We chose that hall because we desired to make the fight in the very camp of the enemy. And must I tell you very plainly that we shall hold you to the lease."

The dark blood flooded his heavy features.

"I do not desire to take it to the courts," he said. "I am willing to offer compensation."

"We couldn't accept."

Puma remained perfectly silent for a few moments. Somehow, he must manage to evict these women. Twice Sondheim had warned him. And, that evening, Sondheim had sent him an ultimatum by Kastner.

And Puma was perfectly aware that Karl Kastner knew enough about him to ruin him utterly in the great republic which was now giving him a fortune and which had never discovered that his own treacherous mission here was the accomplishment of her ruin.

He stood up heavily, cradling his glossy hat. But his urbane smile became brilliant again.

"It shall be arrange," he said cheerfully. "I consult my partner—your friend, Mr. Skidder. Yes?"

His large, womanish eyes swept the room. Suddenly they were arrested by a photograph of Jim Shotwell—in a silver frame—the only ornament, as yet, in the little drawing room. And instantly the venomous instinct was aroused to do injury where it might be done safely and without suspicion of intent.

"Ah," he exclaimed gaily, "my friend, Mr. Shotwell! It is from him, Miss Dumont, you have purchase this so beautiful residence?" He bent to salute, with a fanciful inclination, the photograph of the man who had spoken so contemptuously of him the evening before. "Last night, I beheld him at the Palace of Mirrors—and with an attractive young lady of your club, Miss Dumont, the charming young Russian lady with whom you came once to pay me the rent." He kissed his hand in an ecstasy of recollection. "So beautiful a young lady! So gay were they in their box! Ah, youth—youth! Ah, the happiness and folly when laughter bubbles in our wine—the magic wine of youth!"

He took his leave, almost grotesque in his elaborate evolutions and adieus. Palla went slowly up-stairs.

The evening paper lay on a table in the living-room. She unfolded it mechanically, looked at it, but saw no print.

Marya and Jim—together! That was the night he went away angry. The night he told her he had gone directly home. And Vanya—oh, yes; last night, Vanya was away—in Baltimore. The paper dropped to her lap; she sat looking straight ahead of her.

She was beginning to understand what she had unconsciously been afraid of: her own creed—when applied to another woman! She was beginning to comprehend how ruthless that creed could become when professed by such a girl as Marya Lanois.

XXIII

VANYA'S concert had been enough of a success to attract the attention of genuine music-lovers and an impecunious impresario—an irresponsible promoter celebrated for rushing headlong into things and being kicked headlong out of them.

All promising virtuosos had cut their wisdom-teeth on him; none had acquired wealth until free of him. His name was Wilding; he seized upon Vanya, and that gentle and disconcerted dreamer offered no resistance.

Wilding had no money in the beginning. After a while, Vanya had none, or very little; but the impresario wore a new fur coat and spats. And Broadway winked wearily and said, "He's got another!"—doubtless deeming specification mere redundancy.

Marya had money of her own, but trusted none of it in Wilding's schemes. In fact, she had come to detest him thoroughly,

and whenever he was announced, she would rise like some beautiful, disgusted feline, which something has disturbed in her dim and favorite corner, and move lithely away to another room. And it almost seemed as though her little, warm, closely chiseled ears actually flattened with bored annoyance as the din of Wilding's vociferous talk with Vanya rose behind her.

One day, toward Christmas, she said to Vanya, in her level, satin-smooth voice:

"You know, *mon ami*, I am tiring rapidly of this great fool. And when I am annoyed beyond my nerve-capacity, I am likely to leave."

Vanya, seated at his piano, said gently that he was sorry that he had entered into financial relations with a man who annoyed her, but that it could hardly be helped now.

"Vanya?"

He looked up absently. And suddenly, to her own astonishment, her endurance came to its end. She had never expected to say what she was now going to say to him. She had never dreamed of confession—of enlightening him. And now, all at once, she knew that she was going to do it.

"Vanya," she said, "I am in love with Jim Shotwell."

After a few moments, she turned and slowly crossed the studio. Her hat and coat lay on a chair. She put them on and walked out.

The following morning, Palla, arriving to consult Marya on a matter of the club's business, discovered Vanya alone in the studio. He was lying on the lounge when she entered, and he looked ill, but he rose with all his characteristic grace and charm and led her to a chair, saluting her hand as he seated her.

"Marya has not yet arrived?" she inquired. His delicate features became very grave and still.

"I am sorry to tell you," he said, in a pleasant and steady voice, "that Marya has not returned."

"Why—why, I didn't know she was away."

"Yesterday she decided. Later, she was good enough to telephone from the Hotel Rajah, where, for the present, she expects to remain."

"Oh, Vanya!" Palla's involuntary exclamation brought a trace of color into his cheeks. He said:

"It is not her fault. She was loyal and truthful. One may not control one's heart. And if she is in love—well, is she not free to love him?"

"Who—is—it?" asked Palla faintly.

"Mr. Shotwell, it appears." In the dead silence, Vanya passed his hand slowly across his temples, let it drop on his knee. "Freedom above all else," he said; "freedom to love, freedom to cease loving, freedom to love anew. Well, it is curious—the scheme of things. Love must remain inexplicable. For there is no analysis. I think there never could be any man who cared as I have cared, as I do care for her."

He rose, and, to Palla, he seemed already a trifle stooped.

"But, Vanya dear"—Palla looked at him, miserably conscious of her own keen fears as well as of his sorrow—"don't you think she'll come back? Do you suppose it is really so serious—what she thinks about—Mr. Shotwell?"

"I don't know." He shook his head. "If it is so, it is so. Freedom is of first importance. Our creed is our creed. We must abide by what we teach and believe."

"Yes."

He nodded absently, staring palely into space.

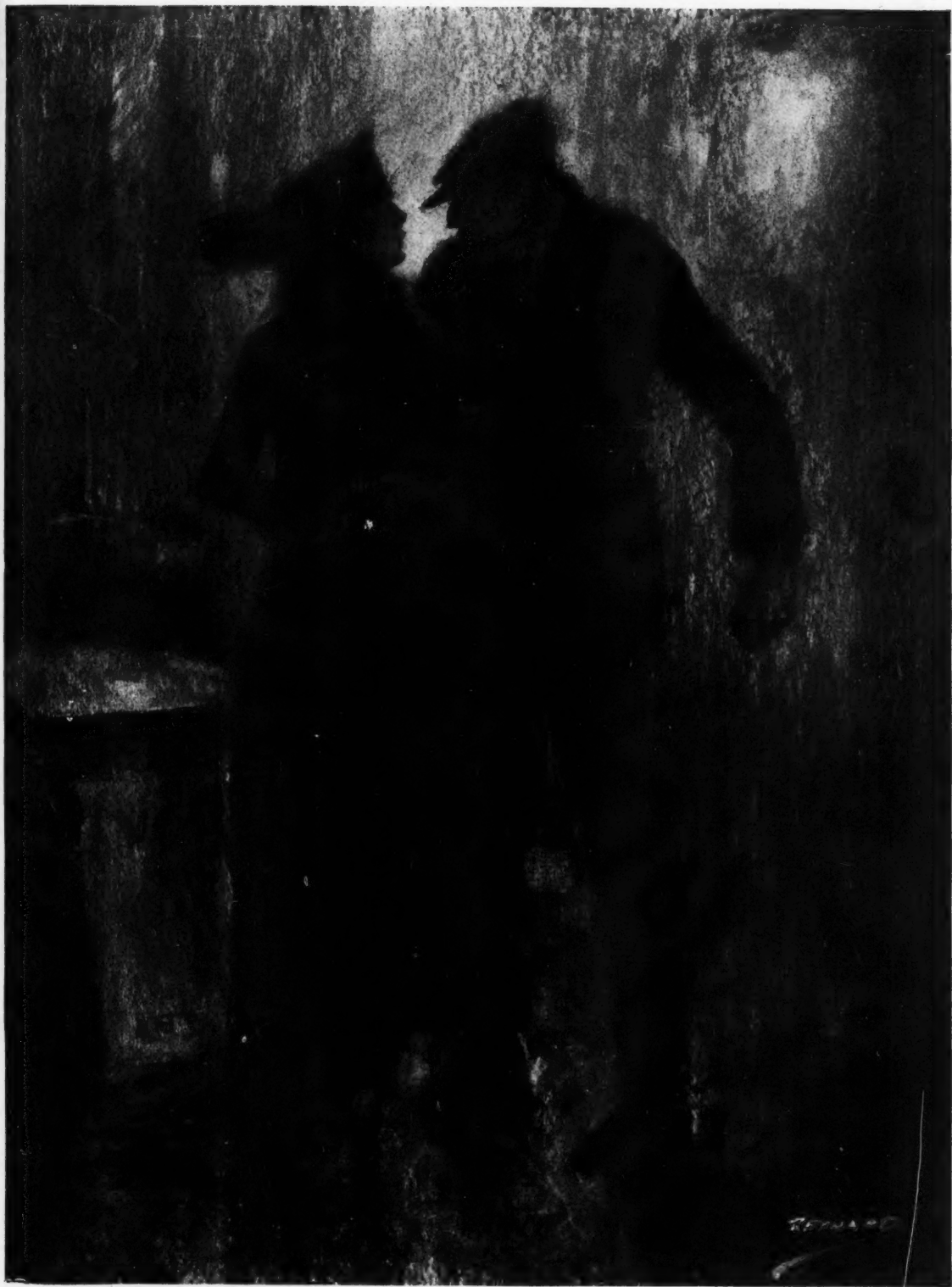
Perhaps his lost gaze evoked the warm-skinned, sunny-haired girl who had gone out of the demi-light of this still place, leaving the void unutterably vast around him.

Like one of those lazy, golden, jeweled sea-creatures of the southern seas, in which the chance wash of cooler currents rouses a restlessness infernal, Marya's first long breath of freedom subtly excited her. She had no definite ideas, no plans. She was merely tired of Vanya. Foot-loose, heart-loose, her green eyes on the open world where it stretched away into infinite horizons, she paced her new nest in the Hotel Rajah, tingling with subdued excitement, innocent of the faintest regret for what had been.

For a week, she lived alone, enjoying the sensation of being hidden, languidly savoring the warm comfort of isolation.

She had not sent for her belongings. She purchased new personal effects, enchanted to be rid of familiar things.

Vanya wrote her. She tossed his letters aside, hardly read. Ilse and Palla wrote her and telephoned her. She paid them no attention. Conscious that she had been fashioned to trouble man, the knowledge merely left her indefinitely contented, save when she remembered Jim. But that he had checked her drift toward



"I've a mind to dust you good and plenty right here," he said. "Quit your running now, and beat it back again." His viselike grip was on her left arm, almost jerking her off her feet; and the next moment she struck him with her loaded pistol full in the face. As he veered away, she saw the white face suddenly painted with wet scarlet

him merely excited her; for she knew she had been made to trouble such as he, and she had seen his face that night—

Ilse, on her way home to dress—for she was going out somewhere with Estridge—stopped for tea at Palla's house, and found her a little disturbed over an anonymous letter just delivered, bluntly telling her to take her friends and get out of the hall where the Combat Club held its public sessions, and warning her of serious trouble if she did not heed this "friendly" advice.

"Pouf!" exclaimed Ilse. "I get those, too, and tear them up. People who talk never strike. Are you anxious, darling?"

"Not a bit," Palla smiled. "Only, such cowardice saddens me. And the days are gray enough."

"Why do you say that? I think it is a wonderful winter." Palla lifted her brown eyes and let them dwell on the beauty of this clear-skinned, golden-haired girl who had discovered beauty in the aftermath of the world's great tragedy. Ilse smiled.

"Life is good," she said. "This world is all to be done over in the right way. We have it all before us, you and I, Palla, and those who love and understand."

"I am wondering," said Palla, "who understands us. I'm not discouraged, but—there seems to be so much indifference in the world."

"Of course. That is our battle to overcome it."

"Yes. But, dear, there seems to be so much hatred, too."

"I thought the war had ended, but everywhere men are still in battle—everywhere men fight and slay to gain advantage. None yields; none renounces; none gives. It is as though love were dead on earth."

"Love is being reborn," said Ilse cheerfully. "Birth means pain always—"

Without warning, a hot flush flooded her face; she averted it as the tea-tray was brought and set on a table before Palla. When her face cooled, she leaned back in her chair, cup in hand, a sort of confused sweetness in her blue eyes.

Palla's heart was beating heavily. After a moment, she said, "So you have concluded that you care for John Estridge?"

"Yes; I care," said Ilse absently, the same odd, sweet smile curving her cheeks.

"That is—wonderful," said Palla, not looking at her.

They both remained silent until Ilse rose to go. Palla, walking with her to the head of the stairs, holding one of her hands imprisoned, said, with an effort:

"I am frightened, dear. I can't help it. You will be certain, first, won't you?"

"It is as certain as death," said Ilse, in a low, still voice.

Palla shivered; she passed one arm round her, and they stood so for a while. Then Ilse's arm tightened, and the old gaiety glinted in her sea-blue eyes.

"Is your house in order too, Palla?" she asked. "Turn around, little enigma! There! I can look into those brown eyes now. And I see nothing in them to answer me my question."

"Do you mean Jim?"

"I do."

"I haven't seen him for weeks."

"Have you quarreled?"

"Yes; we seem to have."

"You are not in love with him?"

"Oh, Ilse, I don't know. He simply can't understand me. I feel so bruised and tired after a controversy with him. He seems to be so merciless to my opinions—so violent—"

"You poor child! After all, Palla, freedom also means the liberty to change one's mind."

"I can't change my inmost convictions."

"Those—no!"

"I have not changed them. I almost wish I could. But I've got to be honest. And he can't understand me."

Ilse smiled and kissed her.

"That is hardly to be wondered at, as you don't seem to know your own mind. Perhaps when you do, he, also, may understand you. Good-by—I must run—"

Palla watched her to the foot of the stairs; the door closed.

Her telephone-bell was ringing when she returned to the living-room, and the quick leap of her heart averted her of the hope revived. But it was a strange voice on the wire—a man's voice, clear, sinister, with a German accent.

"Iss this Miss Dumont? . . . Yes? . . . Then this I haff to say to you: You shall find yourself in serious trouble if you do not move your foolish club of vimmen out of the vicinity of which you know. We giff you one more chance. Goot-night."

The instrument clicked in her ear as the unknown threatener hung up, leaving her seated there, astonished, hurt, bewildered.

The man who "hung up on her" stepped out of a saloon on Eighth Avenue and joined two other men on the corner. The man was Karl Kastner; the other two were Sondheim and Bromberg.

"Get her?" growled the latter, as all three started east.

"Yes. And now we shall see what we shall see. We start the finish now already. All foolishness shall be ended. Now we fix Puma."

Angelo Puma was standing by a desk in his office when they trooped in. He glanced up from the scenario he was reading, but dropped his eyes again, and, opening a drawer, laid away the typed manuscript. Then he pulled out the revolving desk-chair and sat down.

"Well?" he inquired, lighting a cigar.

Sondheim began, in a low, hoarse voice,

"Come on now, Puma; what yeh think yeh got on us?"

"Nothing," said Puma coolly. "What's the matter with you, Max?"

Kastner came round beside him.

"You know it vat I got on you, Angelo," he said. "Vas is it you do about doze vimmen?"

"They won't go."

"Buy 'em off!"

"I try. They will not."

"You offer 'em enough and they'll quit."

"No; they will not. What shall I do?"

"I'll tell you one thing you'll do, and do it quick!" roared Bromberg. "Hand over that money we need!"

"How much you ask for?"

"Two thousand."

"I have not two thousand."

"You lying greaser—"

"I do not lie. I have paid my people, and there remains but six hundred dollar."

"When do we get the rest?" asked Sondheim, as Puma tossed the packet of bills onto the desk.

"When I make it," replied Puma tranquilly. "If you will be patient, you shall have what I can spare."

Bromberg glared at Puma.

"Who's this new guy you got to go in with you?"

"You mean Mr. Pawling? He's a partner."

"Well, let him shove us ours, then."

"You wish to ruin me?" inquired Puma placidly.

"Not while you're milkin'," said Sondheim.

"Then do not frighten Mr. Pawling out. You are foolish. If you are reasonable, I shall make money, and you shall have your share. If you are not, then there is no money to give you."

Bromberg said heavily:

"See here, Angelo: You gotta quit this stalling! You gotta get them women out, and do it quick, or we'll blow your dirty barracks into the North River!"

"Yeh quit us cold when things was on the fritz," said Sondheim. "Now, yeh gotta pay. If you wasn't nothing but a skunk, yeh'd stand in with us. The way you're fixed would help us all. But now yeh makin' money and yeh scared o' yeh shadow—"

Bromberg cut in:

"And you'll be outside when the band starts playing something! You watch Berlin and Rosa Luxemburg and her bunch. Keep your eye peeled, Angy, and see what we start in every city of the country!"

"Yes," Kastner said, in his icy voice; "yoost vatch out already! Dot crimson tide it iss rising the world all ofer! It shall drown effery aristocrat, effery bourgeois, effery intellectual. It shall be but a red flood ofer all the world, vere noddings shall live only our people of the proletariat!"

"And where will you be then, Angelo?" sneered Bromberg. "By God, we won't have to ask you for our share of your money then!"

Again Sondheim leaned over him and wagged his finger.

"You get the rest of our money! Understand? And you get them women out! Get that?"

"I have understood," said Puma quietly; but his heavy face was a muddy red now, and he choked a little when he spoke.

"Give us a date and stick to it," added Bromberg. "Set it yourself. And, after that, we won't bother you any more. We'll just attend to business—your business, Puma!"

After a long silence, Puma said calmly,

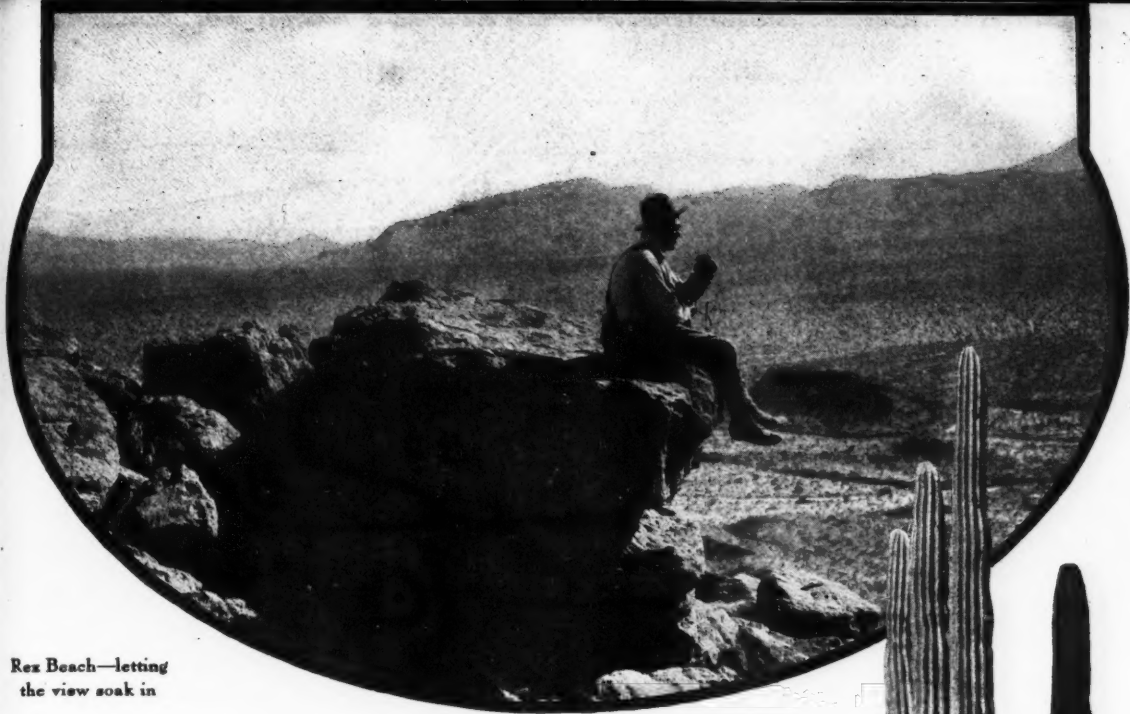
"How much you want?"

"Ten thousand," said Sondheim.

"And them women out of this," added Bromberg.

"Or we get you," put in Kastner, in his deadly voice. "What's your date for the cash?"

(Continued on page 92)



Rex Beach—letting
the view soak in

Isthmian Idlings

Rex Beach, that doughty adventurer, concludes
his light-hearted chronicle, so aptly titled,
"Messing Around in Mexico."

PART II

THAT Mexican who went for the burros bore the name of Macario, which we fatuously believed to be the Spanish equivalent of Mercury, but there was a catch in it somewhere. Through a long forenoon, we fried ourselves on a hot deck and waited for him. During the cool of the previous evening, the mountains back of the bay had looked invitingly near and not too high, but in the pitiless heat of that glaring forenoon, they retreated and reared themselves skyward to such an extent that Salisbury conceived a brilliant idea. Why not split the party, leave some here to try for sheep, while the others ran up the coast seventy-five miles to another bay where the chart indicated that the hills had been stunted in their early years? Up there were both sheep and antelope in abundance. Salisbury was sure of it.

Now, I hate brilliant ideas; I detest people who have them. Having been on other trips with Ed, I know him for what he is—a windlass-hunter. He wears out an anchor hoisting it before it has hit bottom; so, therefore, I declared I was cut to measure for the spot I was then in, and Wilson took the same stand.

When we voiced our intention of taking Eddie along as interpreter, Ed fought as a lioness fights for her cub, but we prevailed. We threw some grub together, went ashore, and the yacht sailed north.

Up at Macario's house were two somnolent burros, also some native-made *aparejos*, rawhide rope, and the like. Upon one animal we lashed our food and bedding; upon the other we loaded a cylindrical steel tank containing enough water for several days.

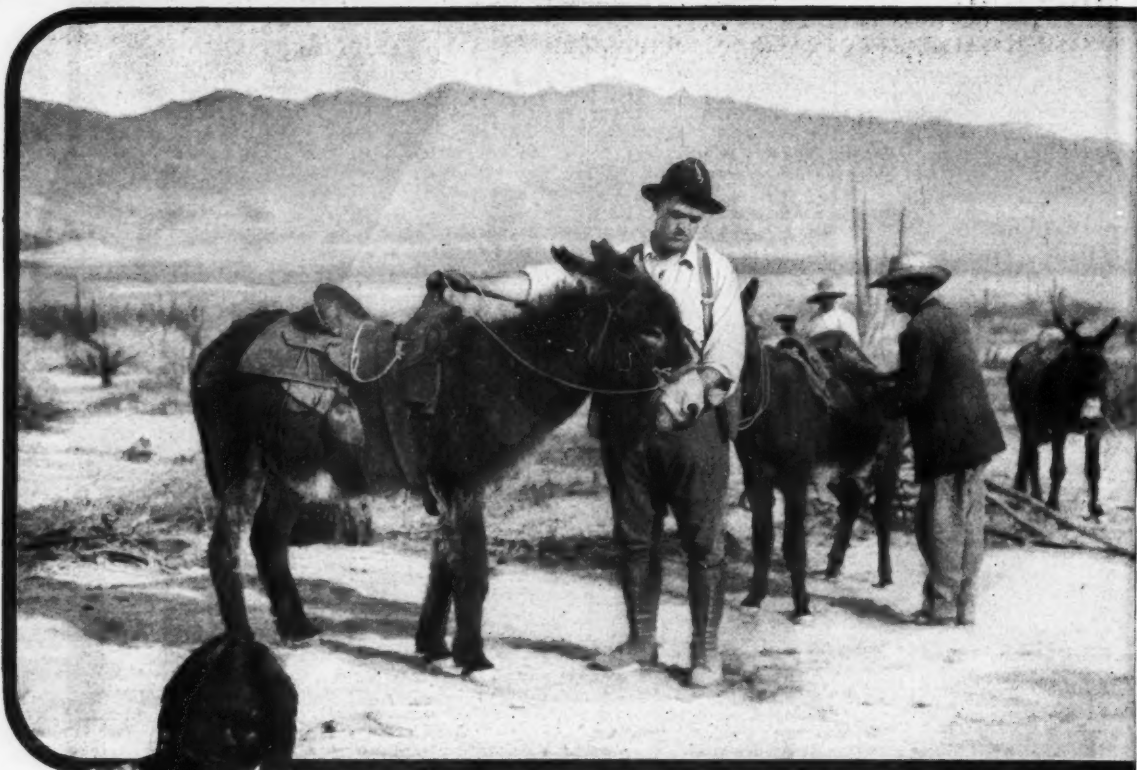
It sounds easy to tie one hundred and fifty pounds of water upon the spine of a docile burro, even without the aid of a pack-saddle. So it is. But to tie it there without even driving a nail into the animal or screwing in a few clothes-hooks, and have it remain tied after the burro moves—that is another matter. There are probably half a dozen simple, easy cowboy "hitches" that will do the trick; they are simple—that is, if one carries a cowboy in one's baggage, but, to the inept, they are as mysterious, as elusive as the aurora borealis.

We rubbed practically all the plush off the abdomen of that

COS



Cacti from the size of sea-anemones up to giant Jewish
candlesticks with forty-foot branches



For a six-foot man to get on a burro is about as perilous
it strains nothing but the rider's

quadruped; we pulled and hauled until we wore his tread clear down to the fabric. We wrapped him round and round with rawhide rope and pieces of string and galluses and bale-wire; then we cross-hauled and cinched him up until he bulged dangerously at both ends. But he could teach tricks to Houdini, the Handcuff King. Before he had walked a quarter of a mile, he had loosened our knots, and the steel cylinder

had slipped until he carried it as a kangaroo carries its young. By the time we had unlashed and reloaded it, we were so thirsty that we had to uncork the tank and drink. It became a nice problem whether we would get out of the spring before our water was exhausted. Finally, we invented a hitch of our own, braced ourselves, and heaved in on the corset-strings of that burro until he was a perfect thirty-six. We all but vivisected him, but, believe me, we anchored that tank. He would have worn it to his grave.

It was well on toward evening when we met Macario and eight dust-coated desert mocking-birds straggling through the

cactus. With them was a lean six-foot Maduro brigand, wearing the mustache of a walrus and the name of Angel. At sight of our pack-animals, his and Macario's eyes protruded like those of our unhappy water-carrier; with exclamations of wonderment and admiration they unwrapped the animal as if he were a broken leg and gently massaged his vital organs back into place. Then they showed us how they could secure a steel tank in place with a couple of simple turns.

They had brought with them a collection of antique saddles, or the skeletons thereof, and, selecting the stoutest animal in the group, they indicated that I was to climb into the middle of him. For a six-foot man to get on

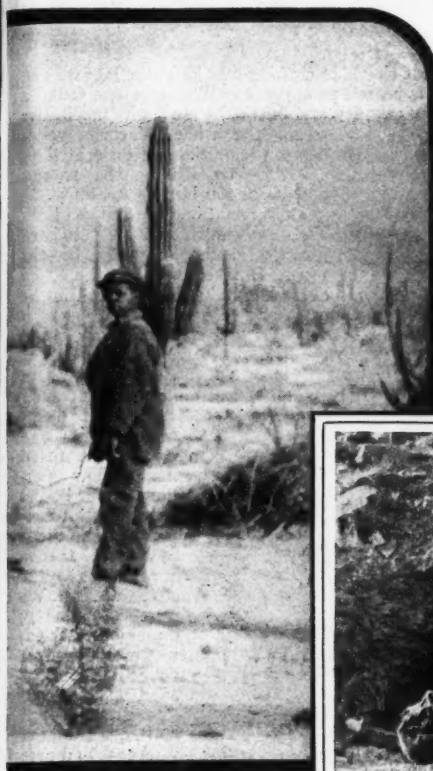
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Seri children—they have teeth like quartz mills, and enough
hair to stuff a mattress

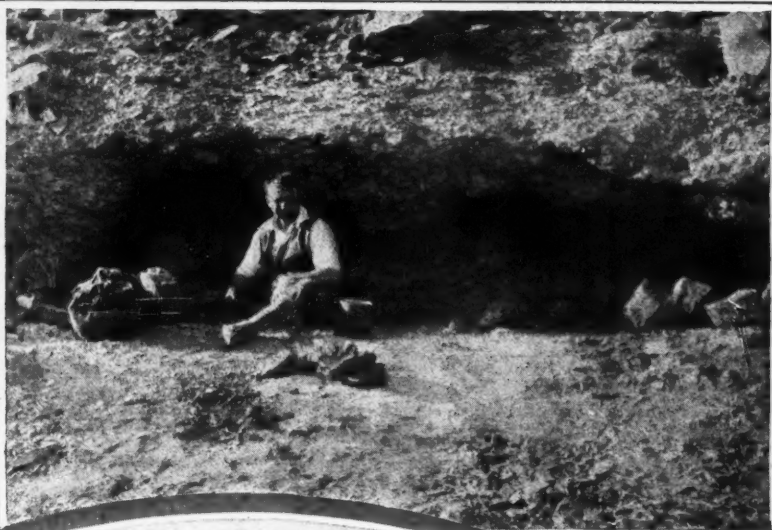
to carry a tune, but after ten miles afoot in that desert, I would have sat on a ground-squirrel. However, my relief was short-lived. My steed creaked in every joint; he sighed mournfully; then he lay down, leaving me standing astride of him like the Colossus of Rhodes. I coaxed him to rise, mounted again; and again he abased himself in an attitude of prayer. We repeated this performance several times, but the oftener he rehearsed the more perfect he became; so I shifted to a lop-eared old goat as dusty as a Pullman seat. The joints of this burro were too stiff to bend, and so, eventually, we went away from there, riding with our knees under our chins so that our feet would not drag.

Evening brought a sunset such as I have never seen. Masses of storm-clouds had piled over the ragged cordillera, and the dying sun beyond ignited them. The fire spread until the heavens were gloriously ablaze. The heat of the day had diminished, and twilight softened, beautified the harsh, hateful outlines of the desert; the place became peopled with shapes and shadows; it throbbed with mystery and suggestion. The storm came eventually—a cataclysmic war on high, resulting in a Mexican cloudburst. Six drops of



as mounting a sawbuck;
self-respect

a burro is about as perilous as mounting a sawbuck; it strains nothing but the rider's self-respect. I like burros; I had vowed that I would rather walk across the peninsula than inflict my avoirdupois upon a brute too small



"That gang will be
sore," Wilson
chattered



They would probably make drumheads of our hides, and how would we like to be served up with dumplings and have our jewelry worn by people like these?

rain fell; then the moon broke through.

Steadily, silently we rode; we were tired, hungry. The occasional flare of a match beneath wide straw sombreros illumined the lean, swarthy faces of our guides. Up a long hogback we went, alongside a deep gorge, then into a black cañon, the perpendicular walls of which crowded so close that we could touch them on either side. Out of this and into another valley. It was a relief to slip off of those desert Fords and plod through the ankle-deep sand. Macario had armed himself with a stick,

and with it he beat clouds of choking dust from the laggard animals; but they appeared to enjoy it. Whenever one found a dead bush, particularly dry and brittle, he ate it with meditative relish, the while Macario yelled hoarse profanities and dislocated his shoulders by flailing the nearest portion of the burro's anatomy.

The vegetation had changed here. The desert was forested with twisted growths, doubly distorted by the moon. Leafless trunks towered on every hand like the stubs left in the track of a forest-fire.

About midnight, we drew up to the foot of a barren ridge and crept into a tiny cavern, perhaps three feet high at the entrance, and five feet deep.

Amid sighs and groans, we fitted the mellow portions of our bodies over the protuberances in the rocky floor and turned our backs to the cold wind. We were dry and dusty; our skins crackled; we grated when we rubbed; there was sand in our garments and grit in our teeth, but Angel had seen a flock of sheep crossing the valley at this place not a week before, and we were content.

"That gang on the boat will be sore when we come back

all worn out with sheep," Wilson chattered.

"Sure! When you go for game, you have to work for it," I agreed.

I snuggled closer to Wilson, and thereby crowded him

further
molting
us with
hunting
interest

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COS



We made up Eddie and posed him beside the bleached carcass of a whale. He would have made a fairly convincing aborigine had he not insisted upon wearing his red-flannel undergarments



A city of cave-dwellings, lending the face of the bluff a Swiss-cheese effect



Not even in Greenwich village can one find such extremes of eccentricity in dress and deportment

further out into the arctic night wind. Our cave was molting. At our every move, the low roof showered us with dirt; but we spat it out and agreed that sheep-hunting in this country was almost too enjoyable to be interesting.

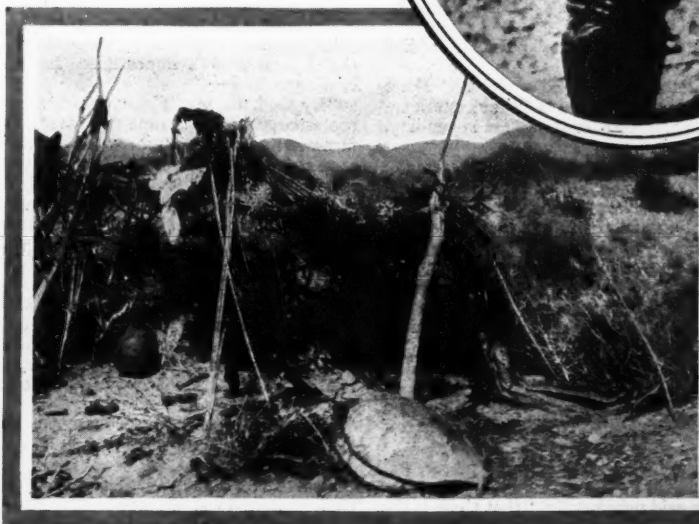
There was a meeting of the Coyote Choral Club about daylight; so we got up, not greatly fatigued by our night's rest, and were away at sunup. Although we saw no sheep, it turned out to be a most interesting day, for our surroundings were unreal, and climate, geology, vegetation were such as to shatter our preconceived notions of deserts. To begin with, this waterless region rustled with bird and animal life—quail, doves, rabbits, coyotes; deer were plentiful, and there were antelope, too. The soil was a wavering network of various sorts of tracks. The born hunter derives more enjoyment from a new country, from the observation and study of animal habits than from the chase itself. If he be a naturalist at heart, thirst, fatigue, blistered feet become pleasures.

Most amazing of all was the vegetation. Our way led us through a veritable jungle, sprung from a soil as dry as gunpowder. Every plant, every bush, every trunk bristled with thorns and spikes and hooks and daggers—why, I don't know, for nobody could possibly want to do them violence. There were high trees shaped like huge, elongated pineapples, which bore foolish finger-length branches and leaves smaller than clover; others that writhed and twisted spirally or had lop ears and elephant's trunks; cacti from the size of sea-anemones up to giant Jewish candlesticks with forty-foot branches; trees that sat on top

COS



It was clear shooting, and I completely ruined the deer's whole evening



Housekeeping, and no servant-problems—a home in a Seri village

of the ground like gourds, or squatted on flat rocks and dropped legs down into the sand; century-plants with hothouse blooms held high on military lances; fragrant herbs that Angel told us were food and medicine. It was a wonderland of curiosities and contradictions. For instance, I cut a branch for a staff, but it ran (Continued on page 149)

*Two men, a wondrous gold-voiced woman,
and the world-old struggle between honor
and love—a vibrant, colorful story that
it is a joy to publish.*

The Tryst

By William Ashley
Anderson

Illustrated by

Walt Louderback

BY cutting my English leave in half, I managed to catch the Maloja at Marseilles, and a rather bad attack of fever at Malta, and let myself in for a dangerous but delicious little experience which I may at last recount, now that the war is over and our reputations are secure above malice.

In due course, I appeared at Simla, the country home of the Indian government, and presented myself before the Great Man who had summoned me. From him I learned the rough outlines of the most fantastic of conspiracies.

It appeared that an attempt was about to be made to seize Kashmir, buttressed in the Himalayas, and hold it as an independent state. Back of the movement was a leader as bold and mysterious as the Veiled Prophet of Khorasan, and a princess as daring and clever as he, and as beautiful as Scheherazade. Big chiefs were coming into Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, and there were strange men of seeming importance at the Ladakh serai. The nervous maharajah himself had secretly asked for assistance.

Instead of being impressed by all this, I was inwardly amused and slightly exasperated; for it seemed to me that I had been called upon to sacrifice the best part of my leave to still one of those irresponsible flurries that are forever stirring along the southern slopes of the Himalayas.

The Great Man assured me that the affair was more serious than I supposed.

"Have you kept in touch with European politics lately?" he asked.

"I've kept in touch with nothing but my pulse," I replied irritably.

"I have not forgot your illness," he replied gravely. "There is no room now for anything but sympathy and understanding among us all. But I tell you that terrible things are impending. Kashmir is not my only concern."

He rose, walked over to the window, and stared out across the darkening valley where the foaming Sutlej raced the tikka gharries down to the populous plains. I took a cigar from his table, made myself comfortable in a long chair, and regarded him indifferently through the smoke.

Presently he turned and asked me if I ever read Kipling. I admitted that sometimes I did.

"Somewhere in one of his stories," he went on, "there is mention of establishing an empire in Kashmir and holding it against the world."

I nodded over the cigar. In my imagination I had done the very thing hundreds of times.

"It's perfectly feasible," he continued. "A few thousand men under a daring and skilful leader could hold the passes against an army."

I agreed enthusiastically; in fact, I knew the very places, and I knew the chieftains who would hold them for me.

"Well, don't you see," he said vehemently, "that there is the very danger? If once an enemy seizes the passes and holds them, if only for a month, we may never be able to repair the damage. One single month, and our weakness is disclosed."

68



"He will catch us," I suggested. "Nay—though he

For a fathomless second, I was utterly speechless. Then, unable to control myself, and, at the imminent risk of ruining my career, for I'm no respecter of persons, I collapsed in the chair with laughter.

"Why, sir," I spluttered, "you don't mean to say— Why, that's fiction! It's impossible! Perhaps if there were other contingencies—"

"By God, sir, you'll learn the contingency soon enough!" he protested; and at his tone my hysterical mirth vanished. His face was flushed and stern. "Your duty is to get to Kashmir as soon as possible. No one will know of your return. Go secretly, if necessary. But go! And go quickly!"

We were both a bit startled by his involuntary vehemence, and we thought it over in silence for a few moments. Then he made a quiet suggestion, and I asked for a whisky and soda. After a while, he spoke again calmly.

"You won't find many officers in the hills now. All leave has been stopped. But if you need any assistance, we can send some one up in a hurry." He pondered for a moment. "There's a report on one young chap up there now who may be of help, though he seems to have been making somewhat of an ass of himself. He's that mad boy from the Nth Punjabis."

"Somers?" I suggested quickly.

He looked puzzled for an instant at my tone; then, as recollection came to him,

"Yes, by Jove; the very one!"

As a matter of fact, I had never met this Somers; but our relations were curious. It was my custom—as it is of many other "politicos" who govern and advise in India—sometimes to slip away on short leave unnoticed, to visit places where white men do not ordinarily care to go. This is usually the work of the

COS



straddle a Kochlani mare. Still, he rides like a devil—as a man ought. Most likely he rides to meet a woman.”

A. P. R.'s. However, at Delhi in the previous year, after an absence of several weeks, I returned to find myself the subject of a jest. I had been discovered, apparently, in one of the hill stations, flirting desperately with the wife of a choleric colonel. Two months later, I heard my name linked with the daughter of a station-master in the Punjab. Then with a young American lady from Calcutta.

At first, I was inclined to resent the scandal; but then, as I realized that it often furnished me with an alibi, I let the customary gossip wag on, taking a gleeful interest in the young subaltern who unconsciously served as my mask, and flattering my vanity at the amorous success of a man who so closely resembled myself. There were times, however, when my amusement was changed to wrath, as when matrons eyed me askance and moved barriers between myself and their daughters. So gradually, in moments of relaxation, I found it necessary to assume the characteristics ascribed to me. I became wily and full of stratagems; I learned to court beside a rickshaw, to cut in at formal dances, to win the favor of the ayahs. In fifteen minutes, I think I could have convinced the coldest woman of my most ardent admiration.

Also, I duly investigated the character of Somers, and found, to my astonishment, that he was a man after my own heart. He seemed to have all my impulses without my habits of analysis and restraint. He was intensely romantic, daring, possessed of a wild imagination, and yielded easily to rash impulses, forgetting all thought of duty in the joy of a new adventure. All this flashed through my mind at the mention of his name.

“Strictly speaking,” the Great Man continued, “he’s no longer an officer. He resigned several months ago. There was a disagreement in the regimental mess over something or other,

and I believe he called them a lot of ‘stiff-necked blighters.’ And said there was no longer such a thing as *élan* or chivalry in the British army. I believe he intimated that they were nothing but bridge fiends and petticoat-chasers——”

“Why, I thought I had heard one or two stories——”

“Quite so,” he said. “However, the colonel interposed, and Somers told him that manifestly *he* was cut out for a curate, not a soldier. Of course, he resigned after that. Rather beastly, you know.”

“Oh, yes,” I said; “beastly.”

“Well, perhaps he was right about the colonel. I don’t know him. However, that’s immaterial. The point is: he resigned. Then he set out immediately to cross the Hindu Kush; but I’m told he fixed his heart first on shooting some markhor. So the chances are very strong that he’s still around Ladakh or in Kashmir itself. At all events, he’s a very likely man, apparently, if you want any unusual assistance.”

“But you say he’s now a civilian.”

“Ah, yes. Still, he’s the sort who’ll do anything if there’s adventure in it, you know.”

“Oh, quite right! Well, it’s the true man’s motive.”

“It’s a good one, at all events.”

“It’s the best,” I said, with conviction. “A thing’s worth twice as much that’s fought for. I’m sure I’d risk the toss every time.”

“Perhaps. But it’s not the way empires are built.”

“That,” I assured him, “is entirely a matter of opinion.”

After this, there was nothing more said of pertinent interest. I was bursting to know the deeper meaning of the orders I had received.

An hour or so later, I climbed into the state car, and went

whirling away through the darkness of the hills. For all the importance of my station, I felt very small incognito.

The room-boy timidly awoke me at half-past ten, too late for me to change my light silk for a heavier cloth more suited to the hills, too late to do anything save leap from the veranda steps into a waiting gharry. A swarm of white-swathed menials suddenly rose out of the Indian night like supplicating spirits, and I laid them with a handful of coins. There was a scuffle of feet; the horses kicked up a shower of gravel, and an irritated voice called from the darkness of a neighboring room,

"My God; is it never too late for people to start on journeys?"

"Never too late for me!" I cried lightly.

"What's up? Taking the night train for Peshawur?"

"No," I said, with elaborate sarcasm; "I'm taking the mail-tonga for Kashmir. I'm going up to Baramula. I have a date in the bungalow overlooking the Jhelum."

"The devil you have!"

I heard him roll off the cot and come shuffling hurriedly to the window. For an instant, the light shone full on my face. The voice, suddenly startled, almost frightened, exclaimed, in a tense whisper,

"Hello, that's quaint!"

The horses leaped forward; we swept round the drive into the Mall, and away through the darkness toward Danjeebhoys.

In the light of flickering oil-lamps, the low-slung, steel-grated tonga was receiving the last few sacks of a mountain of mail. Tilted back on its two wheels, it looked like a gun-carriage piled high with filled sacks, leaving a small canvas-covered space, hardly as large as a hoghead, for the fierce-eyed, red-bearded Afghan driver and myself.

As I stood aside, impatiently smoking a cigarette, a messenger from the hotel came running into the yard and thrust a telegram into my hands. It was in the Playfair cipher, and I had no difficulty in unlocking the message. Astonished and electrified, I involuntarily gave a low cry, for, in phrases whose broad significance could easily be grasped by a mind half prepared for the news, I learned that England was about to declare war, that France and Germany were already embattled—and India would immediately be called upon to sacrifice the bulk of its finest troops. This meant that the straining border must be held in leash by thin battalions, and a break or temporary victory at any point would mean disaster.

The full significance of the pregnant message slowly soaked in, and I began to feel a sort of dread. Could the long line hold?

The Afghan driver glared to me morosely, and snapped his whip impatiently in the dust. The hangers-on gathered round at a respectful distance, staring curiously. For their benefit, I laughed shortly, scribbled the message on the envelop, which I thrust into an inner pocket, and put a match to the enciphered message. Then I lighted a fresh cigarette, and turned my eyes involuntarily to the northern stars that hung over my hills, wondering dully in what form my problem would first present itself.

The pole was clamped on the horses' backs; the Afghan took the reins with gentle firmness; I hastily scrawled in Danjeebhoys' book, and the postboy leaped up on the splash-board, with one sandaled foot swinging clear and the horn to his lips. The Afghan grunted; the gates swung open. The postboy blew a long, ringing blast, and away we dashed, straight out on the long road to Kashmir.

At intervals of every several miles there were relays so swiftly changed that we hardly stopped before we were off again. Once, as we paused at a station, I thought I heard, far behind us, pulsing through the silence, the beat of a galloping horse. My nerves were on edge. Constantly and acutely aware of the news I had just received, I was an easy prey to all sorts of imaginings.

"Nay, sahib," assured the Afghan, with a grin, seizing the reins and sinking back on his seat; "nothing passes the mail."

Nevertheless, through the still night I seemed to hear the sound of a pursuing rider. However, as we commenced to mount the steeper slopes and drowsiness overcame me, my thoughts were diverted by the increasing chill, and I forgot the unknown horseman. I wrapped a camel's-wool blanket about me, but the thin cold cut through it and penetrated clean to the bone.

When I thought I could stand it no longer, the sun crawled up over the roof of the world, and touched the eaves of Pir Panjal with a delicate pink. The forests of deodar and hemlock seemed suddenly to awake. They shook off their bath of mountain dew, and, lifting their arms to the blue heavens, filled the air with the tangy incense of the Himalayas.

Past Murree we swept, and into the gorge of the Jhelum, which brawled a thousand feet below us; past gharry and ekka and

bullock-cart; passing everything on the road, a part of and yet apart from that interminable caravan of men and beasts that pours down from Central Asia and wells up again from the Indian plain.

I eyed them now with keener perception than the eye of Romance, for to me they were the living elements that gave life to an empire; and my heart swelled at the thought of the little part I played in swaying their hidden destinies. How soon might the sword be loosed among them! I felt like shouting at them, arousing them, dinning in their ears: "The world's at war! *The world's at war!*"

But they would only have nodded indifferently, like dream-people. Yet within a week a horde of barbarous invaders might be pouring down that pass!

At the village of Dulai, we paused long enough for the khit-magar at the dak bungalow to provide us with breakfast.

The delay was trifling, but after we had left the village behind us and once more were spinning round the perilous spurs, with the Jhelum, like a monstrous mill-race, roaring and foaming below, so close that a boulder dislodged from the roadside would bound straight into the churning flood, I leaned out and, gazing back along the road, spied a solitary horseman. By this time, I was thoroughly nervous.

I aroused the Afghan's attention. His teeth showed in an appreciative grin.

"A sahib."

"He will catch us?" I suggested.

"Nay—though he straddle a Kochlani mare. We have forty relays to Srinagar, and he is lucky if he has had four fresh mounts since Pindi. Still, he rides like a devil—as a man ought. Most likely he rides to meet a woman."

I studied him furtively.

"Belike," I murmured. "But are there no other attractions in Kashmir?"

"None so important as a woman—as the sahib perhaps knows."

My thoughts went back to the horseman. Was it possible he pursued us? Or was he trying to pass? Neither idea seemed plausible. Nevertheless, I fell into a reverie, trying to define the situation and puzzle out the elements with which I had to contend. I could not hit upon a single clue.

As the heaving horses whirled us higher up the gorge, the mountains became loftier and the slopes more nearly precipitous, while the rude hamlets gradually assumed the Kashmiri characteristics—rude chalet-like cottages nestling in the shade of huge, umbrageous chenar trees. My heart swelled with deep love of it all; for this, I felt, was my own country.

We had no sooner left Chakoti behind us, brushing off our dust and sinking once more into repose, than huge thunder-heads lifted themselves over the mountains, grumbling and growling and spitting lightning. The Afghan cast a malignant glance backward and emitted a torrent of vituperation.

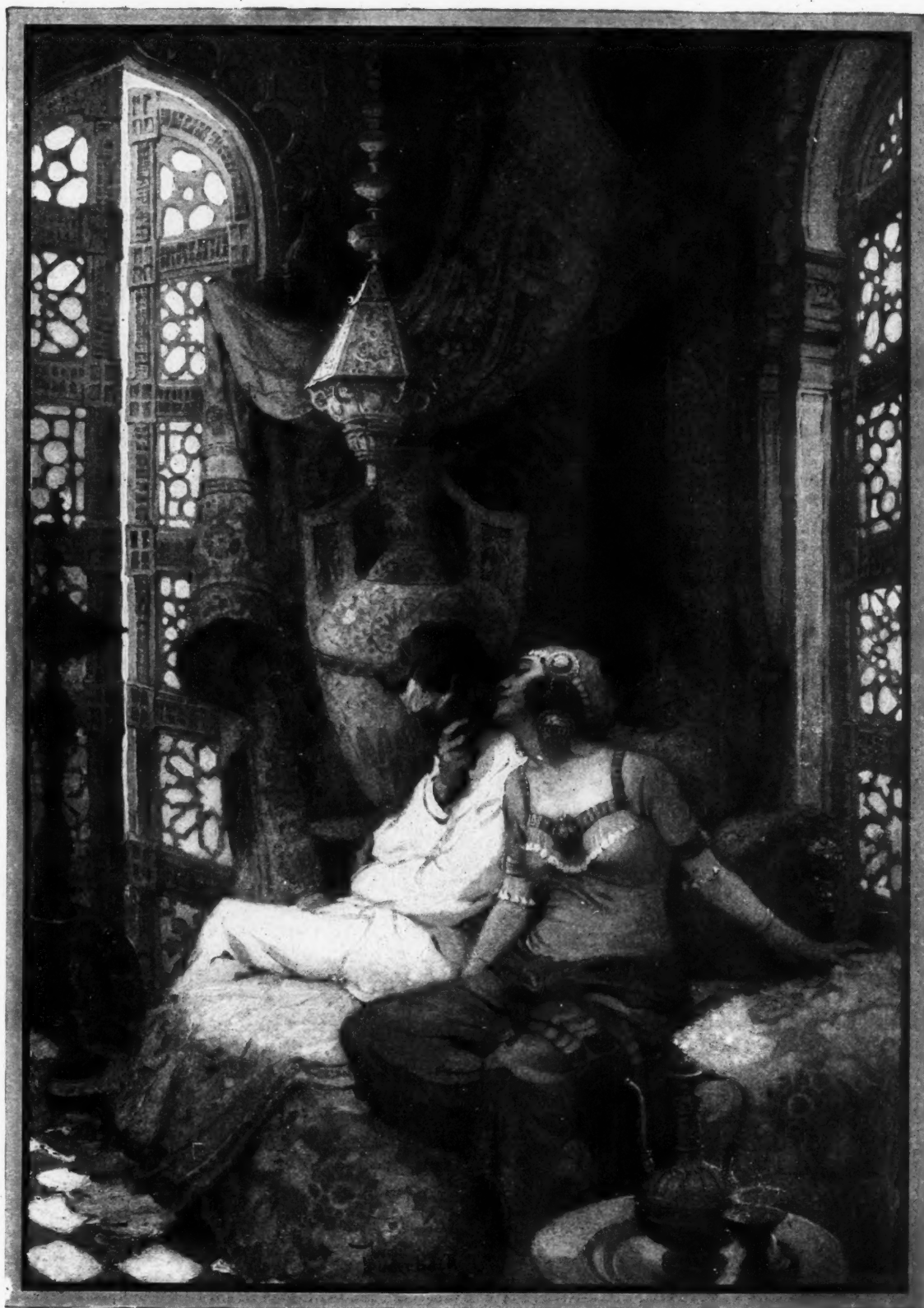
Presently, a few spits of rain raised the dust in little spurts like water sprinkled on a stove. And then it came down in earnest. It was impossible to keep the horses at the gallop; they could not hold their hoofs in the slimy road-bed. The Afghan drew them down to a trot, then to a walk.

The small postboy, chilled by the icy downpour, crawled under my knees. We cowered in our shelter with the blankets drawn up about our necks, while the horses stumbled along dejectedly, with the water streaming from their flanks, feeling their way in the sudden darkness. The thunder crashed against the hidden mountains; the lightning leaped from crest to crest, ripping open the black vault above and turning the deluge loose. It was black as Ebilis; and the Afghan, straining his eyes for a glimpse of the road, kept the horses' heads well in against the wall of clay and boulders that reared itself in the mists above. A false step, a washout, a blind turn would have sent us tumbling end over end, man, horse, and baggage, straight into the Jhelum, to be whirled away to destruction as lightly as a handful of winter leaves.

The horses, quivering under the cold lashing, crept close to the cliff and came to a blind halt.

We were almost swamped in a welter of rain and clay that spouted in rivulets from the cliff and spattered up over the low dashboard. My feet were sloshing in water; I was sitting in a pool of it, and my pulp helmet, succumbing to the shower that poured through the canvas above me, collapsed about my ears. At the moment, I was too cold and wet and miserable to tear it off. The blinding glare of the lightning revealed the Afghan leaning far forward, his turban a sloppy mess upon his head, his beard dripping water like gore, his bloodshot eyes staring fixedly upward, his whole attitude one of intent listening.

I strained my ears for the sound that attracted him.



To her, my sudden access of ardor must have seemed very natural. She was glorious—vibrant, magnetic, inspiring. I felt a thrill pass through me—even through me, the cold analyst

The Tryst

Through the tumult it penetrated—the gurgling, rippling, splashing of rivulets running through the undergrowth far above, and stealing in new channels along the conglomerate slope. The sound was as distinct from the tempest as the drip from the eaves is distinct from the drumming of rain on a shingled roof. It filled me with a sense of apprehension, a dreamy feeling of lapsing into nightmare.

Dimly I saw the Afghan crawl out of his seat, feeling along the horses' sides till he reached their heads. Then, with head bowed under the smothering downpour, he dragged them forward step by step until we came to a short tunnel hewn through the granite spur.

"By the holy Moussa," said the Afghan fervently, wringing out his turban and squeezing the water from his beard, "we may be thankful for this!"

The loosened boulders were beginning to fly from the cliff. I could hear them thudding on the road-bed, cracking against each other like billiard-balls, and bounding and rattling and ripping through the underbrush of the lower slope. The little postboy, squatted on his heels with his back against the wall of the tunnel, trembling with cold, was examining my mushy helmet, which I had discarded with a savage rip as soon as we reached shelter. The Afghan was wiping the soapy harness, while the steaming horses quivered at every peal of the thunder. Standing in the mouth of the tunnel, I tried vainly to pierce the veil of mists.

When the fury of the storm was at its highest, the Afghan saluted me with his whip and inquired the hour. It was six o'clock. He gave a groan, and, inviting Beelzebub to his aid, resumed work on the leather. As I watched him, I happened to run my fingers through the dank hair on my forehead.

I brought them down stained with blood.

It was nothing—merely a dig in the middle of the forehead caused by the little metal clasp on my topee when I tore it from my head. But the blood came freely, as it will from a cut in the forehead; and I amused myself wiping it away with a cold, wet handkerchief, counting the seconds until I felt the tiny warm trickle again between my eyes.

Suddenly the rain ceased, and the gray sky broke.

The ragged clouds scurried over the mountains like the tail end of a routed army. The moist, cool scent of the forest poured down on us, sweet with the mingled breath of the evergreen and wild honeysuckle.

We took our places once more in the tonga, and slowly resumed our journey, the horses picking their way cautiously along the littered roadway. The Afghan kept his surly eye upon the roadway, and the postboy, swinging about on the splash-board to keep himself warm, cast alternate glances warily upward for showers of pebbles. All of a sudden he gave a shrill cry, and the Afghan brought the horses back on their haunches.

"Look, sahib; look! Something may have happened!"

"Without doubt something may have happened," the Afghan growled.

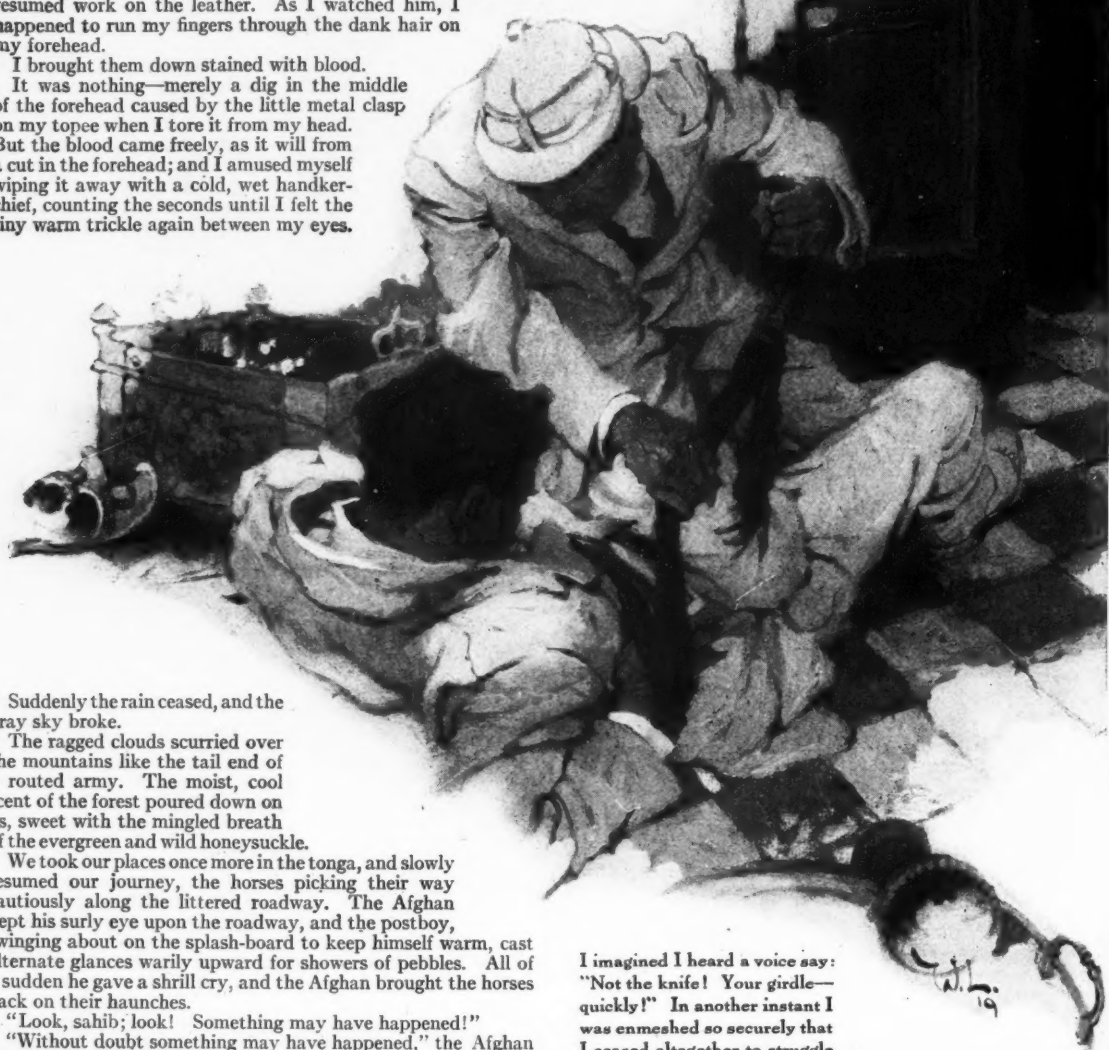
Around the bend behind us, a black mare plunged, snorting with fright, her eyes gleaming in the wan light, her sides heaving and empty stirrups flapping against her. We watched, in fascinated silence, until she came to a halt a few paces away, craned her head forward doubtfully, and whinnied. Her off side was splashed with clay and mud, as though she had fallen or been struck by a flying lump of sodden soil.

The postboy caught the mare.

Spitting disgustedly, the Afghan gazed curiously at me, fuming inwardly, no doubt, at the prospect of another delay. I also felt a burst of irritation at the idea of turning back; but there was only one thing to be done, and it seemed possible that, after all, the rider had merely been unhorsed.

I told the Afghan to wait, mounted the mare, and began to ride back. The frightened creature became calm and picked her way with confidence in the deepening dusk, occasionally snorting nervously, while my heart, whether from the altitude or a premonition, commenced to thump heavily.

We traveled silently in the solemn hush, all lessersounds being drowned by the hoarse song of the Jhelum.



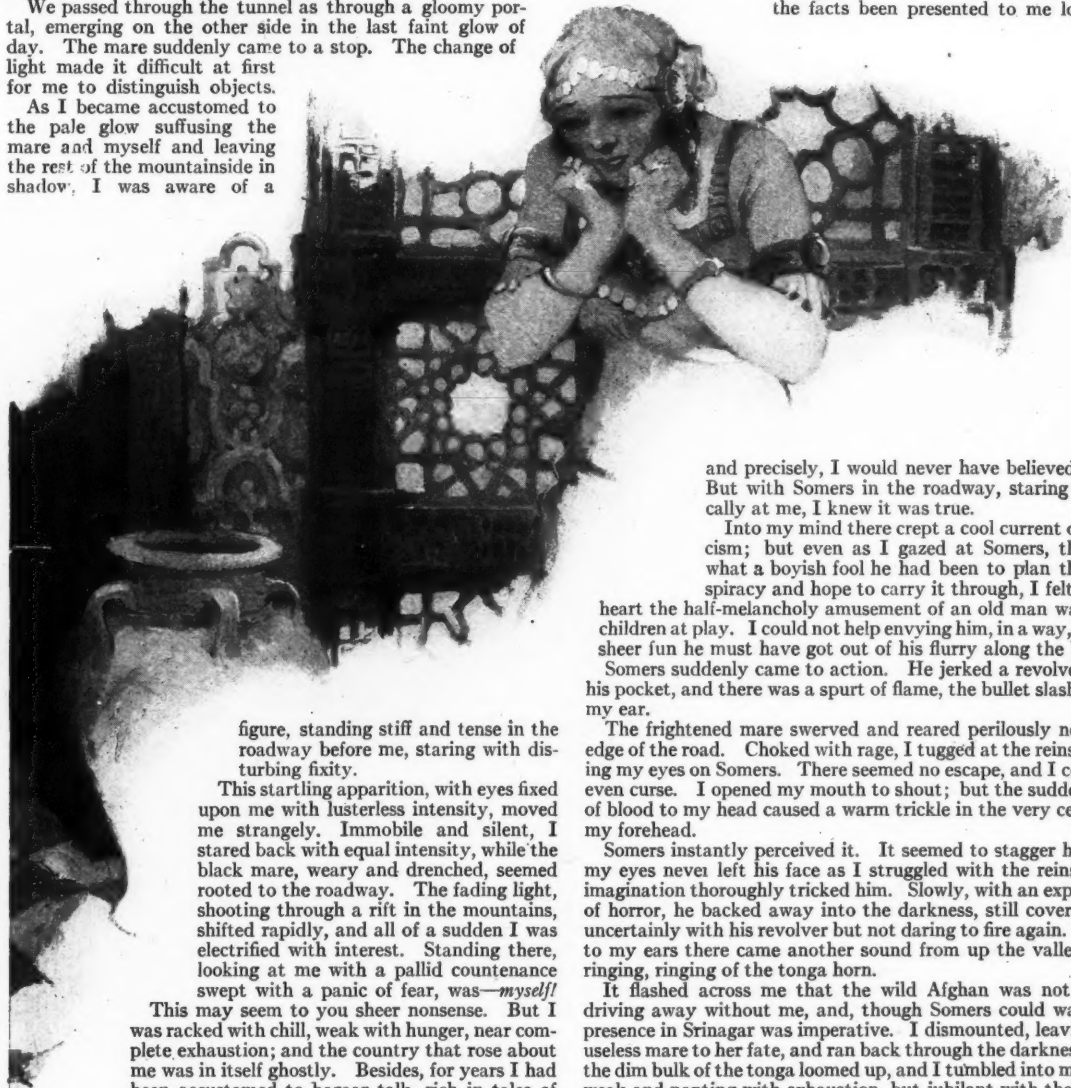
I imagined I heard a voice say: "Not the knife! Your girdle—quickly!" In another instant I was enmeshed so securely that I ceased altogether to struggle

At every stride, I expected to find a dim form prostrate by the roadside, or to hear a broken cry of distress from somewhere down the slope. Otherwise, I knew that all was over with the mysterious stranger. As I continued on, feeling as though I were riding in a dream, the exercise opened the cut on my forehead, and I was obliged once more to wipe the blood away.

We passed through the tunnel as through a gloomy portal, emerging on the other side in the last faint glow of day. The mare suddenly came to a stop. The change of light made it difficult at first for me to distinguish objects.

As I became accustomed to the pale glow suffusing the mare and myself and leaving the rest of the mountainside in shadow, I was aware of a

spirator. The fantastic theme of Kipling's story had run through my mind with plausible persistence. And, now, here before me was one of the two men in the world who could make history of that bit of fiction. What a moment before had appeared to me as heavy drama was now, with the quickness of thought, changed to the most ridiculous farce. Had the facts been presented to me logically



figure, standing stiff and tense in the roadway before me, staring with disturbing fixity.

This startling apparition, with eyes fixed upon me with lusterless intensity, moved me strangely. Immobile and silent, I stared back with equal intensity, while the black mare, weary and drenched, seemed rooted to the roadway. The fading light, shooting through a rift in the mountains, shifted rapidly, and all of a sudden I was electrified with interest. Standing there, looking at me with a pallid countenance swept with a panic of fear, was—*myself*!

This may seem to you sheer nonsense. But I was racked with chill, weak with hunger, near complete exhaustion; and the country that rose about me was in itself ghostly. Besides, for years I had been accustomed to bazaar talk, rich in tales of ghosts and imps and apparitions. I explain all this to make more reasonable what must have been passing through the mind of the shaken and exhausted stranger.

For a moment, I gazed in silence, unblinking, hardly daring to breathe. Brown and rugged the man looked, as I used to look after months of exploration in the hard mountains. He stood firmly enough on his feet; but his face, weakened by exhaustion, and the shock of my ghostly presence on his own black mare, which he must have thought had been swept into the Jhelum, seemed to have lost all power of determination.

Something then seemed to awaken within me. The veil of lassitude that shrouded my mind was slowly drawn aside. I recognized the man.

"Somers!" I ejaculated.

As though a search-light had been flashed for an instant on points obscure in the dark, the solution of my problem stood out in clear relief.

Through all the long hours of speculation since leaving Simla, I had considered the problem from the point of view of a con-

and precisely, I would never have believed them. But with Somers in the roadway, staring frantically at me, I knew it was true.

Into my mind there crept a cool current of cynicism; but even as I gazed at Somers, thinking what a boyish fool he had been to plan the conspiracy and hope to carry it through, I felt in my heart the half-melancholy amusement of an old man watching children at play. I could not help envying him, in a way, for the sheer fun he must have got out of his flurry along the border.

Somers suddenly came to action. He jerked a revolver from his pocket, and there was a spurt of flame, the bullet slashing by my ear.

The frightened mare swerved and reared perilously near the edge of the road. Choked with rage, I tugged at the reins, keeping my eyes on Somers. There seemed no escape, and I couldn't even curse. I opened my mouth to shout; but the sudden rush of blood to my head caused a warm trickle in the very center of my forehead.

Somers instantly perceived it. It seemed to stagger him, for my eyes never left his face as I struggled with the reins. His imagination thoroughly tricked him. Slowly, with an expression of horror, he backed away into the darkness, still covering me uncertainly with his revolver but not daring to fire again. Then to my ears there came another sound from up the valley—the ringing, ringing of the tonga horn.

It flashed across me that the wild Afghan was not above driving away without me, and, though Somers could wait, my presence in Srinagar was imperative. I dismounted, leaving the useless mare to her fate, and ran back through the darkness until the dim bulk of the tonga loomed up, and I tumbled into my seat, weak and panting with exhaustion, but jubilant with the knowledge of what lay before me.

We entered the station at Uri amid a babel of greetings. Lights flashed; horses whinnied; men of many races shouted. The storm had done considerable damage along the gorge, and they thought we had been lost. The wires were down, and the road was blocked before us.

Sick and worried with this disappointment, I wearily ascended the hill to the dak bungalow, after posting a secret guard to keep the road closed at any hazard until we were on our way once more.

At the bungalow, I obtained food. I bathed, shaved, got out fresh clothes, and flung myself dejectedly on a cot for a brief sleep. For some time I tossed about restlessly, my mind fixed on Somers. I think I actually envied him—all but his defeat.

Four hours later, I was awakened by the blatant horn. But after another bath and some cool fruit and fresh eggs, I felt alert and vigorous, eager for the interesting work that remained. I anticipated a joyful time sweeping together the pieces of Somers' shattered romance. The waves of war had passed over my head without submerging me. I was so certain that I had entrapped the soul of the conspiracy that my (Continued on page 110)

Synopsis
of the
Earlier Instalments

WHAT would you do if, while stopping in New York, you returned to your hotel one night and found that some one had put a trunk containing over two hundred thousand dollars in banknotes in your room? This happened last New Year's eve to Rodney Baird, ex-captain in the A. E. F. Baird "borrowed" four thousand of this sum, for he had pressing need of money at the moment—chiefly to replace a diamond pin entrusted to him by Eileen Elsing for safekeeping, and which was stolen from him by a pickpocket in the street-revels of the evening.

Baird feels sure that he will be able to replace the money in a short time, for luck has favored him through Jimmy Ladd, who served with him in France. Jimmy is the son of a wealthy father, and, discovering Baird's presence in New York, shows more than a friendly interest by introducing him to his friends and promising him a substantial position in his father's business. Before this, Baird expected to return to his home in Donchester, Massachusetts, and resume his occupation of bookkeeper.

It is at Jimmy's New Year's eve party that Baird meets Eileen Elsing, and she captivates him at once. She is a frank, self-reliant girl, quite different in type from the young women he knows in his home town. She takes a rather unserious attitude toward him, but Baird feels, nevertheless, that his sudden liking for her is returned. But a middle-aged man of wealth, Sam Blackmar, is hovering in the background. It is the gossip of Ladd's circle that Eileen intends to marry him, and Baird begins to think that the girl is mercenary. He learns that she possesses only a modest income. Eileen has a Donchester friend, Eleanor Cather, who is far above Baird in social position. Bob Cather, her brother, is a black sheep, and is now in New York.

Baird arranges to settle in New York, subleases an expensive apartment, and puts the money in a storage warehouse. He is offered a position with the Ladds at two thousand a month, and has visions of being able to replace the bills he abstracted from the trunk, take steps to find the rightful owner of the money, and live henceforth on Easy Street.

But he is disturbed by the appearance of one Fannie Holben, who knew him in Donchester and has traced him, after recognizing him among the New Year's eve revelers. She wants money to launch herself on a stage career, and hints a knowledge of Baird's find. The money is evidently connected in some manner with Frankie Landers, a well-known gambler, who had the room next to Baird's in the hotel. Landers was arrested on New Year's eve and has been in jail. Baird assumes complete ignorance of the money before Fannie, and she gets no encouragement of help from him.

The next night, Baird and young Ladd meet Fannie and Landers, in a cabaret. The gambler has managed to get himself released. He tells Baird of the disappearance of the money and makes an offer of fifty thousand dollars for its return. He also says he wants to marry Fannie, and his injunction to Baird is, "Hands off!" Baird never indicates in any way that he knows of the money, but that Landers suspects him is evident. To his surprise, Blackmar and Eileen are in the cabaret, and his mystification increases when it becomes apparent that not only do Blackmar and Landers know each other but that they have arranged a meeting for some purpose. Has it anything to do with the money now in the storage warehouse?

Eileen asks Baird to take her home, although she has come to the cabaret with Blackmar. She is much disturbed over Ladd's attention to Fannie Holben that evening and asks Baird to look out for him.

The next day, Blackmar protests to Eileen against her sudden intimacy with Baird, and intimates knowledge of matters detrimental to him. Is this due to jealousy? She sends Blackmar away. That same day, Baird discovers that some one has entered his room and gone through his effects, but nothing has been taken.

Eileen's uncle dies and leaves her about a million dollars. She no longer has to consider money as a factor in marriage. Baird is in love with her— But Fannie Holben comes and tells her that she can put Baird in jail. Fannie also sees Baird and demands twenty-five thousand dollars. When he refuses, she says she will go to Landers with her evidence of Baird's keeping the money he found in the trunk. That evening, Baird and Ladd dine together.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAEG



A novel of gayest
New York at its
gayest; of mystery,
love, and adventure
—by a writer of
lightning dash and
genius

Uneasy

By Arthur Somers Roche

XXII

BAIRD had been quiet during the dinner at Orlanno's. Too tactful to make inquiries, Jimmy accepted Baird's statement that he had a headache, and had offered no objection when Baird had begged off from attending a theater.

But he could not follow Baird's example and go home. He'd been through three days of preparing for a funeral and carrying

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He crossed Forty-second Street and walked up Fifth Avenue. Merely for the satisfaction of looking at people, he entered the Plaza. He came through the revolving door just as Fannie Holben was wearily rising from the seat upon which she had slumped after telephoning Baird. Jimmy was before her, beaming, before she was standing upright.

"'God's in his heaven; all's well with the world,'" he announced. He drew her left hand inside his right arm; he patted her fingers into place.

"This is no place for a gent and lady on pleasure bent," he declared. "Not now. An hour from now, when the grill is packed, yes. But, meantime, whither do we wend our blithesome way, Miss Holben?"

"You may take me home," she told him.

"Home?" Of course. Later. Meanwhile— He released her hand long enough to impel her gently through the revolving door. He held up his hand. The taxi-starter immediately blew his whistle; a car drew up before them at once, and Fannie found herself inside it before she could protest. Jimmy spoke the name of a well-known restaurant to the chauffeur.

"Looka here, Mr. Ladd," said Fannie, as they bumped over the uneven pavement of Fifty-ninth Street: "I didn't say that I'd go anywhere with you."

"I'd hardly expect you to—so soon," grinned Jimmy. "After you know me better and have learned to love me— Who kept you waiting so long in the Plaza?"

"Huh? Any time I wait round for anyone—I stepped in to telephone. Then I was going home—"

"Glad you put it in the imperfect tense," he interrupted. "We will not make it perfect. I'm a lonesome man. Will you dance the evening hours away with me, for sweet charity's sake?"

She eyed Ladd speculatively. He had seemed, the other night, to be genuinely attracted to her. He was a millionaire. He was young. He was good-looking, too. Jolly, also. Open-handed. Her smile was as warmly encouraging as she could manage as she said:

"I'll tell the world I'll dance with you, Mr. Ladd. It'll cheer me up, too. I'm awful blue."

"So? We will kill lonesomeness and the blues with one wallop," grinned Jimmy. "It's a wonderful thing, isn't it?"

"What?" she demanded.

"Fate, destiny—whatever you want to call it. Long before either of us were born, it was written down that on this Wednesday night you'd be blue and I'd be lonesome, that we'd meet, dance together—"

"You're a great josh, ain't you?" She laughed. A lurch of the taxi threw her close to him; she did not withdraw.

The restaurant had its usual crowd, but there was room on the dance-floor. They entered the second-floor room in the middle of an encore. They finished a one-step before permitting the head waiter to guide them to a table.

"Some champagne?" No. What are you drinking?" the girl asked.

Jimmy shrugged.

"Ginger ale," he confessed.

She nodded approvingly.

"I remember that you're off the stuff. Ginger ale for me, too."

The waiter departed. He didn't mind their order. There was something about Jimmy Ladd that inspired waiters with confidence; their remuneration, they knew, would depend upon the quality of their service more than upon the amount of the check. The waiter served the ginger ale with as much flourish as he ordinarily used in uncorking champagne.

"This is five thousand," she whispered. "Oh, well." He laughed. "The apartment will cost something, and you will probably need some clothes. What's money between—friends?"

Street

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

through the arrangements. It was, he told himself, his night to howl.

The performance for which he had procured two seats bored him. The prima donna couldn't sing; he was sick to death of ballroom dancers, and the chorus-girls were not any too easy on the eye.

"And I wish to goodness that the comedians would lay off the prohibition jokes," he muttered, as, at the end of the first act, he made his way out into the lobby and street.

(CLOCKWISSEMAN MA-AXINE) COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

The couple came back hot and thirsty from the next dance. Jimmy gulped his drink.

"I'm here to state that this is far better than being at home," he declared.

"It's a lot better," admitted Fannie.

Jimmy nodded approvingly.

"I told you that it wouldn't take me long. Have you begun to love me already?"

The girl pursed her lips.

"I'm not sure that it would be very hard," she told him.

"Eh?" Conceit was not in the heart of Jimmy Ladd. He raised a warning finger. "Don't you lure me, woman; don't you lure me. I'll tell Frankie Landers on you."

She shrugged.

"Suit yourself. But what Frankie doesn't know won't bother him."

Jimmy lighted a cigarette. He eyed her carefully. In her eyes, that met his squarely, he thought he read a hint of desperation. His own eyes grew suddenly kindly.

"You really *have* been blue, haven't you? What's wrong? Could I help?"

"Men always want to help, don't they?" she sneered. "Their idea of helping usually means—" She paused abruptly.

"Yes? What does it mean?" he asked.

She shrugged.

"You know. I don't need to spell it out for you. Let's dance." But he shook his head.

"Wait a bit. What's wrong?"

She sank back in the chair from which she had risen.

"Wrong?" she echoed. "Suppose that you had ambition, and some talent, too, and only needed money to get along? How would you feel?"

"Like getting hold of some money," he replied.

"That's what I feel like. And suppose the only way you could get the money was by marrying a man you didn't want to marry, and if you did marry him, you'd have to give up your ambition, anyway—well, what then?"

"Search me," said Jimmy. "That how it is with you?"

"You said it."

"Hm." He cast a quick glance at her. "Landers?"

She nodded.

"Make a good husband," he said.

"I don't want one," she retorted.

"Better terms than lots of men would offer," he stated.

She reddened.

"I suppose you think that I couldn't get plenty of men to marry me if I'd let 'em."

"I didn't say that. I'm thinking in terms of Broadway. Which is more important, money or ambition? I mean, are you ambitious for money only? Landers has plenty of that."

"Don't I know it well enough? I'm thinking of—if I don't pay Frankie Landers back twenty-five hundred dollars in about three weeks, I've got to marry him."

There! She had blurted out what had been in the back of her mind since the moment when she had consented to come with him. She dropped her hands from her chin and stared, something of defiance in her glance now, at her companion.

Ladd stared, too.

"You can't pay the money, and you don't want the alternative, eh?" he said.

"I'll say so," she said. Her attempt at lightness of tone was almost pathetic. At least, it was so to Jimmy Ladd. After all, she was an amusing sort, and she *was* good-looking.

"Twenty-five hundred isn't such an awful lot," he said.

"It is when you haven't got it," she retorted.

"I suppose so. And—er—I take it that you're not telling me this for the fun of talking."

"I guess you can see through an open window," she answered.

"But Landers had security for his loan," he hinted.

"Well?" She tried to keep her voice steady and succeeded.

But the hands that rested on the table trembled.

"What security would I get for my loan?" he asked.

"You wouldn't want the same as Landers?" she evaded.

Jimmy laughed.

"Considering that I never intend to be married—no."

She echoed his laugh, a harsher echo.

"That's what I said a while ago—men's ideas of helping are—Oh, well, you wouldn't lend me the money, then?"

"Have I refused?" he asked.

"You haven't said you would."

"But I might," he grinned.

Her plump face had been red, but now it was white.

"Honest—Frankie is a good guy; but—marriage—I don't want it. And if I don't settle with him, he'll keep me off the stage. Oh, he *can*, all right. He's got a pull like a truck on low. And I could make good—but what's the use? It takes forever, unless you've got some money— Will you give me the twenty-five hundred?"

"Give?" I thought you wanted a loan."

But she had made a decision, and not so suddenly as it might have seemed to an auditor. She had tried definitely to blackmail Baird. She had failed. She might manage to wreak some sort of vengeance on Baird, but that she might get money from him—one failure was sufficient to render her hopeless of success.

She must marry Landers, go back to waiting on table, or—the third alternative presented itself in the person of Jimmy Ladd. There had been other men who would have gladly been such an alternative as Jimmy was now, but—the time and the need had not coincided. That virtue on which she had prided herself, she suddenly realized, was no rock, proof against any assault. It was yielding itself easily, but—what difference did it make? Moreover, Jimmy Ladd was no ogre.

He was smiling at her now. The faint mist that had clouded her vision vanished. She shrugged.

"What difference does it make what we call it? Do I get it?"

"Where are you living?" he asked.

Wonderingly, she named a cheap hotel on Seventh Avenue.

He shook his head.

"It won't do. No sort of a place at all. Can't you find yourself a decent furnished apartment? To-morrow?"

She nodded.

"Do it," he said.

They were in a corner of the room. It was quite easy for him to draw a fountain pen and check-book from his pocket and scribble some lines without being seen. He handed the pink slip of paper to her. Her eyes widened.

"This is five thousand," she whispered.

"Oh, well." He laughed. "The apartment will cost something, and you will probably need some clothes. What's money between—friends?"

He did not offer to see her home—merely put her in a taxi a little later, giving the chauffeur her address and a bill.

"Phone me at the office to-morrow and let me know where you're living. I'll be up to-morrow night."

"Aren't you—how do you know? I might cash this check—and not 'phone you," she said unsteadily.

He laughed easily.

"Oh, I don't think so. You were pretty worried about keeping your word to Landers, but I guess that you were going to. I'm certainly as well worth keeping a promise to as he, eh?"

For answer, she leaned forward swiftly and kissed him.

He drew his coat closer about him as the taxi sped away. Then he chuckled as he started toward home.

XXIII

It was nearly noon on Thursday morning when Eileen awoke. She'd had a miserable night of it. Two and two make four. Blackmar had intimated things against Baird, and Fannie Holben had stated that she could put the young man in jail. Of course, Blackmar's insinuations might readily be accounted for by jealousy of Baird. Fannie Holben's threat might be laid to jealousy of Eileen. At all events, these things were unpleasant.

More than once she had sat up in bed with the intention of telephoning Baird again. Once she had even taken the receiver from the telephone-hook. But only to hang it up. She'd 'phoned him once and told him that Fannie Holben had called upon her and made threats against him. And he had merely been apologetic because she had been annoyed, had assured her that it wouldn't happen again.

But she wouldn't—couldn't—'phone him again. And in her heart she knew why. She wanted him to have an explanation ready; she wanted to give him time. Why?

She sneered at herself. Was she a love-sick miss whose lover *must* be perfect, must seem perfect? Or was she a grown woman mistress of herself, independent, who, finding imperfection in a lover, could coolly rid herself of him and await a perfect specimen? Bigger than her own inheritance, bigger than anything that had yet entered her life loomed the figure of Rodney Baird. She rang for her maid. As she was about to enter her tub, the telephone-bell jingled.

"Eileen? . . . This is Eleanor Cather. . . . When? . . . This morning. . . . Everyone's fine. . . . May I see you? . . . Right away? . . . I'm coming."



"Where does Baird fit into this picture-puzzle?" asked Eileen. She tried to make her voice unconcerned and sipped at her coffee. "I guess he's been cutting rather a dash over here," answered Eleanor. "Anyway, I take it he's making violent love to the Holben girl"

Eileen's frown, that had been on her forehead even before she awakened, vanished. Eleanor Cather was a lot of fun; she'd tell her all the latest racy Donchester gossip, and—Eleanor Cather knew Rodney Baird!

She was extremely cordial when Miss Cather, twenty minutes later, entered her bedroom. Eileen was sitting up in bed, most becomingly arrayed in a pink, lacy bedroom jacket. Her auburn hair hung over either shoulder in thick braids.

Eleanor Cather, after kissing her, drew back and surveyed her carefully. She shook her head wonderingly.

"I came expecting to find you a regular cripple, old dear," she said. "Instead—Eileen, where do you buy your rouge?"

"Cat!" said Eileen. "Old Doctor Nature furnishes it."

"I wish he'd take me for a patient," sighed Eleanor.

"Fishing," commented Eileen. She dug her spoon into her grapefruit. "Have some coffee?"

"Wish I could," said Miss Cather enviously. "Makes me yellow. But you can do anything—even act the Christian martyr and take care of a whole bereaved family. Eileen, you're a wonder! I met Dan Seeley last night just before I went aboard the train. He was just back from the funeral. Told me what a perfect peach you'd been; also told me that Bellew Elsing had done the decent thing. Congratulations, old dear. Want to hire a companion?"

"Looking for a job?" asked Eileen.

"Seriously," Eleanor said, in a moment, "if Bob keeps on, I don't know what will become of me."

Eileen's mouth pursed in sympathy.

"What's he been up to now?" she asked. "I thought he'd rather been behaving himself."

"So did I—in his own peculiarly disreputable fashion," snapped Eleanor. "I don't know where he gets his wildness."

"Oh, he'll steady down after a while," said Eileen soothingly. Eleanor sniffed.

"I'd like to think so. So would the rest of the family. But—he's my own brother, Eileen. I can stand a Cather drinking, but when it comes to acting as private detective for a hotel wait-ress—"

"What's that?" exclaimed Eileen.

"Exactly what I said. Some girl over here—name of Bolton, or Holstein—that would be more like it; she's cattle!"

"Holben?" interposed Eileen.

Her visitor straightened in her chair.

"That's it! You know her?"

"Perhaps. Go ahead."

"There isn't much to go ahead about. Bob was in Donchester the first of the week. I didn't know it. His lordship never deigns to keep the family informed of his doings unless he's in

need of money. But he had luncheon one day with Willie Curtiss. They drank too much, and Bob talked too much. Willie told his sister, and she told me, of course. Cat! She's by way of being a fifty-eighth cousin of mine, you know, and how she loves to compare Bob with her own darling little fair-haired brother! Well, anyway, Bob told Willie that a girl who used to be a waitress in Simpson's—it's a restaurant lunch-room, where all the men go—pretty girls, you know. One of them married a nephew of the governor the other day; I'm thinking some of us might well take jobs there. Well, anyway, she's a sort of half-baked actress now, I gather. And she has her battery trained on one Rodney Baird—What? Do you know him, too?"

Eileen forced a look of innocence. She hated herself for her start at Baird's name.

"I've met him," she said.

Miss Cather whistled.

"I take it he's rising in the world. I remember the name the moment Jeanne Curtiss mentioned it. Used to go to high school. Gawky boy; rather good-looking, though. But nobody."

"Where does Baird fit into this picture-puzzle?" asked Eileen.

She tried to make her voice unconcerned and sipped at her coffee.

"I guess he's been cutting rather a dash over here," answered Eleanor. "Anyway, I take it that he's making violent love to the Holben girl, and—she commissioned my brother Bob to visit Donchester and look him up." Her eyes filled with contempt. "Imagine Bob doing a thing like that! It's low; it's—it's filthy!"

"Well," Eileen admitted, "it's not the sort of thing one wants in one's biography in 'Who's Who.'"

"Hardly," agreed Eleanor. "So I've come over to Bob with the ultimatum from the family. If he must be a rotter, he must be one a long way off. He's been receiving an allowance, you know—and we can't afford it any too well. And we're going to stop it unless he takes a train for somewhere west of the Mississippi and stays there."

"What did he find out about Baird? Did Jeanne tell you?" inquired Eileen. She tried to make her tone casual.

"Oh, she told me, all right! Not that it mattered. What did Bob find out? Oh, the man's a bookkeeper, or something like that, on a spree, I gather. Hasn't a penny to bless himself with. Maybe a few thousand—oh, practically nothing. I suppose this Holben—that her name?—will throw him over quick. How'd you know her, anyway?"

Eileen shrugged.

"Oh, one meets everyone. As a matter of fact, I think that it was Mr. Baird who introduced us."

"I fancy his cheek!" commented Miss Cather. "So—you know Baird. How on earth—"

"Friend of Jimmy Ladd's. Comrades in arms—all that sort of thing. Working for Jimmy now."

"Oh, I say! If I've injured him—"

"How could you? I hardly know the man. Met him a few times—that's all."

"And does he seem the sort to tie himself up with a waitress?" asked Miss Cather.

"O Lord, my dear! What a question! What does one know of what sort our dearest man friend is?"

"Until we marry him. Then we find out that he's the lowest sort of sort," chuckled Miss Cather. "At least, if one listens to one's friends." She rose. "Bless your heart for letting me drop in and shift the Cather burden for a while to your shoulders. Darned handsome shoulders, old dear, too!" she said admiringly.

"Thanks!" said Eileen. She drew the lacy jacket that had slipped down a bit closer about her. "Where you going? Aren't you going to spree it a bit and everything?"

"With that disgusting brother on my neck? I should say not! I wouldn't have dropped in at all, Eileen, only Dan Seely's news was so good that I had to congratulate you. How much? He said three or four million."

Eileen shook her head.

"It's a long ride to Donchester. Things look bigger after you've thought about them. A million, maybe."

"It's a bunch," said Eleanor slangily. "For goodness' sake, take care of it, old darling!"

"But you mustn't go so soon!" protested Eileen.

"Must. Engagement to-morrow for luncheon. I wired Bob. Told him to meet me at the Plaza at one. I'm going to talk straight to that brother of mine. Then I'm going to wash my hands of him—for good."



"That's all right, Fannie," he said

"Aren't you a bit cruel, Eleanor?"

Her visitor's eyes suddenly clouded.

"Eileen, if you know how I felt! He's my brother. But he's been given every chance. Eileen, this thing—there are certain lapses that don't matter. They're physical things, not moral. One forgives them. But this—the eyes of his soul see crookedly."

Miss Cather left. Eileen analyzed what she had told her. Fannie Holben had had Baird investigated. Baird had no money. Fannie Holben had told Eileen that she could jail Baird. What was the nature of the thing that he had done? She was going to find out.

There was anger in her eyes as she reached for the telephone and called up Sam Blackmar. Blackmar could tell her. He must make good his hints of last Sunday. And if he couldn't, or wouldn't— She put the telephone down just as she heard Blackmar's voice.

She—she couldn't ask Blackmar about Baird. Not about Baird. It—it was foolishness; that's what it was. She was silly, sentimental, but—

"Good Lord," she told herself ten minutes later, looking into the mirror and trying to smile at the disheveled reflection that it gave forth, "a girl has to love some one, doesn't she? And if he happens to be a rotter, why—well, the quicker she knows it the quicker she'll begin getting over her love. Buck up, Eileen!"



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

heavily. "Cry all you want; it'll do you good. I'm going out now. I'll be back——"

This time, when she reached for the telephone, she did not put it down until she had talked with Blackmar and he had eagerly agreed to take her to luncheon.

But the luncheon, as far as her purposes were concerned, was a failure. Blackmar was extremely reticent on the subject of Baird.

"I was hasty the other day, Eileen. I was—jealous. Let it go at that and forgive me for being a cad. But now—what's the use? You've money. You'll marry whom you want."

"Your money being your only asset, eh, Sam?" she asked.

"I suppose so." He was extremely meek, extremely down-cast.

"Well, I haven't married anyone yet, Sam, you know. Maybe I never shall. And you really have nothing definite to tell me about Mr. Baird?"

He colored faintly and shook his head.

"Nothing at all, except—I wouldn't hurry, Eileen."

"I'll not," she told him.

She left him with the definite feeling that, for some reason or other, he'd been lying. It wasn't jealousy alone that made him intimate things against Baird last Sunday. But when Sam Blackmar wanted to be a close-mouth, a clam was an open-throat beside him.

Very well, then. Maybe Miss Fannie Holben could be made

to talk if Sam Blackmar wouldn't. But why on earth had Sam refused to make good his hints of Sunday? She gave it up. Life was complex, and people were more so.

XXIV

DEAR FRANKIE: Here's your twenty-five hundred. You're a good sport and I'm much obliged. Your friend,
FANNIE.

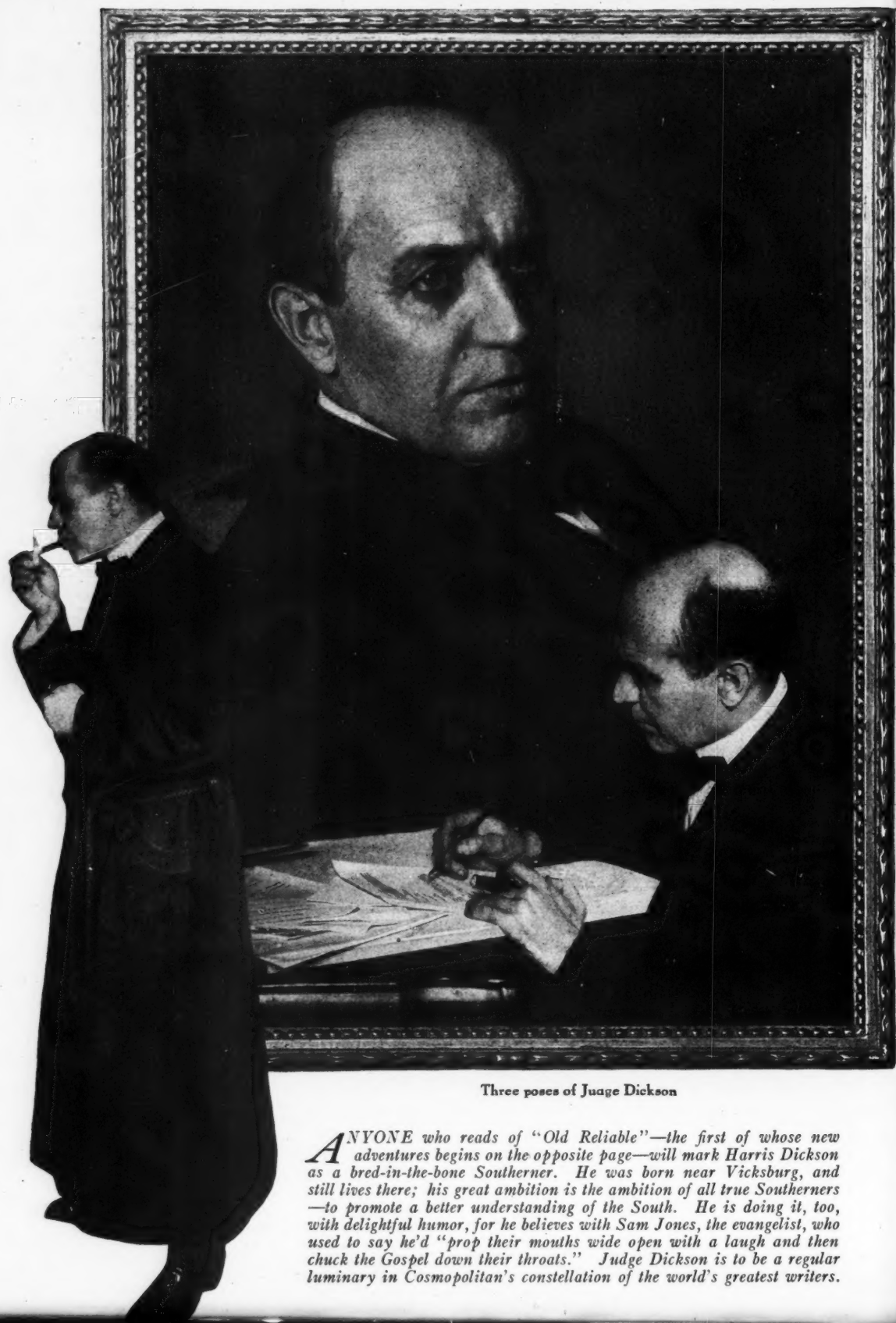
Landers read the note, written sprawlingly on cheap and scented paper, over again. He read it once more. His gray eyes, always hard, were flinty.

"So I'm a good sport, am I? And she's much obliged? And she's my friend Fannie, is she?"

He put the note down and picked up the *Morning Telegraph*. But the racing and theatrical news held no interest for him to-day. He reached for the note again. He examined the check, drawn to the order of Francis Charles Landers. He put it down and re-read the address at the head of the note. East Thirty-fifth Street, in the old Murray Hill section. And not a hotel, nor yet—he guessed—a boarding-house.

Fannie had an apartment! And she'd been broke, busted flat, a few days ago. Yet, this morning she returned to him his loan. Well, there was only one way that a woman got the money in this man's town——

(Continued on page 130)



Three poses of Juage Dickson

ANYONE who reads of "Old Reliable"—the first of whose new adventures begins on the opposite page—will mark Harris Dickson as a bred-in-the-bone Southerner. He was born near Vicksburg, and still lives there; his great ambition is the ambition of all true Southerners—to promote a better understanding of the South. He is doing it, too, with delightful humor, for he believes with Sam Jones, the evangelist, who used to say he'd "prop their mouths wide open with a laugh and then chuck the Gospel down their throats." Judge Dickson is to be a regular luminary in *Cosmopolitan's* constellation of the world's greatest writers.

Exactly Zack

Here is the combination you've been hoping and waiting for—"Old Reliable,"

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by
Edward L. Chase



He couldn't quite hitch his mind to the fortune-teller, because of a white skull at his left elbow and a black cat on his right. Between the two, old Zack felt powerful creepy

"I SEE money—much money."

"Say you *do*?" The trembling negro gasped as the fortune-teller's glittering eyes bored deeper into his palm.

"What is your profession?" Being a wizard, he should have divined it.

"Me, suh? I works for Cunnel Spottiswoode."

"Colonel *Beverly* Spottiswoode?"

"Tain't but *one* cunnel, suh; twarn't *never* but *one*."

"Give your full name?"

"Zack Foster, suh. But ev'ybody in Vicksburg, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

Old Reliable sat opposite the sunk-jawed occult, extending his arm across the table, which was covered by a thick black cloth. He couldn't quite hitch his mind to the fortune-teller, because of a white skull at his left elbow and a black cat on his right. Between the two, old Zack felt powerful creepy. Spatters of sweat coagulated on his bald patch when the graveyard cat uncannily uprose, arched his back, yawned like the opening of a tomb, and settled down again. If Zack hadn't been paying such exclusive attention to the cat, he would have hindered the clairvoyant from bringing his hand into contact with the skull.

"Ow!" he yelled, and hushed, for the mystic personage showed annoyance, and rumbled deeply, as from the bottom of a well, "I see money."

"How much? Who gits it?" the dupe breathlessly inquired.

"Riches! And yours is the only hand that can touch it."

"Mister"—Old Reliable's voice came in eager whispers—"mister, how's I gwine to tech dat money?"

"Go forth and find—with my all-seeing eye to point the way."

"Whicheverway does I start?" Zack was tingling to get ready to begin to start. "Whicheverway, mister; whicheverway."

The man of vision stretched out his empty palm.

"I see no gold. No light to guide me."

"Dat's *sol*! Dat sho is de troof!" Old Zack bent closer and looked real good; both men saw precisely the same thing—a palm with no gold in it. Again the seer repeated querulously,

"I have no light, no cloud by day, no pillar of fire by night."

Suddenly the light dawned upon a dark face, for Zack got the hunch why this all-seeing eye had most gone blind.

"Mister, does you mean to signify that somebody ought to cross yo' han' wid gole?"

"Gold! Gold! To clear my sight. *Five dollars!*"

"But, mister, I never had 'cept *one* dollar, an' you already tuk dat."

"Five dollars! Five dollars!"

"Mister, lemme understand, an' make no mistake. All I got to do is jes' to go an' git dat money—right now?"

"Go! Go quickly!"

"An' you 'quires five dollars?"

"Five!"

"Dat's *easy*." He grinned. "Jes specify whar dat money's at; I'll git back wid it in no time an' slip you de five."

A frown, distinct and portentous, gathered amid the blue-

veined labyrinth on the necromancer's putty forehead; his eyelids dropped, and he seemed lapsing into such a trance that Zack grew alarmed. This was no crisis for a man to go to sleep.

"Wake up, mister; wake up!" Zack scuffed to his feet. "I'll fetch dat five-spot in a hurry, suh. Rouse yo'sef, mister; an' don't tell *nobody*—until I gits back."

Even in the haste of his hat-grabbing departure, Zack never aimed to slam the door. Its slamming made him jump. After his first jump, he couldn't stop jumping through the deserted hallway and down two flights of steps, whence he bounced like a rubber kangaroo into the street.

Zack's ultimate series of leaps carried him across the sidewalk until he toed the trolley-car track and executed his frog-squat. There he stood, blinking in the brilliant sunshine. Things looked queer. Folks seemed to be rambling around kind of careless-like, just the same as if they didn't know that something was fixing to happen. And, white or black, not one simpleton suspicioned what Zack knew. So Zack jammed his hat on tight and headed for his definite place of business—wherever Colonel Spottiswoode might be.

That year, there was no transition between seasons. All at once, in a single day, the lines of winter broke, and surrender-flags of whitest dogwood fluttered unannounced upon the battle-hills of Vicksburg. Red bulbs purpled her deserted trenches, and sweet-scented locusts showered their petals across her ravines.

Nobody welcomed the summer with more grateful heart than old Judge Robert Vane. At four in the afternoon, he strolled away from his law office and dismissed his car. The judge walked jauntily homeward, hanging over fences to chat with ladies in sunbonnets who delved among their flowers, and smiling at each corroborative evidence of summer. Only yesterday, Colonel Spottiswoode's privet hedge had seemed nothing more than a dead-brown barrier along the gray edge of a sidewalk. To-day, the hedge had donned her filmiest overdress of green.

Judge Vane paused, for over its feathery top he caught sight

had worn a black felt.

Then the judge began to chuckle as he detected that springtime had also got into the bones of old Beverly Spottiswoode. On his broad front lawn, the tall, ruddy-faced planter, banker, and man of affairs threw off his coat and balanced a fishing-rod in his hand. As if the destiny of nations hung upon his accuracy, he was solemnly counting his steps away from a small Cape-jessamine bush. At precisely fifty paces, he wheeled, remeasured the distance with his eye, and cast an artificial minnow to the foot of the shrub.

"Hello, Bev!" the lawyer called. "What are you doing? Fishing?"

"No. Can't you see I'm holding a horse for a white man? Come in, Bob."

When Judge Robert Vane opened the Spottiswoode gate, he let behind his musty precedents and provisos to enter a playground world—a world of shimmering lakes where trout were striking, a world where silent dugouts went creeping through the brushwood, a world where snags stuck up above the water from which he lifted the lazy but succulent perch. Already his hand began to ting'e with the grip of a paddle, and to thrill at the expected jerk upon his line.

"Lemme see, Bev." He laughed aloud, and moved forward with outstretched hand. "What's that you've got?"

"New reel. Bought it last summer at Mackinac Island."

"Lemme see?"

"No; let go! I'll show you." With both hands, the planter clung to his rod like a child that has not yet wearied of a new toy. "See that jessamine bush?" He pointed. "Big green trout lying under there. Watch me drop this minnow in his mouth."

Alert and skilful, the practised angler poised himself with thumb upon the reel; his line swished out with a whir, and his minnow fell accurately at the edge of the bush.

"Now, Bob, try your hand." The colonel resigned his rod. "See if you can cast any nearer?"

For thirty years, these two inveterate sports had been betting against each other, and crowing over each other, on every gambler's chance that came along. So, no sooner had the colonel challenged Bob Vane to beat his cast than the lawyer suggested that he could—at the rate of one dollar per throw.

And such was their engrossing occupation when Betty Spottiswoode's little runabout drew up at the front gate, and the girl came tripping across the lawn. With a strong breeze behind her, she seemed to be wafted toward them, smiling and fluttering.

"Isn't this a perfectly gorgeous day? Good cast, uncle Bev; but too much splash. Ease it down gently—gently. Ah, Judge that's better!"

"Innocent bystanders shut up!" her uncle growled. "That sticks me for another dollar. And who made *you* the umpire?"

Then they adjourned to the wide white-columned porch, where the old cronies argued about muskalonge in the Great Lakes, tarpon in the Gulf, May-flies and minnow-sockets, and bear in the cane-brakes—discussing those multitudinous joys which crowd upon the tongues of men when springtime pipes her tune of idleness and boyhood calls aloud within their hearts. The girl smiled quietly to see her comrades feeling so young and happy.

But Old Reliable never smiled—no, sirree—not a bit of it as he craned his gosling neck round the big square gate-post and squinted toward the porch. His black face clouded to the thunder-point, for Judge Vane had no business to be sitting there an hour before his time, and Miss Betty ought to be out riding, so that Zack could privately interview the colonel and extract an essential five. Nursing his righteous grouch, Old Reliable shuffled into the yard with a scowling face beneath the colonel's passed-on Panama.

The wind blew strong behind him, and a pair of generous linen breeches—which Zack had only that day inherited from the colonel's ampler legs—flapped round his meager shanks. Nevertheless, there was a distinct Spottiswoode air about the negro, who had consciously aped the mannerisms and unconsciously absorbed his ideas from the colonel.

"Good-evenin', Jedge." Off came the hat with a flourish. "Studyin' 'bout goin' fishin'?"

"Cinch we're going—first chance. Water's running out of the lakes, and—"

"Pardon me, Bob." The colonel lifted his hand for an intermission. "Oh, Zack, please stir us up a couple of toddies—Bourbon, with a sprig of mint."

"Sholy, suh."

Zack peartened up his gait, and was about to vanish through the front door when the colonel added,

"Yes, suh." Which was an afterthought of the colonel's, but a forethought of Zack's.

It seemed prudent enough for a grouchy negro to grumble while crushing ice in the pantry, where nobody could hear; but it came dangerously nigh to pranking with calamity when Zack turned loose his mouth within ear-shot of Selina.

"Dar now!" he burst out. "Dis here white folks' foolishness is fixin' throw me late."

Being so peevish, Zack forgot that his brawny wife was in the kitchen until she snatched open the pantry door and blocked it completely with huge upholstered hips.

"Ole nigger," she glared, "what you growlin' 'bout—like a sore-head bear? Fixin' to throw you late for which? An' whar you been all day?"

Zack picked up the tray of tinkling glasses so that Selina wouldn't dare make a balk at him, and then, protected by the colonel's sacred toddies, he bravely answered:

"Whar I been? 'Tendin' to my bizness; dat's whar I been."

"Look at me, Zack. You been trottin' to dat fortune-teller, payin' him good money, an' him stuffin' yo' head full o' rot."

"Huh! You'll be talkin' out t'other side o' yo' mouf when I gits my pockets stuffed full o' money."

"Whar from?"

"You'll see. Jes' wait."

"Wait?" Zack, if I hears o' you givin' dat fortune-teller jes' one more nick, I ain't gwine to wait nary minute to jump down yo' thote an' gallop yo' insides out."

Pursued by this internally upsetting prospect, Old Reliable sidled like a crab through the dining-room and felt safer at the front door. There he stopped, amazed. Miss Betty was standing up straight on the front gallery, telling the colonel what's what.

"It's a shame, uncle!" Most vigorously the girl pressed her point. "A shame for men like you and the judge to buy certain kinds of food when both of you have ample space at home to make your own gardens—"

"Garden!" Zack grunted so deep that it hurt. "Garden! Dat signifies me."

Miss Betty never tarried to catch her breath.

"I went to hear that home-garden lecturer this afternoon, and I'll never open another can without the guilty feeling that I'm taking just that much from starving women and children."

Old Reliable elaborately served the toddies, but failed to create more than a comma in Miss Betty's peroration; then he huddled on the top step, without touching his drink, shivering and flinching as the girl drove nail after nail into his crucifixion upon the garden cross.

"Betty's right, Bob; Betty's right," the colonel set aside his glass and remarked.

"Unquestionably," nodded the lawyer. "I have plenty of ground, and Uncle Silas *might* tend a garden, but I hate to worry over it."

"Bob"—the colonel began to smile—"in the past two weeks, you've skinned me out of approximately forty dollars on sundry sinful games. Just to get even, I'll wager one hundred dollars that Zack can produce a finer garden than Silas."

"Jig's up!" Zack groaned, for nobody could bluff old Judge Vane and get away with it.

"You're on!" The judge promptly took him up.

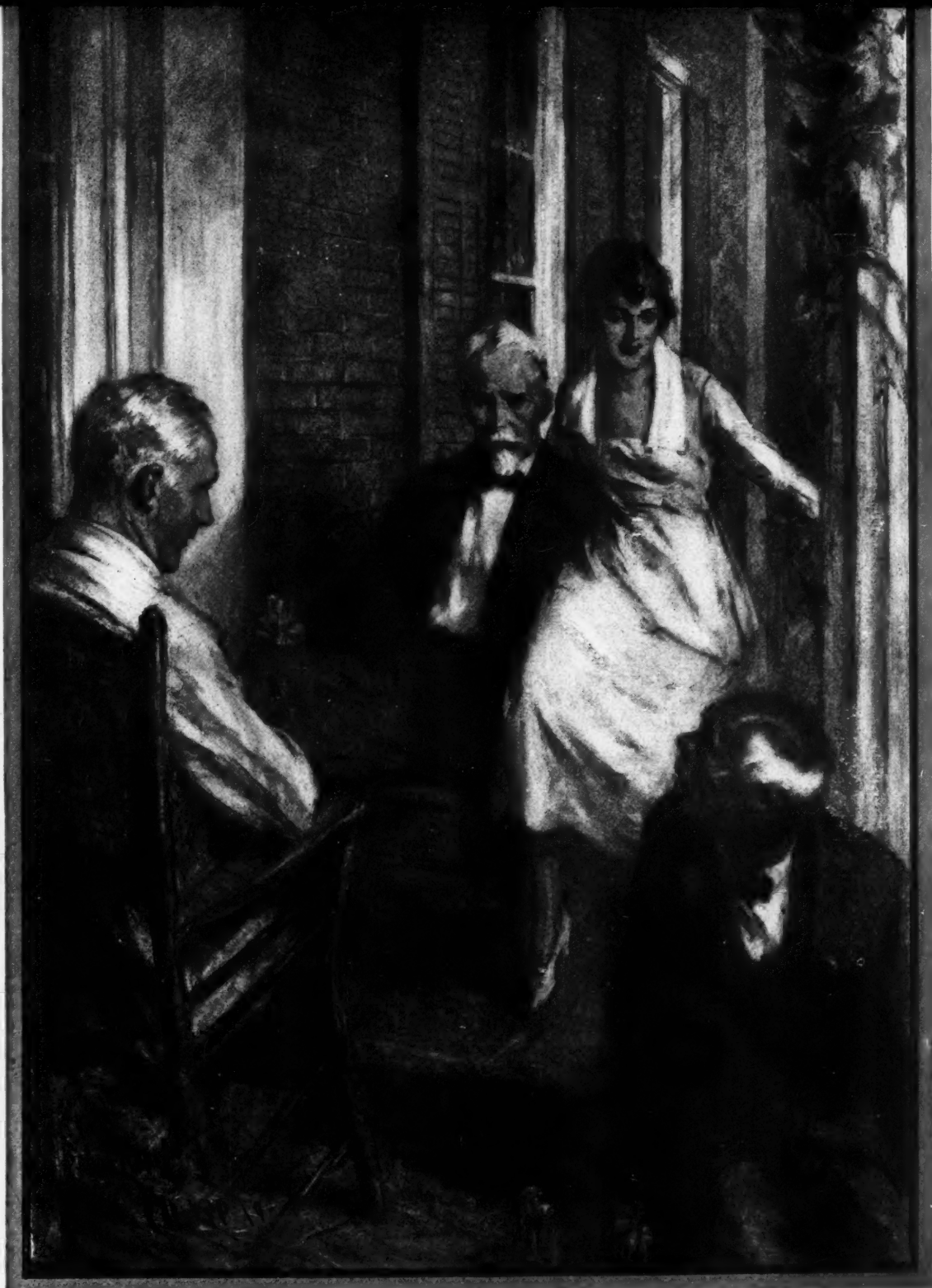
All Zack could do was to sit and harken to the harrowing details—ten dollars additional for the best watermelon, ten for the best cantaloup, best dozen roast'n' ears, and so on—enough to give any negro the blind staggers.

"Uh! Uh!" He wriggled. But financial policies coerced him to join the popular side, and no politician could more gracefully glide into the leadership of a winning movement. Pivoting upon the seat of his breeches, he lifted an imploring countenance and endorsed with recourse:

"Cunnel, Miss Betty sho is spoke a parable. Dat white gem'mum at de theater, he say ev'y mouful what us eats an' don't raise is jes' dat much tuk away from a little baby chile. Vittles don't taste good to me no mo', 'cause I'm stud'in' 'bout dem baby chilluns. Please, suh—please, suh, lemme put in jes' a leetle patch o' garden truck."

"Hello!" The colonel laughed. "Nother county heard from. That garden apostle must have been *some* exhorter. Don't worry, Zack, about your appetite; you'll get plenty chance to sweat and whet it."

Having sipped their toddies to the last diluted drop, and adjudicated all the finer points of their bet, Judge Vane rose to leave, and beckoned for Zack to follow.



All Zack could do was to sit and harken to the harrowing details

"Look here, Zack," he whispered at the gate: "Can you find me a good man to help Silas—a competent gardener?"

"Now lemme study; lemme study." Zack squinted up studiously at the sky. "Gard'ners is gittin' skacer dan frog's hair." "Bring him to me for, say—say—five dollars."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh!" Zack's eyes brightened. "I knows de very man—ole nigger what kin jes' glance at de ground an' make things grow."

"He'll have to do more than glance."

"Sho'ly, suh; dat nigger's a noble han' wid a hoe. Lordee, Jedge"—Zack broke into an optimistic laugh—"I wouldn't take fo' dollars an' six bits cash fer dat five; but couldn't you lemme have it right now?"

"No." The shrewd old lawyer shook his head. "Your nigger comes C. O. D. There are two bad paymasters—one pays in advance, and the other never pays at all."

Before breakfast the next morning, Colonel Spottiswoode was inspecting his proposed garden, and Old Reliable was inspecting the colonel for symptoms of the psychological moment to perform his five-dollar operation.

"Now, Zack"—the colonel pointed out the place—"you can prepare this plot to-day. Plant your early corn, peas, and beans—at once."

"No, suh"—Zack stood firm—"dis is de dark o' de moon, an' dem things grow above de ground. Dey's 'bleeged to be planted in de light o' de moon. Now is de time for taters and beets and reddishes, what grows onderneath de ground."

"Very well. The colonel sidestepped an argument. "And here's an excellent hillside for watermelons—those long rattlesnake fellows."

"Dat's de way to talk!" Zack's teeth gleamed. "Have plenty watermillions. An', Cunnel, I sho'ly knows how to plant dem long kind. Ef you 'zires watermillions to grow long, you got to make de hill; den lay down flat o' your stomick, fur away from dat hill as you can stretch; nex', reach out your arms 'till de bones crack an' put in de seed. By stretchin' yo'se'f out so long, you nacherly injuces dem watermillions to stretch deyselves likewise. Dat sounds reasonable."

Zack gabbled on, and followed the boss, who now tore his way through a locust thicket to a narrow bottom between two ridges.

"I'm going to build a retaining wall across this bottom," he explained. "You must cut out these locusts on a line from this tree to that, and three feet on either side."

"Yas, suh. Jes' blaze a trail for de wall, same as us does in de cane-brake for bears."

"That's the idea. Clear this ground at once, so the contractor can begin work in the morning. And if you need any help—"

"Help?" Lordee, Cunnel, you talks like I wuz chillun. I'll cut dat out in no time, all by myself."

"Possibly so; but I want old man Hannibal Hoxie to help me win that bet from Judge Vane. Hannibal's the best gardener in Warren County."

"Sho' is; Unc Hannibal kin jes' squint his eye over a water-million patch an' dey swells up same as balloons. Cunnel, please, suh, lemme have—" Zack had maneuvered into position to tackle for his five when Selina shouted from her kitchen window:

"Cunnel! Oh, Cunnel! Yo' batter cakes is gittin' cole."

No gentleman can be in a disbursing humor while his batter cakes are getting cold; so Old Reliable tactfully concluded to defer his touch until the colonel should have surrounded a good breakfast and gone to smoke upon the front gallery.

"Cunnel, I hope you'll enjoy yo' breakfast, suh."

As the striding planter passed his kitchen, he called out:



"Mister, I don't need dat money. I done changed to the door. "Go—but the

"Oh, Selina, give Zack something to eat right away. I must send him down-town. Don't lose a minute."

Zack never lost a minute over his breakfast. Not because the colonel would be waiting for him, but because Selina was waiting on him. Nor did Zack open his mouth, except for stoking purposes, while his plain-spoken wife expressed her contempt for niggers who believed in fortune-tellers. Still chewing on a wad of batter cakes, Zack shoved aside his plate and crawled out of the kitchen to wait for the colonel on the front gallery. But the impatient colonel summoned him into the dining-room and produced a paper.

"Take this list of garden-seed; go to that new drug store at the corner of South Street. Buy these seed, and pay for them."

"Pay for 'em? Yas, suh."

"Five dollars ought to cover it."

"Sho'ly suh—fi' dollars."

Once more the persistent and seductive reiteration—the fortune-teller demanded five; Judge Vane promised five; now the colonel was handing out a new V bill, and Zack's mind went galloping away on the accursed opportunity.



my mind. Lemme go! Lemme go!" "Very well—go!" The cadaverous personage stood erect and pointed
demon will tap you on the shoulder and say, 'Come with me' "

"Here, Zack"—Colonel Spottiswoode jerked his sleeve—"look at me! Can you remember two things at once?"

"Sho'ly, suh." Zack was remembering three separate fives.

"Get 'this in your skull: Buy the seed *first*; then find old man Hannibal. Run him down. Hog-tie him. Bring him to me."

"Rest easy, Cunnel. Unc Hannibal's jes' same as here. An', please, suh, len' me fi' dollars for my own se'f, please, suh." The eager negro leaned forward, and, from his wavering eye, Colonel Spottiswoode felt sure that Zack hadn't heard a syllable of his instructions. "Please, suh, lemme have—"

"Not a cent," the colonel answered curtly. "Pay attention to me. Go to that drug store; buy the seed on this list, and *pay for them*. Then find old Hannibal Hoxie and bring him here."

"Fetch him right here? Yas, suh."

"Now remember—seed, Hannibal, Hannibal, seed."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh." Old Reliable blundered out of the dining-room and had nearly reached the front gate before he forgot that Colonel Spottiswoode had been talking.

Clutching his five-dollar bill and the seed list, Old Reliable climbed aboard a street-car and passed the little drug store just as

if he never saw it—never saw anything until his shaky hand knocked at the clairvoyant's door.

"Come in," the bass voice rumbled, and Zack entered the chamber of Fate.

The wizard posed behind his table, stroking his black cat, while two skim-milk eyes meditated upon the skull.

"Here's yo' fi' dollars, mister." Zack barely had time to perch on the edge of a chair. "Now tell me whar dat money's at—'cause I ain't got a minute to spare."

Again the man of mystery scrutinized Zack's palm; his skinny forefinger seemed to be tracing a tangled trail across it.

"I see the path," he murmured; "it is very near."

"Whar's de money at, mister? I got to git fi' dollars out o' dem riches an' buy dese seeds for cunnel."

Apparently the wizard did not hear; his eyes concentrated into drilling-points which focused themselves upon Zack's palm.

"I see the money, but"—suddenly he gave a scary shiver—

"but I see peril; I see a dark woman—"

"Never mind her, mister; dat's Seliny; she's powerful dark-complected."

"But I see—the devil!"

"De devil!" Zack's eyes bulged, and his neck twisted like an owl's as he peered around him into demon-haunted corners. "You sees de devil? Wharabouts?"

"Be not afraid. I can exorcise him."

"Exercise him? Mister, jes' lemme out o' this place—"

"No—wait!"

"Turn me loose. Leggo! Leggo!" Zack sprang up and jerked like a mule at his halter; but there was more strength than he dreamed of in the tenacious fingers that gripped his wrist.

"Peace—be still!" the wizard ordered. "I shall cast out your devil. Then you'll seek the money."

"Mister, I don't need dat money. I done changed my mind. Lemme go! Lemme go!"

"Very well—go!" The cadaverous personage stood erect and pointed to the door. "Go—but the demon will tap you on the shoulder and say, 'Come with me.'"

"Gawd A'mighty! De hoodoo's got me!"

"Not yet—not yet. But he's reaching."

"What kin I do?" Zack wailed. "What kin I do?"

"Let me search again into your fate. Hold your hand very steady."

Zack's hand was thumping and throbbing like a milk-shake machine.

"Look good, mister," he pleaded; "look real good. Ain't I done sharpened yo' eyesight wid a fi-dollar bill?"

"That was to find a treasure. Now I must cast out the demon."

"Den I got to pay mo'?"

"Five dollars."

"All right, mister; I'll fetch it quick. But I got to run home and borrow it from de cunnel."

It was unnecessary for Zack to pick up his hat, as he had never let it go. Now he staggered up and opened the door, with two scary eyes squinting into the hallway.

"Please, suh, mister—you wouldn't mind standin' at de top o' dem steps ontill I gits down?"

"Good, Zack! You returned promptly." The colonel rose and came forward as Zack hurried up the front walk, hat in hand, wiping the sweat from his face with a red-speckled handkerchief. "Where are my seed?"

"Dem seeds?" The negro stopped, bewildered. "Oh, yas, suh; yas, suh—seeds."

"Let's have a look at them?" Zack glanced at the colonel's expectant hand and vaguely remembered that he was supposed to put something in it. "Seed—from the drug store?"

"Oh, yas, suh. Drug-sto' man say he gwine to sen' 'em out, suh."

"Why didn't you bring the package yourself?"

"Well, Cunnel"—Old Reliable fumbled round for his wits—"you see, Cunnel, dat man aimed to be *extry* keerful an' pick seed what would grow."

"Oh, a boy is coming out?"

"Boy, suh? Dat's 'cisely it—a boy."

"On the next car?"

"Sho'ly, suh; I tole dat man to sen' a swif' boy, cause you gits pestered waitin' for seeds."

"Very well. Where's my change?"

"Change?"

"Yes; change out of the five."

"'Twarn't none. Dem seeds 'mounted to zackly fi' dollars—wid some odd cents, ef I makes no mistake."

Old Reliable was gradually backing off.

"Hold on, Zack; what did Hannibal say?"

"'Hannibal?' Oh, you means Unc Hannibal Hoxie; I knows him real good."

"Of course you know him! But what did he say about making my garden?"

"Dat fool nigger never say nothin'."

"Sent me no message?"

"No, suh. Unc Hannibal ain't mentioned nothin' to me, suh, 'cause I couldn't find him."

"Why couldn't you find him?"

"I looked ev'whar for dat nigger, Cunnel. Ben Holland say he was 'spectin' Unc Hannibal ev'y minute; an' he warn't at de Hot Cat, so I walked to his house, nigh de Surrender Post."

"You didn't walk to the Surrender Post?"

"Sho' did, Cunnel—ev'y step o' de way. Dat's how come me so het up—Cunnel, please, suh, len' me fi' dollars. I got to—"

"You've got to cut down those locusts. I don't believe a word you say. I'll find old Hannibal myself. Get your ax."

Dismissal cut no ice with Zack; he craved solitude and

freedom for action. Skirmishing round the house, he snatched up an ax because Selina had her eye fastened upon him.

"Zack, come here!" Selina waddled out on the back gallery. "Ain't got time." He peartened up his lick and kept traveling.

"Cunnel tole me to cut dem locust bushes."

Old Reliable never tarried among the locusts further than to drop his ax; then he scrambled over the back fence, slipped into high gear, and hit the road for town.

"I'm jes' bleeched to git dat fi' dollars."

Rum and true religion, as a calming influence upon the human spirit, are not to be compared with the smells of greasy cookery which permeate from the Hot Cat Eating House. Old Reliable came racking along the street as if the devil himself were chasing, and slowed down at the sidewalk benches where Bud Lowe's patrons congregated. There reposed the desired Hannibal Hoxie, drowsily sucking his corn-cob pipe; for Brother Hoxie was the holder of a season-ticket which entitled him to a reserved seat and the prerogative to argufy concerning high p'int in the Scriptures.

"Howdy, Bre'r Hoxie?"

"Howdy, Bre'r Foster?"

"Bre'r Hoxie, don't you reckon a little snack o' catfish would tickle yo' taste?"

For a negro in his right mind, there could be but one reply. Uncle Hannibal made that answer, and started inside as proof positive o' sincerity. Although a man of stingy words, his tongue began to loosen as he watched Aunt Fanny flopping slices of fish in the skillet, and smacked his lips when she placed two crisp slabs before him. Meanwhile, Zack eyed him warily and waited until Hannibal's heart grew mellow.

"Bre'r Hoxie," he inquired, "how's yo' garden dis year?"

"Ain't makin' none. Jes' scratched de ground for some watermillions an' cabbages."

"Fixin' to lay off from work?"

"Not ontire. I'm studyin' 'bout bein' agent."

"'Agent?' Agent o' which?"

"Most any kind o' agent, so I needn't strain my back in de hot sun."

"Dat's nice. Dat's nice." For a few meditative moments, Old Reliable operated his jaw on the catfish and gave his tongue a holiday. To pen Uncle Hannibal, he must toll him along gently, same as dropping corn before a pig.

"Dis sho' is juicy catfish," he observed, by way of innocent diversion.

"Sho' was." Unc Hannibal signed the testimonial and wiped his mouth on the table-cloth.

"Now den, Bre'r Hoxie, supposin' us takes a ramble?"

"Whar'bouts?"

"Nowhar. Jes' walk about sociable."

As Zack has lavishly paid for hot cat, and carried more bait in his pocket, his grateful guest rose and followed, led on by gradual stages which were calculated to lure and not alarm. Only at the foot of Judge Vane's stairway did he balk and hang back.

"Whar you takin' me?"

"Nowhar. Jes' 'lowed to drap in on de jedge."

"Do yo' own drappin', an' lemme wait here."

"No; come along. Jedge is a mighty good han' to pass out de cigars, an' he'll give you one."

Conversing glibly upon non-incriminating topics, Old Reliable opened the door to Judge Vane's reception-room and ushered within his legal tender for a V. Then he hurried into the judge's private office and whispered,

"Jedge, I fotch your nigger."

"Does he want to work?"

"'Work!' Jedge, dat nigger's jes' itchin' to wrastle wid a plow. Please, suh, slip me dat five in here, so he won't 'spicion nothin.' Thankee, suh. Good-by."

Without creating the slightest noise by foot or latch, Old Reliable closed the judge's door behind him, and passed like a shadow through the hallway, mumbling to himself,

"Now den—Hannibal an' de jedge fer it."

His weighty burden was almost greater than he could tote up two flights of steps to the clairvoyant. But it was a grinning and prancing Zack who marched down again, stepping high like an unshackled man, for the wizard had dumped that devil from his shoulders. And the clairvoyant himself, standing at the head of the stairway, was likewise smiling; the transaction had been pleasing to them both.

"Mister"—Zack paused and called back from the landing—"I'm O. K. now, ain't I?"

(Continued on page 88)

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Feeling recklessly secure, Zack never turned his head to see who it was that came up the stairs behind him.

"An', mister, dat ten dollars sho' did fix me up."

"Yes; you are solid as a church."

Old Reliable wheeled and came face to face with Sis Minervy. The woman's scrawny face showed signs of trepidation. "What's dat you say, Bre'r Foster? He don't charge *ten* dollars, do he?"

"No! No!" Zack inserted a rakish thumb into his armhole and looked wise. "He won't charge dat much jes' for prophesyin'. No! No! He won't charge you dat much. But for what *I* got, ten dollars is cheaper'n pig-tracks."

Reassured and smiling, Sis Minervy climbed on, while Brother Foster promenaded out into the sunshine and fetched himself up with a jerk.

"Dar now! Had no biz'ness shootin' off my mouf wid Sis Minervy. She's de very 'ooman what totes dem tales to Seliny."

The complication demanded thought, intense thought; therefore he rambled unconsciously toward his sanctuary of pondering and meditation, the Hot Cat Eating House. Long and peacefully he mused upon its hand-carved bench, then sauntered inside. Surcease of sorrow and a blessed forgetfulness calmed his soul at the moment he opened its holy screen door, for he immediately glimpsed his old friend Goggle-eye, the barefooted fisherman, who sneaked in from the rear alley with a basket on his arm.

"Hello, Goggle-eye! What you got?"

"Fish."

Goggle-eye set down his basket, and Old Reliable at once instituted an investigation beneath the wet mosses.

"Whoo-ee!" Zack exclaimed. "Basses! Silver basses! Whar'd you git 'em?" He might just as well have inquired of a burglar where he got his swag, for Goggle-eye unlawfully seined the lakes by night. "Uh! Uh!" Zack continued to admire. "Ef cunnel could jes' glimpse dese basses, dey sho' would set him plum crazy."

Old Reliable was amiably poking his finger among the fish in Goggle-eye's basket when a voice called from the street:

"Uncle Zack! Uncle Zack! Cunnel's done sent for you."

Ordinarily, it would have delighted Zack to have his cronies view the colonel's car drive up so grandly to convey him home. But something in the chauffeur's voice scared the triumph from his face. He sidled out to the curb and inquired warily,

"Alec, what do de cunnel want?"

"He say git in dis car an' come home."

"Is sump'n' tuk place?"

"Not yit. It's fixin' to take place de minit you 'rives dere. Cunnel sho' is wrathy 'bout dem seeds what never showed up. Jedge Vane come to dinner, an' he been tellin' 'bout how you outdone him concernin' old man Hannibal what won't work. Cunnel never laughed; cunnel never made nary snicker; cunnel say he tole you to fetch old Hannibal to *him*."

"Fat's in de fire," Zack stuttered.

"But dat ain't de wust of it"—Alec had additional and gladder tidings of great joy—"dat ain't *nigh* de wust."

"Uh?" Zack's eyes blinked white.

"Seliny's riled," Alec informed him.

"Lawd Gawd—what all *her*?"

"Nothin'. It's gwine to ail *you*."

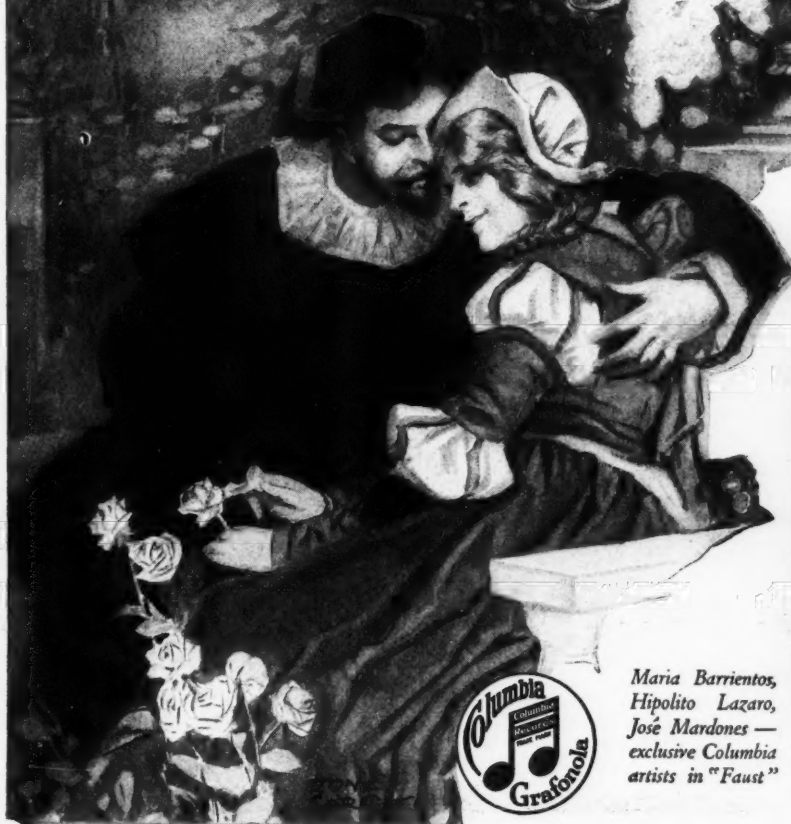
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"What fer?" Zack asked, but he knew. "Sis Minervy tole 'bout seen' you give ten dollars to dat fortune-teller. Cunnel 'low dat five of it was his'n; Jedge Vane grin an' 'spress hisse'f dat de other five must be his'n. Dey sho is jowlin' an' layin' for you."

"Hush, Alec; hush!" Zack leaned weakly against the car, gazing into the Hot Cat at Bud Lowe and Aunt Fanny, who couldn't help him. Then his stare rested upon Goggle-eye.

"Wait, Alec!" Like a scuttling black bug, Old Reliable hustled into the Hot Cat. "Say, Goggle-eye, what you take for ten o' dem fishes? Twenty of 'em?"

The stupid fisherman considered his basket and calculated.

"I laid off to swap dem basses for some breeches an' a pair of shoes."

"You done swapped!" Zack went down on his knees, tore aside the moss, and had begun tossing out the finest silver beauties when Goggle-eye seized his arm.

"Hole on, Uncle Zack; hole on!"

"Dis ain't no case for holdin' on. I needs fishes."

"Whar dem shoes?"

"You gits a fine pair—fine pair," Zack was skilfully stringing three-pounders, and had no leisure for explanation, but Goggle-eye wanted to know.

"What kind o' breeches?" he persisted in asking.

"You remember dem corduroy breeches what de cunnel gimme? Well, dem's de ones what you gits."

"Whar dey?"

"At cunnel's house."

"Den I'll take de fish wid me an' git 'em. Likewise de shoes."

Being a slow-witted creature of the swamps, Goggle-eye failed to coordinate his faculties while Zack grabbed two strings of bass and bolted into the car.

"Travel, Alec; travel!"

Before Alec could travel, the fisherman had rushed out and caught Zack by the arm.

"Leggo, nigger; leggo!" Zack tried to jerk loose. "A trade's a trade."

"But you ain't traded me nothin'."

So, just to pacify him, Old Reliable leaned over from the front seat and communicated his honorable intentions.

"Lissen, Goggle-eye: Ramble out to de cunnel's an' wait for me under dat little chinyberry tree—you knows de place—at de mouf of de alley nigh my house. I'll fetch you dem breeches an' dem shoes an' a hat. I'll throw in a hat."

"Throw in a hat? Extry?"

"Sho'ly! Hats don't signify when I needs fish. Travel, Alec!"

No chauffeur with human heart should have traveled so swift—which made Zack dizzy and allowed no chance to think. Whiz! Bang! And Alec applied his brakes at the Spottiswoode gate.

The colonel and Judge Vane had been sitting on the gallery. When the car halted, Colonel Spottiswoode unlimbered himself and advanced in battle formation, halting at the center of the steps with a glare of light behind him. In this attitude of preparedness, he could open hostilities when Zack approached within reach. But the enemy got there first in a surprise attack, with such a flow of natural gas and such an unexpected weapon as to silence

the colonel's batteries. For Zack jerked open the gate and rushed him.

"Look here, Cunnel; look!"—holding up a magnificent string of silver bass in either hand. "Mister Billy Marion sont you dese basses for supper."

"What!" exclaimed the colonel. "Bass striking! Already? Oh, Bob!"

Judge Vane bounced up and came running; each of them snatched a string of fish and talked excitedly, with Zack at their elbows to maintain the tension.

"Mr. Billy Marion ketched 'em dis mornin'. He lef' town last night, an' sot in to fishin' 'bout daylight."

"This morning?" Judge Vane shook his head incredulously.

"Sho'ly, sub. Dere's de fish. Fishes can't tell lies."

"Zack," the colonel demanded briefly, "what bait did he use? Minnows?"

"No, sub; dem basses never 'lowed Mr. Billy no time to fool wid minners. He had one o' dem whirligig spoons."

"Do you know exactly where he went?"

"I couldn't miss it a inch—little shaller place nigh de upper end o' Eagle Lake. Mister Billy paddled over dere jes' as de basses commenced playin' across dat bar. Jeeminy, Jedge, how he yanked 'em in—yanked 'em!"

Judge Vane looked at Zack, looked at the fish, looked at Colonel Spottiswoode, then stepped to the edge of the gallery and looked up at the sky.

"Clear day to-morrow," he predicted.

"Say, Bev, how's your gasoline launch?"

"Prime order. Just had her overhauled."

"Could she leave here in a couple of hours?"

"Make it a couple of minutes."

"Fine! We're off. Lemme get my tackle—" And the judge started.

"No, Bob; here's everything you need. Don't waste time. Telephone home that you're going with me."

"All right. Get busy."

Judge Robert Vane hurried to the 'phone while Colonel Spottiswoode shouted from the side gallery for Alec not to put up the car but to bring it around quick.

"Alec, dump our bedding into the car. Zack, take those rods. Stop by the ice-house for two hundred pounds. Have plenty gasoline. Zack, ask Selina for the skillets, some meat, and meal—you know what to get—get it!"

Zack knew what to get, but he dassn't show his face in the kitchen. That risk of casualty he shifted to Alec, while he remained out front transporting bedding and tackle to the car.

"Now, Alec," the colonel finished briefly, "take Zack and this plunder to the boat. Have everything shipshape; then drive back for the judge and myself."

Zack was already huddled on the rear seat when Alec grasped the steering-wheel and chuckled.

"Say, ole man; you sho' is one artful contriver."

"Hush, Alec; don't whistle yit. We ain't nigh out o' de woods."

They were about to pass the mouth of the alley. Old Reliable scrouged deeper among the bedding, for there, under the chinaberry tree, sat the trustful Goggle-eye, waiting for his shoes and his breeches, and for the hat that Zack was going to throw in.

The Relapse of Captain Hotstuff, the next **Old Reliable** story, will appear in **January Cosmopolitan**.



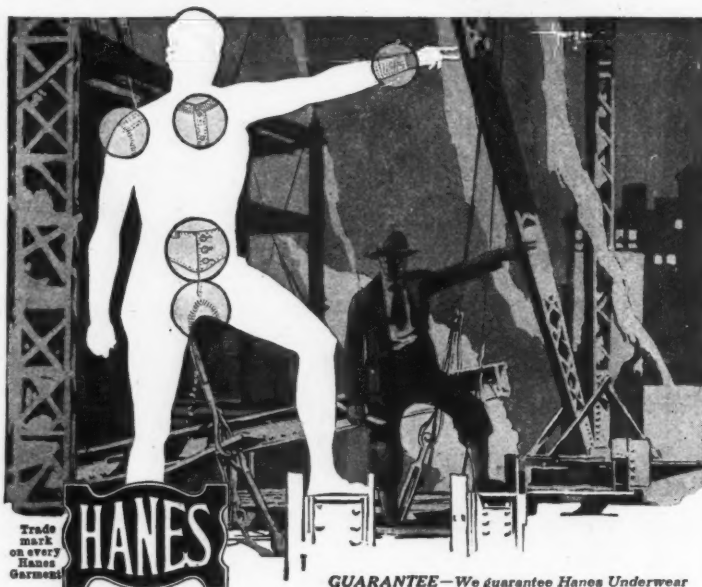
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The Crimson Tide

(Continued from page 62)

"February first," replied Puma quietly. Kastner wrote it on the back of an envelop.

"Und dese vimmen?" he inquired.

"I'll get a lawyer——"

Kastner cut in, in his steely voice:

"If you do not throw out these women, Puma, we fix them and your hall and you—all at onetime, my friend. Also—iss it then for February the first, our understanding?"

Puma got up, nodded his acceptance of their ultimatum, and opened the door for them. When they trooped out, they noticed his splendid limousine waiting, and as they shuffled away westward, Bromberg, looking back, saw Puma come out and jump lightly into the car.

"Swine!" Bromberg snarled, facing the bitter wind once more and shuffling along beside his silent brethren.

Puma went to the Hotel Rajah, where, in a private room, he was to complete a financial transaction with Alonzo B. Pawling.

Skidder, too, came in at the same time, squinting rapidly at his partner, and together they moved toward the elevator.

The elevator waited a moment more to accommodate a willowy, red-haired girl in furs, whose jade eyes barely rested on Puma's magnificent black ones as he stepped aside to make way for her with an extravagant bow.

"Some skirt!" murmured Skidder in his ear, as the car shot upward.

Marya left the car at the mezzanine floor; Puma's eyes were like coals for a moment.

"You know that dame?" inquired Skidder, his eyes fairly snapping.

"No." He did not add that he had seen her at the Combat Club and knew her to belong to another man. But his black eyes were almost blazing as he stepped from the elevator, for in Marya's insolent glance he had caught a vague glimmer of fire—merely a green spark, very faint—if, indeed, it had been there at all.

Pawling himself opened the door for them.

"Is it all right? Do we get the parcel?" were his first words.

"It's a knock-out!" cried Skidder, slapping him on the back. "We got the land; we got the plans; we got the iron; we got the contracts! Oh, boy—our dough is in—go look at it and smell it for yourself! So get into the jack, old scout, and ante up, because we break ground Wednesday, and there'll be bills before then, you betcha!"

When the cocktails were brought, Puma swallowed his in a hurry, saying he'd be back in a moment and bidding Skidder enlighten Mr. Pawling during the interim.

He summoned the elevator, got out at the mezzanine. And saw Marya standing by the marble ramp, looking down at the bustle below.

Puma stopped not far away. And presently Marya turned her head and her green eyes met his black ones.

Neither winced. The sheer bulk of the beast and the florid magnificence of its color seemed to fascinate her.

She had seen him before and hardly noted him. She remembered. But the



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world was duller then, and the outlook gray. And then, too, her still green eyes had not yet wandered beyond far horizons, nor had her heart been cut adrift to follow her fancy when the tides stirred it from its mooring, carrying it away, away through deeps or shallows as the currents swerved.

XXIV

PALLA had not seen Jim for a very long time now. Christmas passed, bringing neither gift nor message, although she had sent him a little remembrance. The new year brought no greeting from him either. And there was another matter that was causing her a constantly increasing unrest—she had not seen Marya for many a day.

Quiet grief for what now appeared to be a friendship ended—at other times, a tinge of bitterness that he had let it end so relentlessly—and sometimes, at night, the secret dread—eternally buried yet perennially resurrected—the still, hidden, ever-living fear of Marya. These the girl knew, now, as part of life.

She went on steadily with her life's business; there were the increasingly exciting sessions of the Combat Club, now interrupted nightly by fierce outbreaks from emissaries of the Red Flag Club.

Also, there had been an innovation established among her company of moderate socialists—a corps of missionary speakers, who volunteered on certain nights to speak from the classic soap-box on street-corners, urging the propaganda of their panacea, the law of Love and Service.

Twice already, despite her natural timidity and dread of public speaking, Palla had faced idle, half-curious, half-sneering crowds just east or west of Broadway, had gently replied to heckling, blushed under insult, stood trembling by her guns to the end.

Ilse was more convincing, more popular with her gay insouciance and infectious laughter, and her unexpected and enchanting flashes of militancy, which always interested the crowd.

And always, after these soap-box efforts, both Palla and Ilse were insulted over the telephone by unknown men. Their mail, also, invariably contained abusive or threatening letters, and Estridge purchased pistols for them both and exacted pledges that they carry them at night.

On the evening selected for Palla's third essay in street-oratory, she slipped her pistol into her muff and set out alone, not waiting for Ilse, who, with John Estridge, was to meet her after dinner at her house, and, as usual, accompany her to the place selected. But they knew where she was to speak, and she did not doubt they would turn up sooner or later at the rendezvous.

She walked because she had need of exercise, not even deigning to unfurl her umbrella against the mist which spun silvery ovals over every electric globe along Fifth Avenue.

When finally she turned westward, the dark obscurity of the cross-street seemed to stretch away into infinite night; and she hurried a little, scarcely realizing why.

There did not seem to be a soul in sight—she noticed that—yet suddenly, half-way down the street, she discovered a man walking at her elbow. She hastened her steps; he moved as swiftly.

"Look here," he said. "I know who you are. And we've stood just about enough

from you and your friends. And we're going to stop you. See?"

"Try it," she said hotly, and hurried on, her hand clutching the pistol in her wet muff, her eyes fixed on the unknown man.

"I've a mind to dust you good and plenty right here," he said. "Quit your running now and beat it back again." His viselike grip was on her left arm, almost jerking her off her feet; and the next moment she struck him with her loaded pistol full in the face.

As he veered away, she saw the white face suddenly painted with wet scarlet.

The sight of the blood made her sick, but she kept her pistol leveled, backing away westward all the while.

There was an iron railing near; he went over and leaned against it as though stupefied. Then Palla turned and ran. And she was still breathing fast and unevenly when she came to Broadway.

She had made, in the beginning of her street-corner career, arrangements with a neighboring bootblack to furnish one soap-box on demand at a quarter of a dollar rent for every evening.

She extracted the quarter from her purse and paid the boy, carried the soap-box herself to the curb, and mounted it.

Columns of passing umbrellas hid her so that not many people noticed her, but gradually that perennial audience of shabby opportunists which always gathers anywhere from nowhere, ringed her soap-box. And Palla began to speak in the drizzling rain.

For some time there was no interruptions, no jeers, no doubtful pleasantries. But when it became more plain to the increasing crowd that this smartly though simply gowned young woman had come to Broadway in the rain for the purpose of protesting against all forms of violence, including the right of the working people to strike, ugly remarks became audible.

But she went on calmly, explaining the different degrees and extremes of socialism, revealing how the abused term had been used as camouflage by the party committed to the utter annihilation of everything worth living for. A well-dressed man interrupted at one point.

"Say, who pays you to come here and hand out that Wall Street stuff?"

"Nobody pays me," she replied patiently.

All right, then, if that's true, who don't you tell us something about the interests and the profiteers and all them dirty games the capitalists is riggin' up. We oughta serve 'em a brick on the neck and love 'em with a black-jack!"

"How far would that get you?" asked Palla gently.

"As far as their pants pockets, anyway!"

"And when you empty those, who is to employ and pay you?"

"Don't worry," he sneered; "we'll do the employing after that."

"And will your employees do to you some day what you did to your employers with a black-jack?"

The crowd laughed, but her heckler shook his fist at her and yelled,

"Ain't I tellin' you that we'll be sittin' in these damn gold-plated houses and payin' wages to these here fat millionaires for blackin' our shoes!"

"You mean that when Bolshevism rules there are to be rich and poor just the same as at present?"



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Again the crowd laughed.

"All right!" bawled the man, waving both arms above his head. "Yes; I do mean it! It will be our turn then. Why not? What do we want to split fifty-fifty with them soft, fat millionaires for? Nix on that stuff!"

He had backed out of the circle and disappeared in the crowd before Palla could attempt further reasoning with him. So she merely shook her head in gentle disapproval and dissented.

There were a few more words she might say before the time she allowed herself had expired, and she found courage to go on, striving to explain to the shifting knot of people that the battle which now threatened civilization was the terrible and final fight between order and disorder; and that, under inexorable laws which could never change, order meant life and survival, disorder chaos and death for all living things.

A few cheered her as she bade them good-night, picked up her soap-box, and carried it back to her bootblack friend.

She was surprised that Ilse and John Estridge had not appeared—could not understand it as she made her way toward a taxi-cab.

For, in view of the startling occurrence earlier in the evening, and the non-appearance of Ilse and Estridge, Palla had decided to return in a taxi.

She felt tired and strained, and a trifle faint now, where she lay back, swaying there on her seat. And a dull sense of something sinister impending—an indefinable apprehension—was with her. And she gazed darkly out on the dark streets, possessed by a melancholy which she did not attempt to analyze.

Yet partly it came from the ruptured comradeship which always haunted her mind, partly because of Ilse and the uncertainty of what might happen to her, may have happened already, for all Palla knew, and partly because, although she did not realize it, in the profound depths of her girl's being she was vaguely conscious of something latent which seemed to have lain hidden there for a long, long time—something inert, inexorable, indestructible, which, if it ever stirred from its intense stillness, must be reckoned with in years to come.

The taxi drew up before her house. Rain was falling heavily as she ran up the steps. Her maid heard the rattle of her night-key and came to relieve her of her wet things, and to say that Miss Westgard had telephoned and had left a number to be called.

The slip of paper bore John Estridge's telephone-number, and Palla seated herself at her desk and called it. Almost immediately she heard Ilse's voice.

"What is the matter, dear?" inquired Palla, with the slightest shiver of that premonition which was haunting her.

But Ilse's voice was cheerful.

"We were so sorry not to go with you this evening, darling, but Jack is feeling so queer that he's turned in and I've sent for a physician."

"Shall I come around?" asked Palla.

"Oh, no," replied Ilse calmly; "but I've an idea Jack may need a nurse."

"What is it?" faltered Palla.

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though something were wrong with his appendix. So if it really is acute appendicitis, we must know as soon as possible."

"Are you going to stay there to-night?"
"Of course," replied Ilse calmly. "Tell me, Palla, how did the soap-box arguments go?"

"Not very well. I was heckled. I'm such a wretched public speaker, Ilse; I can never remember what rejoinders to make until it's too late."

She did not mention her encounter with the unknown man; Ilse had enough to occupy her. They chatted a few moments longer, and then said good-night.

A little after midnight, Palla's telephone-bell rang beside her bed, and, with a pang of fear, she groped for the instrument.

"Jack is seriously ill," came the level voice of Ilse. "We have taken him to the Memorial Hospital."

"W-what is it?" asked Palla.

"They say it is pneumonia."

"Oh, Ilse! Tell me what I can do, darling!"

"Nothing—except love us both."

"I do—I do indeed!"

"Both, Palla?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you understand?"

"Oh, I—I think I do. And I do love you—love you both—devotedly—"

"You must *now*. I am going home to get some things. Then I shall go to the hospital. You can call me there until he is convalescent."

"Will they let you stay there?"

"I have volunteered for general work. They are terribly short-handed, and they are glad to have me."

"I'll come to-morrow," said Palla.

"No. Wait. Good-night, my darling."

XXV

TOWARD the middle of January, the fever which had burned John Estridge for a week fell a degree or two.

Palla, who had called twice a day at the Memorial Hospital, was seated in a little room near the disinfecting-plant, talking to Ilse, who had just laid aside her mask.

"You look rather ill yourself," said Ilse, in her cheery, even voice. "Is anything worrying you, darling?"

"Yes. You are."

"I!" exclaimed Ilse, really astonished. "Why?"

"Sometimes," murmured Palla, "my anxiety makes me almost sick."

"Anxiety about *me*?"

"You know why," whispered Palla.

A bright flush stained Ilse's face. She said calmly,

"But our creed is broad enough to include all things beautiful and good."

Palla shrank as though she had been struck, and sat staring out of the narrow window.

Ilse lifted a basket of soiled linen and carried it away. When, presently, she returned to take away another basket, she inquired whether Palla had made up her quarrel with Jim Shotwell, and Palla shook her head.

"Do you really suppose Marya has made mischief between you?"

"Oh, I don't know, Ilse," said the girl listlessly. "I don't know what it is that seems to be so wrong with the world—with everything—with *me*—"

She rose nervously, bade Ilse adieu, and

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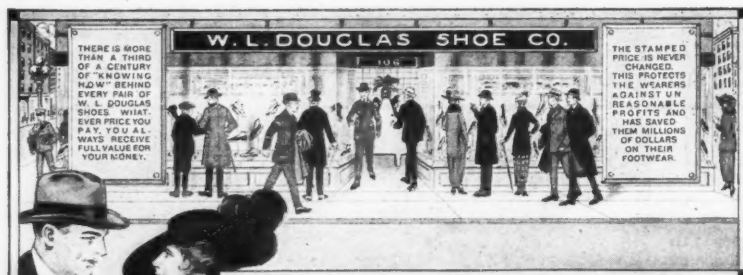
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went out without turning her head—perhaps because her brown eyes had suddenly blurred with tears.

Half-way to home she passed the Hotel Rajah. And why she did it she had no very clear idea, but she turned abruptly and entered the gorgeous lobby went to the desk and sent up her name to Marya Lanois. It appeared, presently, that Miss Lanois was at home and would receive her in her apartment.

Palla's first glance informed her that Marya had grown a trifle thinner since they had met—more brilliant in her distinctive coloration. They seated themselves, and Marya fell into animated, gossiping conversation.

"Vanya?" repeated Marya, smiling. "No; I have not seen him. That is quite finished, you see. But I hope he is well. But tell me, Palla, what are you doing these days?"

"Nothing. The club—and recently I go twice a day to the Memorial Hospital."

"Why?"

"John Estridge is ill there."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Pneumonia."

"Oh. I am so sorry for Ilse!" Her eyes rested intently on Palla's for a moment; then she smiled subtly.

Palla's face whitened a little.

"I want to ask you a question, Marya. You know our belief—concerning life in general. Tell me—since your separation from Vanya, do you still believe in that creed?"

"Do I still believe in my own personal liberty to do as I choose? Of course."

"From the moral side?"

"Moral!" mocked Marya, "What are morals? Artificial conventions accidentally established! It's purely a matter of local folk-ways—racial customs—as to whether one is or is not immoral. All beliefs are local, and local customs or morals are the result. Therefore, they don't worry me."

Palla sat with her troubled eyes on the careless, garrulous, half-smiling Russian girl. She said hesitatingly, almost shyly,

"I've wondered a little, Marya, how it ever happened that such an institution as marriage became practically universal."

"Marriage isn't an institution," explained Marya smilingly. "The family, which existed long before marriage, is the institution, because it has a definite structure, which marriage hasn't. Marriage always has been merely a locally varying mode of sex-association. No laws can control it. What really controls two people who have entered into such a relation is local opinion. You and I happen to be, locally, in the minority with our opinions—that's all."

Palla rose and walked slowly to the door. "Have you seen Jim recently?" she managed to say carelessly.

Marya waited for her to turn before replying.

"Haven't you seen him?" she asked, with the leisurely malice of certainty.

"No; not for a long while," replied Palla. "We had a little difference. Have you seen him lately?"

Marya's sympathy flickered swift as a dagger.

"What a shame for him to behave so childishly!" she cried. "I shall scold him soundly. He's like an infant—that boy—the way he sulks if you deny him any-

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thing—" She checked herself, laughed in a confused way which confessed and defined.

Palla's fixed smile was still stamped on her rigid lips as she made her adieux. Then she went out, with death in her heart.

Dusk came before Palla arrived at her house. She went into her unlighted living-room and threw herself on the lounge, lying with eyes closed and the back of one gloved hand across her temples.

When a servant came to turn up the lamp, Palla had bitten her lip till the blood flecked her white glove. She sat up, declined to have tea, and, after the maid had departed, she remained seated, her teeth busy with her underlip again, her eyes fixed on space. After a long while she seemed to arrive at a conclusion, for she went to her bedroom, drew a bath, and rang for her maid.

"I want my rose evening gown," she said. "It needs a stitch or two where I tore it dancing."

At six, not being dressed yet, she put on a belted chamber-robe and trotted into the living-room, as confidently as though she had no doubts concerning what she was about to do.

It seemed to take a long while for the operator to make the connection, and Palla's hand trembled a little where it held the receiver tightly against her ear. When, presently, a servant answered, she said,

"Please say to him that a client wishes to speak to him regarding an investment."

Finally she heard his voice saying:

"This is Mr. Shotwell. Who is it wishes to speak to me?"

"A client," she faltered, "who desires to—participate with you in some plan for the purpose of—of improving our mutual relationship."

"Palla!" She could hardly hear his voice.

"I—I'm so unhappy, Jim. Could you come to-night?"

He made no answer.

"I suppose you haven't heard that Jack Estridge is very ill?" she added.

"No. What is the trouble?"

"Pneumonia."

She heard him mutter:

"That's terrible! That's a bad business!" Then, to her, "Where is he?"

She told him. He said he'd call at the hospital. But he said nothing about seeing her.

"I wondered," came her wistful voice, "whether, perhaps, you would dine here alone with me this evening?"

"Why do you ask me?"

"Because—I—our last quarrel was so bitter—and I feel the hurt of it yet. It hurts even physically, Jim."

"I did not mean to do such a thing to you."

"No; I know you didn't. But that numb sort of pain is always there. I can't seem to get rid of it, no matter what I do."

"Are you very busy still?"

"Yes. I saw—Marya—to-day."

"Is that unusual?"

"Yes. I haven't seen her since—since she and Vanya separated."

"Oh! Have they separated?" he asked with such unfeigned surprise that the girl's heart leaped wildly.

"Didn't you know?"

"I haven't seen her since I saw you," he replied.

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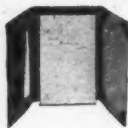
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Palla strove to control her voice. Then: "Please, Jim, let us forgive and break bread again together. I"—she drew a deep, unsteady breath—"I can't tell you how our separation has made me feel. If I could only see you again—"

There ensued a silence so protracted that a shaft of fear struck through her. Then his voice, pleasantly collected:

"I'll be around in a few minutes."

Their dinner was a pleasant but subdued affair. Afterward she played for him—interrupted once by a telephone-call from Ilse, who said that John's temper-ature had risen a degree and the only thing to do was to watch him every second. But she refused Palla's offer to join her at the hospital, and the girl went slowly back to the piano.

But, somehow, even that seemed too far away from the man who once had been her avowed lover. And after idling with the keys for a few minutes, she came back to the lounge where he was seated. He looked up from his reverie.

"This is most comfortable, Palla," he said, with a slight smile.

"Do you like it?"

"Of course."

"You need not go away at all—if it pleases you."

He looked at her in a dazed way.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I mean—if you want me—I am—not afraid any more—" They had both risen instinctively, as though to face something vital. She said: "Don't ask me to submit to any degrading ceremony. I love you enough."

He said slowly:

"Do you realize what you say? You are crazy! You and your socialist friends pretend to be fighting anarchy. You preach against Bolshevism. You warn the world that the Crimson Tide is rising. And every word you utter swells it. You are the anarchists yourselves. You are the Bolsheviks of the world! You come bringing disorder where there is order; you substitute unproven theory for proven practise. You come to impose your will on a world already content with its own God and its own belief.

"Have you any idea what happens to a man when the girl he loves, and who says she cares for him, refuses marriage? It was terrible even when you cared for me only a little. But—but now—do you know what I think of your creed? I hate it as you hated the beasts who slew your friend! Damn your creed!"

She covered her face with both hands; there was a noise like thunder in her brain.

She heard the front door close sharply.

This, then, was the finish. Love had ended. Youth itself was ending, too, here in the dead silence of this lamplit room, where she sat while half-hours and hours rang clearly from the mantel-clock.

There remained nothing more. Except that ever darkening horizon where, at the earth's ends, those grave shapes of cloud closed out the vista of remoter skies. There seemed to be no shelter anywhere in the vast nakedness of the scheme of things—no shadow under which to crouch—no refuge.

Dim visions of cloistered forms, moving in a blessed twilight, grew and assumed familiar shape amid the dumb desolation reigning in her brain. The spectral temptation passed, repassed; processional, recession glided by, timed by her heart's low rhythm.

But, little by little, she came to understand that there was no refuge even there, no mystic glow in the dark corridors of her own heart, no source of light save from the candles glimmering on the high altar, no aureole above the crucifix. Always, everywhere, there seemed to be no shelter, no roof above the scheme of things.

The telephone-bell rang. As she slowly rose from the sofa, she noted the hour as it sounded—four o'clock in the morning.

A man's voice was speaking an unhurried, precise, low-pitched monotonous voice:

"This is the Memorial Hospital. Doctor Willis speaking. Mr. John Estridge died at ten minutes to four. Miss Westgard wishes to go to your residence if convenient. . . . Thank you. Miss Westgard will go to you immediately. Good-by."

Palla rose from her chair in the unfurnished drawing-room, went out into the hall, admitted Ilse, then locked and chained the two front doors.

When she turned round, trembling and speechless, they kissed. But it was only Palla's mouth that trembled; and when they mounted the stairs, it was Ilse's arm that supported Palla. Except that her eyes were heavy and seemed smeared with deep violet under the lower lids, Ilse did not appear very much changed.

She took off her furs, hat, and gloves and sat down beside Palla. Her voice was quite clear and steady. She said:

"We talked a little together, Jack and I, after I telephoned to you. That was the last. His hand began to burn in mine steadily, like something on fire. And when, presently, I found he was not asleep, I motioned to the night nurse. The change seemed to come suddenly; she went to find one of the internes. I sat with my hand on his pulse. There were three physicians there. Jack was not conscious after midnight."

Palla's lips and throat were dry and aching, and her voice almost inaudible.

"Oh, Ilse, I wish this God who deals out such wickedness and misery had struck me down instead!"

Neither seemed to notice the agnostic paradox in this bitter cry wrung from a young girl's grief.

Ilse closed her eyes as though to rest them, and sat so, her steady hand on Palla's. And so resting, said:

"Jack, of course, lives. But it seems a long time to wait to see him."

"Jack lives," whispered Palla.

"Of course. Only—it seems so long a time to wait. I wanted to show him—how kind love has been to us—how still more wonderful love could have been to us for I could have borne him many children. And now I shall bear but one."

After a silence, Palla lifted her eyes. In them the shadow of terror still lingered. There was not an atom of color in her face.

It is easy to stick to one's creed while life's external conditions remain unchanged. But when the unforeseen and uncontrollable happen—And these certainly do happen to Palla in the concluding instalment of *The Crimson Tide*, which appears in

January *Cosmopolitan*.



"Mine's Best"

"Oh, I know mine is best," Dorothy says. "Just

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The Civilizing of Swift Lightning

(Continued from page 41)

body trembled with pleasure, and in her throat was always a greeting note of gladness.

And each time Swift Lightning tried harder and harder to see what was there!

He knew; he had heard the faint little voices, and yet, because of the gloom and Firefly's protecting body, he had not seen. At last he dared to seek gently, and when the cool tip of his nose touched for the first time one of the soft little bits of life snuggling in the warmth of Firefly's hair, he jumped back almost as if he had touched the hot end of an iron. And then, in another irresistible fit of zeal, he went out and hunted until he killed a fourth rabbit, which he added to the untouched offering in Firefly's nest.

Not until late that afternoon did Firefly come out from under the windfall, and then it was only to go to the little creek and drink. She came out again at dusk. All that night, Swift Lightning did not go away from the windfall. The next morning, he began hunting again. The rabbits were so plentiful that it was not difficult for him to kill, and he added two more carcasses to the three already close to the edge of Firefly's nest. Firefly ate one of the fresh rabbits that day. One from five still left four, but if Swift Lightning possessed any knowledge of arithmetic, he did not allow it to interfere with his enthusiasm. Once more his cup of happiness was full to the brim and running over, and, inasmuch as Firefly could not play or run with him, his energy continued to find its chief vent in hunting. Rabbits piled up about Firefly until her bright eyes peered over a barricade of them when Swift Lightning entered the windfall.

And then came the inevitable. An unwholesome odor began to fasten itself upon Firefly's home. It grew steadily stronger until, on the fifth day after the first kill, Swift Lightning came home with another rabbit to find his mate slyly busy in a process of house-cleaning. One after another, Firefly brought out nine rabbits, and each rabbit she covered with leaves and mold at a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the windfall. Then, for the first time, she lay down outside the windfall and ate the freshly killed rabbit which Swift Lightning had brought her.

One day, not so very long after this, Firefly had another home-coming surprise in store for her mate when he returned from the hunt. For out into a pool of warm sunlight Firefly had brought her babies, and there Swift Lightning saw them clearly for the first time, tumbling about the golden body of their mother, a marvelous sight for the eyes of fatherhood. And it must be that his heart swelled with new pride and new joy, and surely Firefly's heart was singing within her, for nature had shown no disappointing favoritism in that family of theirs. There were two little Fireflies, tawny and yellow, and two little Swift Lightnings, silver and gray.

In the splendid days and nights that followed, Firefly had not much time to think of Gaston Rouget's cabin and her friends there, for her children were lively little creatures and their demands were insistent and tireless. In fact, the failing of indulgence that sometimes comes with

first motherhood held Firefly firmly in its grip. The proudest moment in her life was when this brood waddled after her to the little creek one day, and the proudest moment in Swift Lightning's was when, after long and patient waiting, this same little brood acted like young cannibals every time he brought a rabbit in. They did not eat the flesh, but they had a lot of fun in pulling hair. And during these same days, in the cabin of Gaston Rouget, Firefly and Swift Lightning were given up as gone for all time.

But in Firefly, in spite of her happiness, the lure of "home" was only asleep and not dead. And, after a time, it slowly began to waken, and inside her there grew more and more the desire to take her little family to the cabin in the clearing. For the nights were chilly now. And instinct urged her to find a warmer home for her puppies than the old windfall.

What would have happened soon after that, it is difficult to say. It is probable—but it is useless to conjecture. Many things might have happened. As it was, Fate drove straight home with the final dramatic episode in Swift Lightning's life. To achieve her end, she sent Yootin Wetikoo.

Yootin Wetikoo was neither red nor white. It was not of flesh and blood. It was, in short, the devil-wind. This devil-wind did not come frequently. But when it did come, it was believed that all the devils in the land had gone mad in their desire to disrupt the world. To white men, it was neither a thing of mystery nor of bad spirits. It was the northwest tornado.

This year, even though the month was late September, it was preceded by a veritable inferno of thunder and lightning. Half an hour of that, and the cataclysm broke over the windfall. For a space, the sky was a sea of electrical fire and the earth trembled with the shock of the mighty atmospheric convulsions far up above the forests. Firefly cowered back in her nest, and her puppies snuggled themselves close, whimpering against her body. Swift Lightning, as if to protect his possessions even from the wrath of storm, lay close to the opening out of the windfall, his eyes staring into the night and filled with the lightning's flare. For not more than a quarter of an hour there was a deluge of rain, and then, traveling swiftly, thunder and lightning and rain raced into the east and steadily died away. After it there followed a dead silence, terrible and black. In that silence, Swift Lightning could hear distinctly the sound of the suddenly flooded little rivulet and the dripping of water from the boughs of the trees. And then, from far away, there came faintly a low moaning.

There was no break in that dismal and foreboding sound. It grew slowly and steadily nearer until, at last, the sound of it was like the sound of a waterfall. And then, like an avalanche, it was upon the forest. Swift Lightning could not see, but he could hear, and what he heard was something that had never come to his ears in the fiercest storms that had ever swept over the pole. The path of the tornado was not—(Concluded on page 108).



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PRIVATE OFFICE

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ROY CARRUTHERS
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Mr. P. W. Jones,
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(ESTABLISHED 1895)
35 Maiden Lane-New York

more than half a mile wide, but, five miles away, Gaston Rouget and Jeanne were listening to the roar of it. In that path there was a snapping and rending of tree. Tall spruce and cedars were torn up by the roots as if they were weeds. Trails were choked. Open spaces were suddenly filled with the debris of ruin and desolation. Now and then, out of the heart of the wind, a giant hand seemed to drive straight down—and, when this happened, anything that was in the path of that hand was swept aside as if by a giant broom. The roar was terrific. It was as if, for a brief space, the world was coming to an end.

From straight over the windfall shot down one of the terrible, destroying spear-thrusts of the tornado. It veered slightly, so that the edge of it, like a mighty knuckle, struck Swift Lightning's side of the windfall. In that explosion of the wind, Swift Lightning felt the crash of logs and tree-tops and debris about him. The edge of the windfall was twisted and torn into pieces, and suddenly there fell upon him out of the blackness a great and crushing weight.

Only twenty feet away, Firefly's nest remained almost undisturbed. In it she shivered, and nuzzled her puppies as the tornado roared overhead and went on. In the trail it had blasted through the forest followed, for a brief interval, another deluge of rain. Half an hour later, the old silence hovered over the stricken timber-land.

In the first of that silence, Firefly heard a strange sound from Swift Lightning. It was not a yelp. It was not a howl. It was not a dog's cry of distress. For Swift Lightning, when it came to bearing pain, was *wolf*—and in the agony that was upon him now, it was hardly more than a throat-note that he made. But Firefly heard it. She whimpered a reply, and in answer to that whimper came a gasping, moaning sigh. Half a minute later, she had made her way to him through a tangle of debris. He was no longer in the windfall, but in the open. And over him, crushing him into the earth, lay the butt of a tree twice as thick through as a man's body.

In Firefly's slim golden head was the brain of the collie, the brain which, at times, seems almost human, and for hours that night she dug to save the life of her mate. She sensed the nearness of death, and utterly she gave herself up to her task. After storm, the skies cleared. The moon and the stars came out. And still she dug. Her puppies whimpered and called. But she continued to dig. She tore at the earth with teeth and claws until she was exhausted and her feet were raw. But it was impossible for her to save Swift Lightning. His body was crushed. One of his legs was broken. Slowly the life was dying out of him.

In the early dawn, Firefly gave up her task. But in the last extreme one thing always rises up in the vision of the collie dog. It is man. Human help. And, with her last strength, Firefly covered the five miles between the windfall and the cabin of Gaston Rouget, and before the door of the cabin she barked and scratched until both Gaston and Jeanne rolled out of their bed to see what the tumult meant. And what Jeanne and Gaston saw drew a strange cry from each. For Firefly's paws left stains of blood on the cabin

floor. She was panting, and almost ready to drop. But she ran back half-way to the edge of the forest—once—twice—three times—barking for Gaston Rouget to follow her. And, at last, understanding that something of mystery lay out there beyond the edge of the clearing, Gaston put on his clothes quickly, caught up his rifle, and followed.

The sun was well up, and the last of life was fading slowly out of Swift Lightning's eyes when a strange vision stood for a moment before him. It was man. And Firefly was with him. And then he could no longer see. But he heard sounds, indistinctly for a time, and, after that, all blackness. And Gaston Rouget, with a broken sapling for a lever, labored with the will of a giant at the great log—and two hours later he returned to the cabin in the clearing with a strange burden in his arms.

After that, Swift Lightning knew that things were happening. His eyes opened. And he saw the wonder of it all. But he was helpless. He could not move. He was paralyzed. Gaston was holding his fore leg straight out on a narrow slab of flat wood, and Jeanne was binding it round and round with long strips of cloth—and he had no strength to snap at them. And they were talking to him, and, when it was done, the woman's hand stroked his head. And just beyond them was the little Jeanne, big-eyed and staring, and at the door, held back by Gaston's command, were Trésor and Waps. Then he was put on a soft blanket in a corner of the cabin, and the man went out, taking Trésor and Waps with him. For a long time he lay there. Frequently the woman came to him and put her hand on him, unafraid, and placed water and fresh meat right under his nose. And after that—a long time afterward—the man returned, and this time there came through the door with him Firefly, his mate, and Firefly, tired as she was, jumped up excitedly about a big basket which he carried. This basket, Gaston opened, and from it, one by one, he drew out Swift Lightning's two little sons and two little daughters and put them down on the blanket beside him. And Swift Lightning, overcome by the miracle of it, closed his eyes and sighed.

That sigh was the sigh of Skagen, the great Dane. For, after twenty years, the spirit of the white man's dog had come into its own, and the beginning of the revelation was upon Swift Lightning—the beginning of his dream come true. For never after this need he fear the scent or the touch of the white man's hand. And Gaston, answering the question on Jeanne's lips, shrugged his shoulders and laughed softly.

"Yes; he will live, *ma chérie*. It will be many weeks before he runs again, and he will run always with a limp—but he will live. And when that time comes, he will not go very far away again. *Non*. There is dog in his eyes. And he will love you. Not me, Gaston Rouget, big and black and hairy, but you, my Jeanne. *Oui*; he will love you—*par dessus la tête*—or I miss my guess. See—he is looking at you now! Is it not so? Do you not see the dog shining there? I think he has come home—after a long time. And I tell you that he will never again go very far away."

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Five Days to Prove I Can Raise Your Pay

I've done it for thousands of others. I can doubtless do it for you. If I can't, then it won't cost you a cent.

I MEAN just what I say. There's no trick or catch about it. Give me five days and I'll prove that I can get your pay raised for you. I'll do it on a "show you" basis. You get the proof before you pay me a cent.

You've probably heard of me. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches. There's no sound reason why I cannot do it for you. So let's try.

Now, follow me carefully. I'm going to tell you exactly how to do it. I'm the possessor of a "secret" for which men have been searching since Time began.

There's no need to discuss the whys and the wherefores of this "secret." Suffice it to say

that *It Works*. That's all we care about — *It Works*. Over 350,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves.

Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut. Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Governor Ferris, of Michigan; and thousands of others of equal prominence.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing.

That's merely playing at it. Listen to this: A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. To-day this young man is worth \$200,000. He is building a \$25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were \$20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to \$40,000. And this genial 64-year-old man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his.

I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, although heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the

Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our Wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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I know you'll think that I've claimed a lot. Perhaps you think there must be a catch somewhere. But here is my offer. You can easily make thousands—you can't lose a penny.

Send no money—no, not a cent. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to me. By return mail you'll receive, not a pamphlet, but the whole "secret" told in this wonderful book, "POWER OF WILL." Keep it five days. Look it over in your home. Apply some of its simple teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back. You will be out nothing.

But if you do feel that "POWER OF WILL" will do for you what it has done for over a quarter of a million others—if you feel as they do that it's the next greatest book to the Bible—send me only \$3.50 and you and I'll be square.

If you pass this offer by, I'll be out only the small profit on a three-and-a-half-dollar sale. But you—you may easily be out the difference between what you're making now and an income several times as great. So you see you've a lot—a whole lot—more to lose than I.

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A Few Examples

Personal Experiences

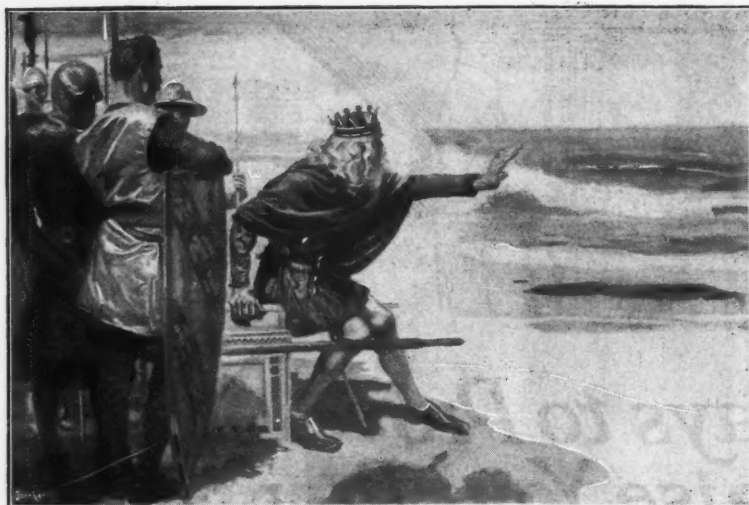
Among over 350,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Lieut. Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christensen of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, of Detroit; Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

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The Tryst

(Continued from page 73)

jubilance conquered all doubts. And yet I had forgot the main element.

The ride past Rampur to Baramula in the misty cool of the morning, with a silver sun drifting slowly up over the Himalayas, was a continued delight, and my heart was singing an incoherent song of joy.

At Baramula, the gorge suddenly opened out, and we entered through the crack in the saucer which is the southwestern pass into the Vale of Kashmir. Stretching before us for a distance of thirty-five miles, lined on either side with solid rows of giant poplars, was the highway to Srinagar, City of the Sun. The Jhelum, which is so turbulent in the gorge, meanders peacefully through the vale, a delightful highway for the doonga boats, propelled by lotus-bladed paddles in the hands of half-naked natives.

The tonga halted at the station for another relay of horses, and the shivering hostlers came out yawning and rubbing their knees. The hamlet is a small one—a few log-and-lattice houses by the roadside and the river. I was about to descend to stretch my legs when a hostler came forward quickly, leaned across me to adjust a strap, and murmured in his beard: "Excellency, above the cobbler's by the river you are expected. There is a lad here to direct—"

These words, whispered in my ear, poured down into my heart like a stream of ice-water. I hardly dared breathe for fear of betraying myself. So he was in the game, too! I knew that the hostler had blundered, but the fact was obvious that Somers was expected. Then my heart grew warm.

Nodding lightly, I leaped to the ground and followed swiftly after the boy. We made our way down a rutted lane, still dim with mists and shadows, to a chalet-like cottage, whose latticed second story hung out above the cobbler's shop.

"Here," said the boy, pointing to a flight of stairs.

For an instant I hesitated, regretting that I carried no weapon; but there was an air about the whole adventure that impressed me with a sense of inevitableness, and making my way up the dark stairs, I came to a door, which I opened cautiously, and stepped within.

The room I entered was dark and warm. There were divans covered with rugs; a rich Persian carpet lay upon the floor; in one corner stood a brazier filled with glowing coals; the arched windows were closed by huge latticework boxes and loosely woven curtains. At one of these windows a woman was standing, staring dreamily through the latticework. I wavered. I could think of no adequate words. Who was she? I thought of the sultana of Somers' romance.

"Ranee," I whispered.

Slowly, uncertainly, the woman turned her head until her eyes rested upon me. She was very beautiful, as beautiful as any woman I have ever seen, winsome yet firm, languorous yet full of fire. Even in the half-light I could see the delicate color in her warm cheeks, the flash of joy in her dark eyes, the moist gleam of her teeth as



DODGE BROTHERS

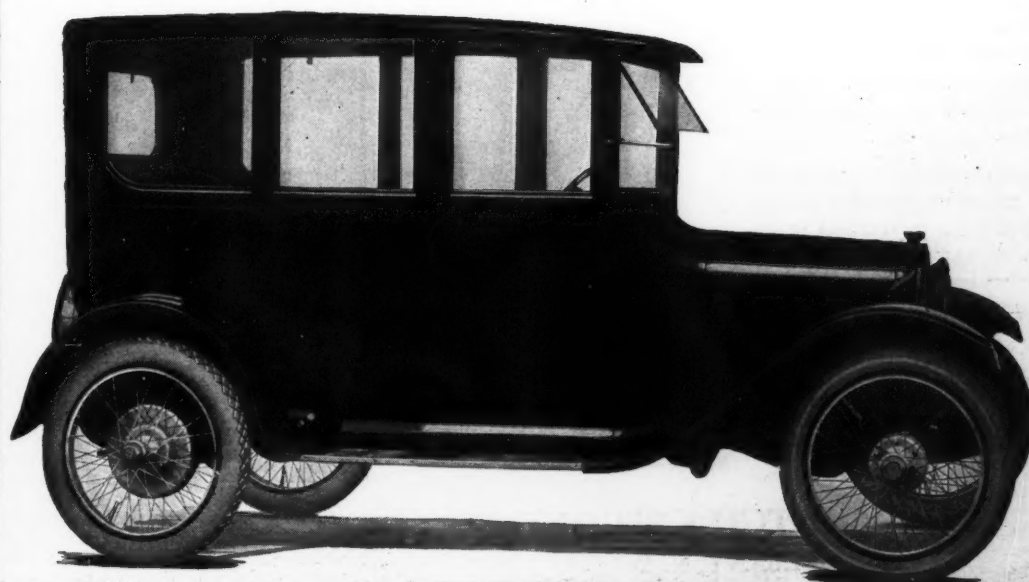
4 DOOR SEDAN

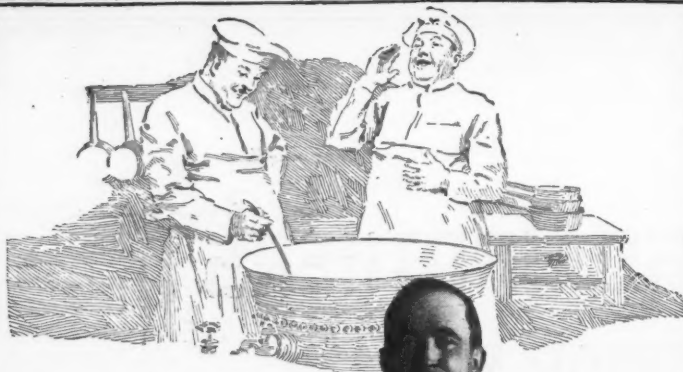
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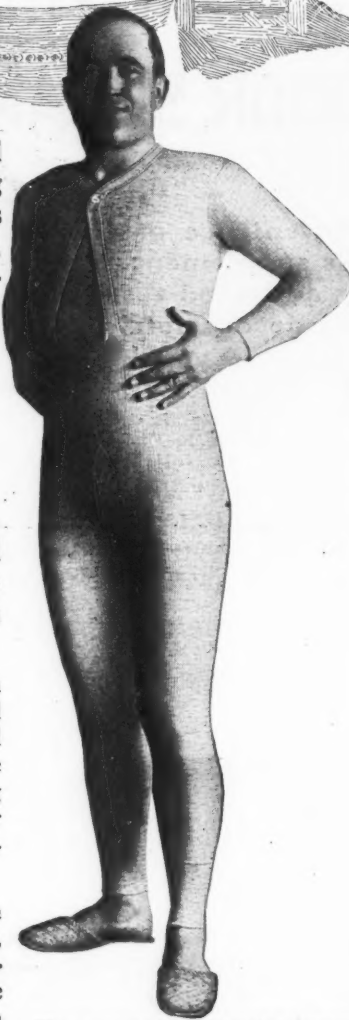


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her lips drew apart. Her hands flew to her cheeks; her bosom rose as she drew in a long, quivering breath; the scent of jasmine stole upon my senses. Unveiled and happy, she gazed at me trembling. In another instant, with a faint cry, she flung herself into my arms.

"Oh, my Hafiz!" she breathed, "My lord—my emperor—I have waited! Oh, how I have waited for thee! Hafiz, you are cold! You do not caress me!"

I looked down into her lovely face, into her brimming eyes. I felt her arms trembling about my neck. I caught the note of pain in her voice, and felt myself weakening like a callow boy.

"I am weary," I murmured thickly.

"You are weary?" she cried. "Oh, my beloved, rest you—rest you here! All is now safe." I felt a convulsive tremor in her arms. Almost overcome with shame, I pressed my lips to hers.

I intended the kiss to be perfunctory, necessary; but, instantly, as though lightning had struck into my heart, I was consumed with fire, I was swept with a mad delirium. I felt her heart beating against me, and, forgetting everything—war, my country, my well-guarded honor—I crushed her to me, covering her face with kisses. Then, recovering myself, I thrust her away, and sank on the edge of a divan, bowing my head in my hands, breathing deeply to recover my poise. My head was in a whirl, my heart thumping madly.

To her, my sudden access of ardor must have seemed very natural. Undismayed by my passion, rather pleased, in fact, by this evidence of the depths of my emotion, she curled up on the divan beside me, her hands on my shoulders, her cheek against my head. I heard the tinkle of her bracelets, the music of her rippling voice as she poured sweet phrases in my ear.

I trembled at her touch; yet I shrank with shame.

"Why do you tremble?" she murmured laughingly. "Ah, my brave beloved, I know 'tis not fear. Even now your chieftains assemble within the walls of the Ladakh serai. A single word, and the North's aflame." She leaped to her feet and flung aside a curtain. "Beyond those hills your kingdom lies; and here, my sultan, even here, perchance you may extend your sway."

I dropped my hands and stared dully at her.

She was glorious—vibrant, magnetic, inspiring. I felt a thrill pass through me—even through me, the cold analyst. In that instant, I myself would gladly, madly, have swung into a saddle to strike a blow for her—not merely for the insane, romantic futility of it all but because it came to me then that all the little processes of my shrewd and careful life were petty, dryer than dust compared to this, the love of a beautiful woman.

"Aye," said I, with an effort. "And perchance thou wouldst have me conquer Stamboul?"

Clapping her hands together like a child, she whirled about and flung out her arms. "Oh, Hafiz!" she cried, in a voice of gold. "Hafiz!"

The cold light of morning struck full upon my face. Her hands dropped to her sides as though they had been struck down; the blood fled from her cheeks.

"Your Hafiz," I said, gripping myself sternly, "your Hafiz is dead."



The Jack for Jill

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She swayed for an instant, as though about to fall. Her great eyes were fastened upon me with a look of horror. She raised both hands to her cheeks.

"The dream," I continued dully, "is over. The prince is no more. The chieftains have been scattered to their purple hills to tend their flocks and guide their caravans once more along the peaceful paths of commerce."

"Hafiz," she wailed, "is dead!"

The sight of this grief galled me with misery; I shrugged my shoulders slightly. "Somers is alive," I said, "but Hafiz is dead. You will see him no more."

The lassitude of her body suddenly changed to a tense, quivering attitude. Her eyes flashed; her bosom rose and fell quickly beneath the clinging silks; her arms dropped once more to her sides with an incongruous tinkling of bracelets.

"Who thought of this folly, poor child?" I said gently. "What breath of spring madness turned your head to such hopeless dreams? Did you not know that your lord, your sultan, your emperor was nothing but a mad subaltern, and that a great irresistible power hung over him to crush him? Not emperor," I added brutally, filled with sudden jealousy of Somers and pity for the girl, "but a petty subaltern in disgrace."

"Thou liest!" she breathed.

I turned toward the lattice and waved my hand in the direction of the mountains; but before I could add a word, there was a tinkle of bracelets, a swish of silks, and I swung about in time—for the mad creature had whipped a poniard from her girdle and flung herself passionately upon me. Before she could do harm, I seized her wrists.

In her frenzy, she kicked me with her slippered feet, bit at my hands with her little teeth, struggled and writhed with the silent, swift energy of a young panther trapped in a net. But I held her firmly, speaking soothing words, and suddenly she ceased her struggles.

Like a beautiful, radiant flower, crushed between my hands, she seemed to wilt and droop. I took the poniard away from her and released her.

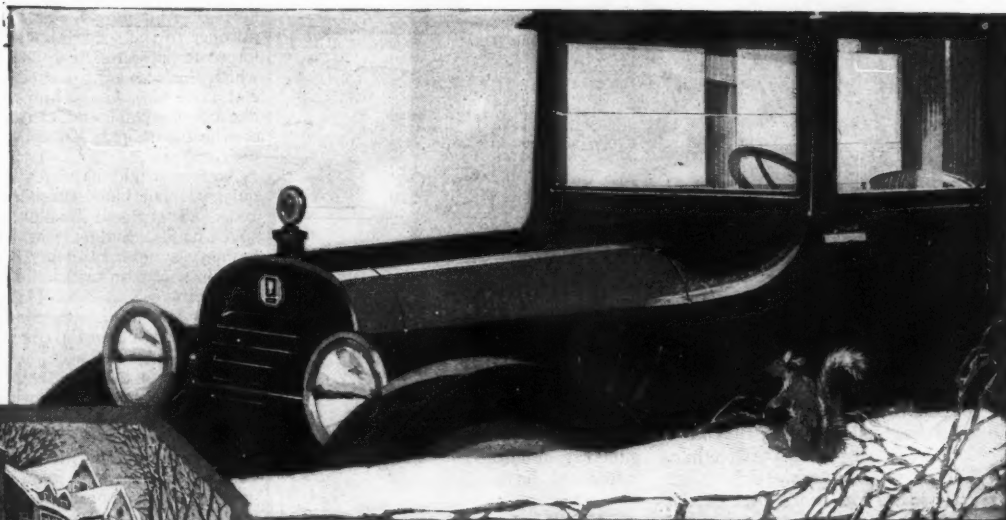
She stood for a moment forlorn and lovely; and the sight of her helpless before me, the sudden rush of emotion at the brief, violent contact with her, and the knowledge that she was utterly in my power sent my senses whirling again. An almost uncontrollable desire to take her in my arms, to soothe and caress her, came over me. But all at once she dropped upon a divan, and, burying her face in a cushion, burst into low, despairing sobs.

I walked irresolutely to the door, and, as I opened it, turned and paused for a last look. In that instant there was a rush from the dark stairway. I was struck a violent blow on the head, and sent staggering across the floor, collapsing at the woman's feet. Dazed and blinded by the shock of the unexpected attack, I nevertheless rolled over and would have struggled to my feet had not the woman fearlessly thrown herself upon me. I imagined I heard a voice say:

"Not the knife! Your girdle—quickly!"

In another instant, I was enmeshed so securely that I ceased altogether to struggle. For the moment, I knew my life was safe; so I relaxed, keeping my eyes closed, and waiting patiently for the next

Columbia Six



A Car of Character

Cars do have character.

But, the real character in cars does not show on first acquaintance any more than it does in men.

The Columbia Six soon becomes a staunch friend of the entire family, because it proves thoroughly trustworthy.

Every driver knows the spirit of real affection he comes to have for his car if it proves worthy of trust.

The wonderfully artistic sweep of the body lines first attracts you to this season's Columbia closed models. The attraction grows as you see the richness and harmony of the interior furnishings and fittings, and the excellence of the coach work.

But the true character of the Columbia is perhaps best proven by the perfection of details, such as fittings, upholstery, foot rail, window lifts and door latches. These prove the Columbia Six has been so thoughtfully designed and carefully constructed that it will prove a true, never-failing friend for years to come.

And the longer you drive it, the more strongly this friendship will be cemented by the mechanical performance of the car.

For the Mechanically Inclined

On correct design, plus careful workmanship, plus the proven quality of these parts, rests the character of the Columbia Six.

Timken Axles—Continental Red Seal Motor—Detroit Pressed Steel Company Frame—Radiators with "Siphon" Thermostatically Controlled Shutters—Spicer Universal Joints—Borg & Beck Clutch—Durston Transmission—Detroit Steel Products Company's Springs—Gemmer Steering Gear—Auto Lite Starting and Lighting—Atwater-Kent Ignition—Stromberg Carburetor—Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery—Painting and Trimming by The American Auto Trimming Co.—Pantasote Top—Firestone Tires.

Prices: Five-Passenger Touring Car, \$1695.00; Four-Passenger Sport Model (Five wire wheels included), \$1845.00; Two-Passenger Roadster (Five Distel wheels included), \$1845.00; Four-Passenger Coupe, \$2850.00; Five-Passenger Touring Sedan, \$2850.00. Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY

DETROIT, U. S. A.

The Gem of the Highway





Robbed of Health and Beauty

SLOWLY and stealthily, Pyorrhea has taken away the things that made her life worth while. That unaccountable depression, those nervous fears, that drawn and haggard look—these are the things Pyorrhea has brought her in place of health and beauty.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums; then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Perhaps the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that often cause rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, and other serious ills.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea; and many under that age have it also. The best way to end Pyorrhea dangers is to stop them before they begin. Start to use Forhan's today.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress if used in time and used

consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York, N. Y.

Forhan's, Ltd., Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

event. I was propped in a sitting position against the wall, and left to reflect bitterly on my own inane folly.

I could take merit for nothing, yet fate had thrown everything in my hands. And now, instead of profiting by fortune, I had serenely scattered my opportunities, obsessed by a romantic notion.

Somers had caught me up. I had failed to give him his due credit for unshattered nerves. And now I was the prisoner—prisoner to the scapegrace subaltern, and forced to listen to the joyous sounds with which this rare woman greeted him. She embraced him, kissed him, hung on him like a happy child, and, drawing him down on the divan, prattled endearments into his ear.

Nothing could have revived me more quickly. The blood turned to fire in my veins. I strained involuntarily at my silken bonds. Suddenly, without any preliminary symptoms of my emotion other than in that first swift embrace, I almost lost control of myself in a blaze of insensate jealousy. I fixed my gaze on Somers.

He was sitting on the edge of the divan, exactly where I had been, bending forward with elbows on his knees, rolling a cigarette nervously in his fingers, with a smile of abstraction on his countenance, while, as before with me, the girl was curled up beside him, laughing and prattling. There flooded through my mind the tales of Somers' other amorous successes and the way my name had been bandied about.

I felt furious at having been flouted by him, beaten by him, and now carelessly thrust aside, while the only woman who had ever aroused an uncalculated passion in my heart made love to him and laughed at me.

Somers raised his eyes, and our glances met. Moved by my expression, he remarked, with false cheeriness:

"Oh, buck up, sir! It's not quite a funeral, you know." I said nothing, but kept my eyes fastened on him until he shifted uncomfortably. "Well, what could you expect?" he blurted. "I made an ass of myself at Uri, of course; but I had to beat you here just the same, sir—you or your ruddy banshee."

Amused at his flippant tone, the woman glanced from him to me in an effort to comprehend it, and laughed merrily. However, a soft expression came into her eyes as they lingered on me.

"Ah, poor man!" she murmured.

At that, my head cleared. I breathed deeply and tremulously.

"You see, sir," continued Somers, pointing his cigarette at me, "I thought I recognized you in Pindi; and I simply couldn't let you beat me here."

"No," I said; "not with a noose round your neck."

He waved this aside.

"It's a scimitar or bowstring in this country, sir—not a noose."

"Not in India," I retorted. "A file of men will settle you."

His face hardened, and his eyes became very cold.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Instantly I saw my cue."

"Treason," I spoke scornfully.

"Treason?" What treason? By God, sir, you forget I can—

"I forget nothing," I interrupted; "and I expect nothing from a man who deserts his country when—"



A Place of Distinction for the Cleveland Six

America has given welcome, in no mistakable terms to the new Cleveland Six. This car, sensation of the year in the world of motordom, found a place waiting for it, a place of distinction.

Indeed, it establishes its own place. For there has been no other light car of similar quality at similar price. There is no other now.

The Cleveland Six, product of men skilled in the design and building of fine cars, reflects in every detail the genius and sincerity of its makers. Underneath its beautiful body is a chassis which per-

forms. It doesn't merely run. It's alive with power and speed.

The Cleveland Six is offered now in two open styles of unusual comfort, splendid design and excellent finish,—the five-passenger touring car and three-passenger roadster. Later in the season the two handsome Cleveland closed cars, five-passenger sedan and four-passenger coupe, will be ready for delivery.

Models and Prices

Touring Car (Five Passengers) \$1385
Sedan (Five Passengers)

Roadster (Three Passengers) \$1385
Coupe (Four Passengers)

(All prices F. O. B. Factory)

If you do not know your Cleveland Six dealer, write today for address and catalog.

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO



Business and Professional Women

must be keenly alert mentally—they must have steady nerves and a sturdy constitution to meet successfully the competition they find at every hand. Their first business asset is health.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK



replenishes used nerve force—nourishes under-fed-body tissues—rebuilds worn vitality. By drinking Malt-Nutrine at every meal and before retiring, you will stimulate a healthy appetite and restful sleep.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



BOHN
Refrigerators
An ideal Christmas gift
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Time is Money

TIME, the most valuable of commodities, is saved not only by the speed with which a thing is done but also by the accuracy. Mistakes mean repetition—i. e., loss of time. The Arithstyle, the calculator that fits the hand—is built to save the maximum of time with absolute accuracy. It fits into modern business and every-day life in a thousand places where a heavier calculating machine is not practicable. In out-of-door work, to check lumber, etc., in the shipping room to check ingoing and outgoing cases, it is absolutely indispensable to save time and prevent mistakes. Throughout the office, where ordinarily the work must be taken to the machine, the Arithstyle is taken to the work. It is built to fit over the columns of the ledger and this saves time by cutting out extra steps.

In the home, for the teacher or business man who must work accurately and quickly, the Arithstyle is a wonderful aid. It is compact, durable, quick and accurate. It will do anything that any of the larger machines can do and it costs but \$55. Weight 36 ounces.

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Established 1879
Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of: Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a NEGLECTED COLD IS A DANGEROUS COLD.
Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."
The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.
It is called a boon by Asthma sufferers.
Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.
Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 11. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresoline. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.
The Vapo-Cresolene Co., 62 Cortlandt St., N. Y., or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

"I'll take the trouble to point out two things, since I shall probably release you when I have accomplished my plans. First, I'm a civilian, and owe nothing but civil allegiance to my country, and am willing to forego that, since it's not needed. Second, since Kashmir's an independent state, its affairs have no direct bearing on the government of the British empire. If a junta friendly to Britain seizes control—"

"Rot!" I exclaimed. "You gain nothing—not a single point—by disguising motives. Good or bad, your motive has no bearing. At this time, no explanation can satisfy—"

"I don't think I quite understand you." Then I lifted my voice and shouted, so the sound rang through the building:

"The world's at war! The world's at war!"

Somers jumped to his feet at my call, with a threatening gesture. Then, when the meaning of the words became clearer, he looked blank. In that brief silence that ensued, there suddenly broke on my ears the "Bl'ang! Bl'ang!" of the tonga-horn sounded by the impatient footboy, and subconsciously I felt a ridiculous sense of guilt for delaying the king's mail. Hoping impatiently that Somers would hasten with his reflections, I lifted my head. He was standing above me, glaring down with scornful intentness.

"It's not good enough," he said.

"Do you mean I am lying?" I demanded.

"How do I know? I presume you'd say anything to gain the point."

My impotence made me furious, and I stammered with rage.

"You renegade!" I said. "You'll learn the truth when your old Punjabis are fighting in France. You question the truth of another's word? Traitor! You'll know I'm sincere when the rifles of your own people wipe out the stain!"

Somers laughed.

"It's not good enough."

I saw that my tactics were at fault; so I cooled down.

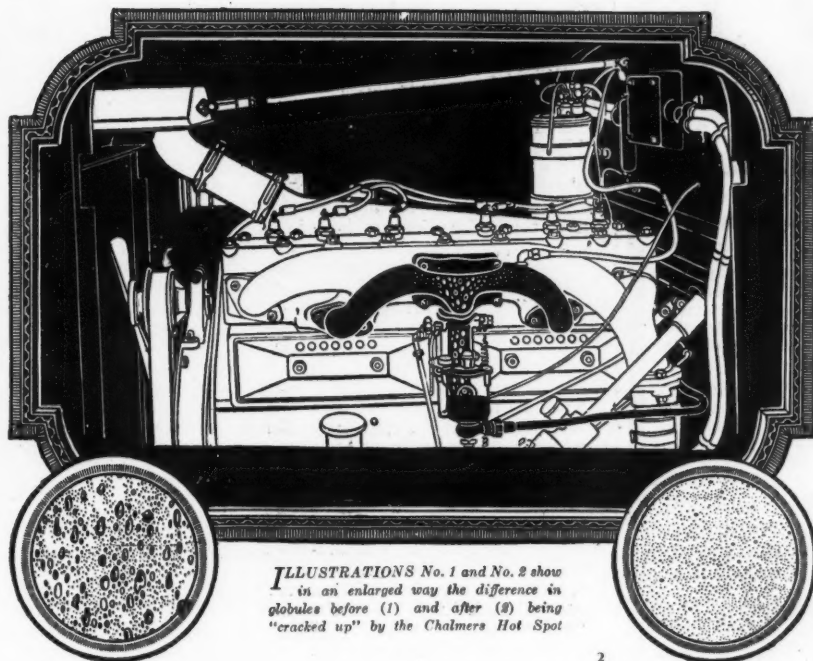
"In my breast-pocket," I said, calmly enough, "you'll find a message scribbled on an envelop."

He opened my coat, fished out some papers, shuffled them incuriously until he came across the telegram. This he studied skeptically; but as he read with increasing concentration, his brows drawing down, his lips tightening, the events of the past year must have come crowding into his memory, giving plausibility to every word. Moreover, it was obvious the message had not been written for him. He reread it. Then he glanced at me and averted his eyes.

"I suppose," I suggested, "that that's a forgery."

"Oh, for God's sake shut up! What a mess! You must understand I couldn't possibly have foreseen this."

The woman, who had been following him anxiously with her eyes, seemed suddenly to comprehend that some formidable obstacle had been mysteriously thrust between her and her lord, that their plans were dissipating, that the dawn of a glorious reality was swiftly dissolving into the memory of a dream. Like a child vainly clutching at drifting bubbles, she ran to him and clung to him, her hands fluttering up his arms to his shoulders. She twined her arms about his neck, crying out, pleading with him.



ILLUSTRATIONS No. 1 and No. 2 show in an enlarged way the difference in globules before (1) and after (2) being "cracked up" by the Chalmers Hot Spot

2

Why All the Great Engines Must Pattern After the Hot Spot Chalmers

THOSE of you who would like, every now and then, to break into a dozen pieces the engine of your car with a sledge hammer—or give the car away—or those of you who send it too often to the repair shop—stop a moment and ponder over this:

Maybe it isn't the engine's fault, nor yours for that matter. Nine chances in ten it's the kind of gas you're using.

For gas has gone down and down in grade. Chalmers engineers were quick to note the change coming, and they worked night and day and were first to furnish the remedy—a redesigned engine.

The inferior gas of the day is heavy. It's so heavy that even after leaving the carburetor it still is in more or less a raw condition.

So the Chalmers engineers figured they must "crack up" the gas finer,

which they have accomplished by that wonderful device known as Hot Spot.

This process done, the task then was to pass the gas into the cylinders with lightning-like rapidity so that the gas couldn't condense.

To accomplish this the Ram's-horn Manifold was designed. It takes its name from its shape. It has no sharp corners to block the rush of gas, but instead "easy air bends."

Hence no "pools" collect and the gas is passed to each cylinder in the same quantity of mixture at the same time.

Sooner or later other cars will come to these Chalmers principles. It is as certain as the sun will rise tomorrow.


In the meantime Chalmers sales are climbing to rare new heights. Price, five-passenger, \$1685 f. o. b. Detroit.



Quality First

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, MICH.
CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

PYORRHOCIDE
POWDER
ANTISEPTIC
for Pyorrhea prevention



Soft, sensitive gums that bleed easily, flash a warning. They are the first symptoms of pyorrhea and consequent loss of teeth.

For pyorrhea, dentists use and prescribe Pyorrhocide Powder. It is scientifically compounded for that specific purpose. It is the only dentifrice that has demonstrated its efficiency in dental clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea research.

If you have pyorrhetic symptoms as manifested usually in soft, bleeding, spongy, receding gums use Pyorrhocide Powder. Its twice a day use makes the gums firm and healthy and it cleans and polishes the teeth.



Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.

FREE SAMPLE
Write for free sample and our booklet on Prevention and Treatment of Pyorrhea.

The Dental & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
1474 Broadway, N. Y.

Scientifically Perfected by Clinical Research

We shall continue to offer through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective—in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health. L. V. Vellaghty Pres.



NADINE
FACE POWDER
IN GREEN BOXES ONLY

Makes the Complexion Beautiful
SOFT AND VELVETY. Money back if not entirely pleased.

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. Millions of delighted users prove its value. *Flash, Pink, Brunette, White.* At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c. Depl. C. M.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

Hardly seeming aware of the soft arms clinging to him, or the heart beating against his, Somers, looking over the woman's head, asked me dully when the Indian contingent was leaving. I said I did not know, that at present the order was a secret one. All that could be definitely told outside official circles was that the great European powers were already struggling.

"K. of K.," I added, "always says that such a war will last three years. And this I know—that at least fifty thousand men will be drawn from India immediately."

"Where's my crowd?"

Kashmir as a new empire was already forgotten in face of this new development.

"At Pindi," I said.

"Where? Pindi? I'm——"

He was electrified.

Putting the girl aside, he stepped quickly to the window overlooking the street, pushed the lattice aside, and looked down for his horse. The woman, abandoned, overcome by despair began to sob softly. Suddenly her tears ceased. Her eyes flashed. She stared at me with the smoldering glance of a leopard.

"Somers!" I cried sharply, at the same time throwing myself to one side. He turned, leaped across the room, and caught the woman just in time to save me.

"You little vixen!" he growled. Taking her by the elbows, he thrust her down on the divan, and took the poniard away from her, while she looked up at him with an unfathomable expression. Then he proceeded to release me; but, struck by a sudden thought, he stopped abruptly.

"Now that the personal element is dropping out of this affair, what about my friends?" he demanded. "What about her?"

"I give you my word," I said, "that no harm will come to any of them. The king's pardon comes with war—and I hold nothing against you."

"Nothing?" Well, what am I to do?"

"You? Get back to your regiment as fast as possible, if they'll have you. You're safe so far as I am concerned."

"Then no one knows of this——"

"None but myself."

This had a curious effect on him. He sat up very straight, blinked thoughtfully, and seemed to waver. Then he sighed, stooped, and released me, muttering, "Well, it's dashed hard lines; but I'm afraid the blinking war has queered it."

In another instant, I was on my feet, stretching my arms, tentatively tensing my muscles, rubbing my head. I was perfectly fit. For a moment, Somers and I stared at each other curiously. Then he offered me his hand.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," he said. It flashed across my mind that he was referring directly to the choleric colonel's wife, the young American lady from Calcutta, and the station-master's daughter in the Punjab.

"Oh," I assured him indifferently, "that's quite all right, so long as they don't hold it against me."

I thought he was going to add something then; but he changed his mind and stood looking down at the woman, who was sobbing, face downward, on the divan. He moved to her side.

"I am sorry, old girl," he said in English. "It's a rotten shame, but I've got to do it. I've got to!" She refused to look up, and drew away from him. "Dash it all, I'm a

rotter! Here, little princess, look up!" Tilting her face, he kissed her. Again she drew fretfully away from him. "Well," said Somers, straightening up and moving toward the door, "there's nothing to do about it. I'm dashed if I can understand women; they're a mystery to me."

He clattered down the stairs.

No sooner did the woman realize that he had actually gone than she lifted her head, listening intently, then sprang to her feet and ran to the head of the stairs, calling wildly: "Hafiz! Hafiz!" But the sound of her voice was drowned in the clatter of pebbles, followed by the irregular beat of a horse's hoofs cantering away through the village streets.

The woman wailed forlornly, raised her hands to her head, and began to tear at her tresses. She drifted over to the divan again, flung herself down, and, in a storm of grief, began beating and, tearing at the cushions, while I, standing to one side, watched her in silence, though my heart was thumping in rhythm to the muffled roll of the galloping hoofs. Slowly a sense of our isolation came over me.

Somers was gone.

The conspirators in the Ladakh serai waited without a leader. One swift, daring act, and Kashmir could easily be severed from India.

Suddenly, all the dreams I had ever dreamed seemed to form themselves in reality. Of all the sultanas of my imagination, none had ever surpassed the beauty of the woman who lay stricken before me. I felt myself consumed in the flame of a wild impulse.

Hardly realizing what I was doing, I found myself by the woman's side. I crushed her in my arms, whispering wildly: "Ranee! Ranee!" At that delicious moment, the world was forgotten. All that existed outside that room was nothing but a babble of ghostly voices, a meaningless chaos of meaningless men.

She did not resist my embrace.

She lifted her eyes to mine. But as I looked down, about to give utterance to my madness, I felt a chill slowly creep over my body and settle deep in my heart.

Dropping my arms foolishly, I rose to my feet and tremulously drew a hand across my forehead. I felt like a man who has been trapped in open court in an awful but absurd perjury. For the woman's eyes seemed to pour forth such utter contempt and loathing that, from having regarded myself as the ruler of a great destiny, I now began to wonder dumbly what object God had in putting so puny a creature upon this earth.

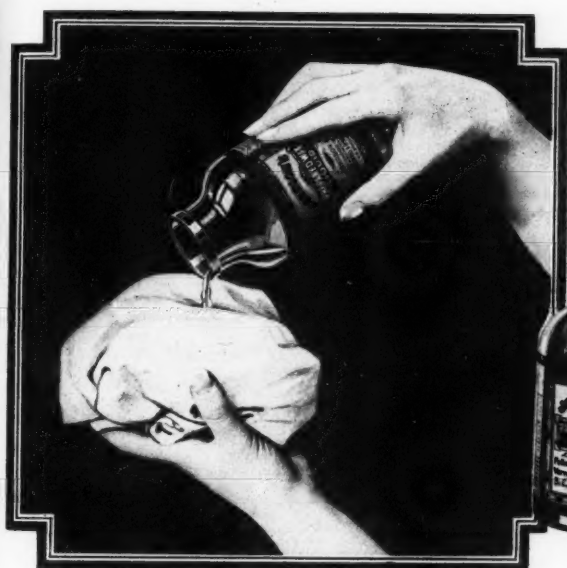
Without another word, my heart chilled. I backed slowly, abjectly, toward the door. Hardly had I reached it than there was a shrill, impatient shout from below.

"In the name of God, sahib, don't think the king's mail can wait forever?"

Without taking further chances, I passed through the door and down the dark stairs into the village street.

As I sank back in my seat once more, the tonga-horn went: "Bi'ang! Bi'ang!" its musical notes seeming to quiver in the mists that hung over the fields of golden wheat and scarlet poppy. The fresh horses leaped forward, and away we whirled between the rows of giant poplars that led straight to Srinagar, City of the Sun.

The mail was only two hours late. But if Ranee had smiled!



The Simple Way~

THE easy, practical way to polish and preserve finished surfaces is with **Johnson's Prepared Wax** and a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Simply apply the Wax with a cloth—very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

Johnson's Prepared Wax gives perfect results over any finish—varnish, shellac, oil, etc. It imparts a hard, dry, velvety polish which is impervious to water, dust, scratches, heel-marks, finger-prints, etc. The finish obtained is always sanitary, durable and disinfecting.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the varnish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is made in paste, liquid and powdered form. We recommend the **Liquid Wax** for polishing furniture, leather goods, woodwork and automobiles. Use the **Paste Wax** for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, marble.

For a Perfect Dancing Surface

Just sprinkle **Johnson's Powdered Wax** over any surface—marble, tile, wood, composition, etc. The feet of the dancers will spread the Wax, polishing the floor and immediately putting it in perfect condition for dancing. Conveniently put up in shaker top cans.

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with "**Johnson's.**" Do not accept a substitute.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wisconsin, U. S. A.



For Linoleum



For Floors



For Tables

Fear-Devils

(Continued from page 30)

he was slaving on a farm from five o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night. The farm was four miles from his home, and he had to walk that distance night and morning.

One Fourth of July, he wanted a holiday, to go to a baseball game. His father, a very stern and religious man, ordered him off to his work. He started out, but a shower overtook him on the way, and he accepted it as an excuse for turning back. He played truant around town till midday. When he returned home for dinner, his enraged father went after him with a stick. For the first time in his life, he resisted and struck back. He was severely beaten, lectured into a state of horror at himself for having struck his father, and sent to the farm to apologize for his truancy.

The whole incident made a profound impression on him. He had a great admiration for his father, who played the organ in the church choir, composed music, practised on the 'cello at home, and lifted the boy to ecstatic heights of emotion in the evening when he lay in bed listening.

"That little drama of the Fourth of July," says Doctor X, "proved to be the key of my patient's whole character. I found that, in his dreams, authority was always symbolized by the razor-backed plow-horse which he used to follow back and forth through the rows of corn. I found that, in his daily life, whenever the generous impulses of affection were brought into play, they were at once mysteriously embittered at the least sign of injustice. The drama of his life was the drama of his childhood repeated with various changes in the cast but no change in the characters. The city government had taken over the father's role, and the bureau chief was substituting for the farmer. Revolt against his father's tyranny had become a revolt against social injustice—as it becomes in so many reformers. Fear of the father's punishment had become a morbid fear of losing his job. The excuse for an escape from work afforded by the storm in his boyhood had become the excuse of ill health. His ill health, however, was exactly the sort that would follow if one subjected one's body to the shattering influence of continual anger. His own explanation was that overwork had broken down a body always undeveloped because of the effects of child labor."

Here we have health ruined by an early blocking of instinctive trends and by the conflict of emotions resulting from the constant repetition of the drama of childhood. The patient has been helped by making him aware of the conflict. But it is difficult to cure him, because it is impossible to change his life so as to avoid the reduplication of the "symbols" of the childhood drama.

And that is one of the strange things about the instinctive mind. Being a dream-mind that thinks only in pictures—in symbols—all its instinctive emotions can be started up by the reappearance of one of these symbols away from its context.

For instance, "a woman," says Doctor X, "came to me suffering from insomnia and depression. No reason for her condition was apparent until she admitted a peculiar circumstance—she could not sleep



Sing Stasny Songs

SING STASNY SONGS because everybody likes to hear them. Wherever a dozen jolly young people are gathered about a piano for a "sing," the new Stasny Song, "I'm Forever Thinking of You," is on the music rack. Like all Stasny Songs it is clean and bright, equally good on the stage or in the home.

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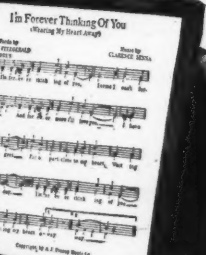
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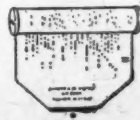
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if there was a certain chair in the room. The sight of the chair always filled her with dread. She had refused to 'humor this nonsense' in herself by getting rid of the chair, and had struggled against the feeling. The chair was evidently a symbol.

"The patient was a woman of culture who felt very keenly the loneliness of approaching old age. She had bulwarked herself against thoughts of age and death by surrounding herself with youthful friends and companions. One of these friends, of whom she was most fond, had been accustomed to sit in the now dreaded chair. Two days after such a visit, the friend had suddenly died of pneumonia. Death had been leaning over that chair. But my patient would not allow the fear of death to have a place in her mind. Consequently, the feeling appeared only as an unexplainable dread of the chair, an insomnia connected with the sight of the chair, and a mysterious depression.

"Another patient had a violent hatred of red, of the odor of peppermint, of sticks of candy, and of dark women, particularly if they wore anything red. Any of these symbols were sufficient to affect her with an emotion of dread and repulsion, and the feeling of fear had been active in warping her life, ruining her health, and thwarting her happiness. All these symbols were easily traced back to a day in her early childhood when a Gypsy woman had tried to abduct her by first luring her away from her home with a stick of peppermint candy striped in red and white.

"Still another patient, a married woman, devoted to her husband, became morbidly afraid that she was losing her mind. For no apparent reason, at unaccountable moments, she would develop the most violent nervous agitation and rush out of the house, quite distraught, to seek refuge with her neighbors and confide her fears to them. These attacks began in a wave of dread so unreasonable that it seemed to her as if her mind were giving away. As soon as I took her back to the actual moment of each seizure, it became apparent that several of them had begun with the ringing of a telephone-bell. One had arisen upon sight of a coat of a peculiar color. Still another was connected with the right-hand cushion of an automobile.

"The explanation was so simple that the only mystery was her unconsciousness of it. I found that one night, about six o'clock, her telephone-bell had rung while her husband was out automobiling, and a strange voice had abruptly communicated a bit of slanderous gossip about him and the woman who was his companion in the car. The coat was like the one worn by his companion, who sat at the right hand side of the car.

"The wife had proudly refused to mention the matter to her husband. She had suppressed her instinctive jealousy determinedly. By so doing, she had afflicted herself with a 'floating anxiety' that made her think she was going crazy. She was cured by being taught to say to herself, 'I am afraid of losing my husband' whenever she found herself thinking, 'I am afraid of losing my mind.' With her husband's assistance, her natural jealousy was also removed, and the whole phobia disappeared."

Now, we do not know how the bodily symptom of a psychic conflict can be cured by simply bringing the conflict into the



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conscious mind and relieving the repression. Apparently, the emotion drains itself off harmlessly in consciousness; whereas, if it is suppressed into the unconscious mind, it either leaks disastrously into the vegetative nervous system, or gets into the conscious mind as an unexplained emotion such as an anxiety, or transforms its energy into an impulse to compulsive thoughts and actions.

We shall have to consider, in subsequent articles, the reappearance of the repressions in the form of uncontrollable impulses. And the manner in which they produce unhappiness and mental strain will also be discussed hereafter. For the moment, we are concerned only with their effect on health. It is a sufficiently inexhaustible subject. A repressed instinctive emotion may transform itself into the symptoms of almost any physical disorder that will help the patient to escape from his mental distress—as the shell-shock victim goes blind because of his unconscious wish to escape from the battle-field. Deafness, blindness, paralysis, epilepsy and various sorts of insanity may be so produced. Where the emotion is less powerful, it may be repressed into the switchboard of the unconscious bodily processes which physicians call "the vegetative nervous system;" and there it may cause almost any sort of obscure functional disturbance, not only in the nervous system itself but in the digestive processes and all the organs of digestion, in the internal glands and their secretions, in the circulatory system and the blood, and, most easily of all, apparently in the skin.

I have watched the cure of one of Doctor X's patients who had been for years under treatment by specialists, and they had pursued the symptoms of disorders of the eye, ear, throat, and nose from organ to organ diligently, operating on the tonsils, straightening the septum of the nose, treating the ears, removing infected teeth, and so forth endlessly, until Doctor X—being consulted as a goiter expert—found that the patient's medical history had begun with a pathological blushing, and cured the whole trouble by removing the repression from which all the symptoms arose. Similarly, I have followed the case of another patient who had spent years under treatment, first for indigestion, then for diseases of the pelvic region, and finally for neurasthenia complicated by a "floating kidney" before he came to Doctor X for diagnosis, and was cured in a few months by being relieved of the unconscious repressions from which he was really suffering.

It would be absurd for me to attempt to give the medical details of such cases here, or to attempt to instruct the general reader in the method by which they may be diagnosed and treated. It is enough for our purposes to consider, not how these disorders may be cured but how they may be prevented. And the method of prevention is this:

If you wish to keep well, do not try to repress your emotions, your instinctive feelings, your compulsive thoughts. Let them drain themselves off in your conscious mind. "However mean and cowardly and impudic and undutiful and low they may be," Doctor X advises, "accept them into the most airy chamber of your thought and examine them there unabashed. If you drive them down into your secret

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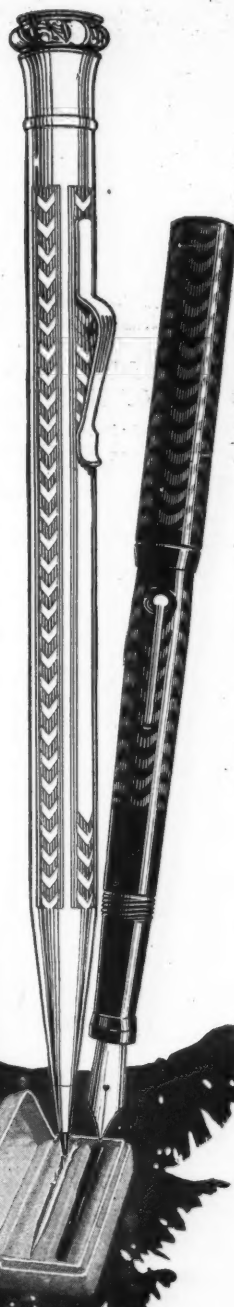
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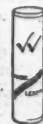
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cellar, they may end by tearing down the whole house. If you welcome them into your parlor, you may be surprised to see how quickly they will make themselves respectable."

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"It is not my business to argue that such teaching is bad as ethics or religion," says Doctor X. "I wish only to point out that it fails of its purpose. The boy who suppresses his instinctive hatred of an unjust father as a sin is much more likely to behave unconsciously as if he hated his father than if he allowed the feeling to drain off in his conscious mind. He is also more likely to destroy his health, his happiness, and his whole efficiency as a member of society—for the suppressed hatred is almost sure to escape him either as a physical disturbance, such as a haterneurosis or as a transferred hate against authority in school, in government, or in religion. The man who suppresses his instinctive anger—which is the wish to kill—is much more likely to be overtaken by the ungovernable impulse to kill, and to act on it with some form of violence, than the man who lets the wish into his conscious mind, and faces it and says to it, 'You may have your own way in my thoughts, but you cannot get into my actions.'"

Whether Doctor X wishes to argue it or not, for the rest of us his prescription means that our moral authorities have been making the same mistake about our other instinctive and "sinful" impulses as the military authorities have been making about our instinctive fear. By teaching us that we must suppress such thoughts from our minds with shame and self-reproach, they have betrayed us all into various forms of moral shell-shock that have defeated the ends of morality. For, just as the subconscious wish to escape from the battle-field may attain its purpose by blinding its victim, our other suppressed instinctive wishes succeed in evading our moral censors by adopting similar disguises.

And whether Doctor X wishes to argue it or not, this new light on our moral problems is going to force as great a change on our ethical and religious teaching as the theory of the subconscious mind is already making in the practise of medicine. It is the beginning of a new quarrel between science and religion, beside which the controversies over the Darwinian theory will seem mild enough. And it is the beginning of a hope that, after centuries of failure to control the instinctive animal in man—his passions and his cruelties—ethics and philosophy have at last been given a clue to problems that have been the despair of ethics and philosophy since man began to think about himself.

In the next article of *The Secret Springs*, Mr. O'Higgins deals with some mental and physical difficulties encountered in later life through repression of infantile experience, and the obstacles often placed in the path of the child's development through injudicious parental training. It will appear in *January Cosmopolitan*.

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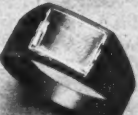
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PROF. W. C. PEAK, Graduate of Castle House,
Room 1 821 Crescent Place, Chicago

Uneasy Street

(Continued from page 79)

He dressed rather slowly, and with meticulous care. Down-stars, in the Tramby cafe, he breakfasted with the same deliberation. One would have known him intimately to realize that anything had gone wrong in Landers' life.

His hearty breakfast finished, Landers quietly paid the check. He was cordial to the hat-boy, and tipped him generously for aiding him with his fur-lined overcoat. He nodded smilingly to a couple of acquaintances in the lobby, was deprecating in his refusal of a taxi from the starter.

"Nice brisk morning, Tom; think I'd rather walk."

"Certainly, sir. Do you good, sir. Nothing like the morning air, sir." The starter touched his hat.

There was something determined in Landers' walk as he strode eastward. But again one would have known him well to understand that that firm tread was due to repression.

The most important rule in the social code of the professional gambler is that he must wear, no matter how badly the luck breaks against him, an appearance of nonchalance. It is extremely bad form to "beef" about your losses.

So, because he was used to veiling his emotions, Landers veiled them to-day. He was wearing his usual calm expression when he rang the bell above the card bearing the name: "F. Holben," in the doorway of the apartment-house on East Thirty-fifth Street. It was a modest, enough, old-fashioned building, a private dwelling remodeled.

"Nice, quiet place," said Landers to himself as the door, in response to his ring, swung open.

His stride, as he mounted the stairs to the second floor, was still determined, assured; but there was a heaviness in it that one hardly expected from one of his lithe figure.

Fannie herself was standing in the doorway on the second floor. If her heart skipped a beat, she still managed a smile.

"Frankie! Aren't you good to come around so soon?"

Landers passed through the door. He hung his hat and coat on a stand in the hall and followed the girl into a living-room. It was a pleasant room, furnished rather better than Landers had, somehow or other, expected. Oddly, too, the room was homelike. Fannie was a home person, and he'd always known it.

He sat down; his hands fell upon his knees. He looked down upon the floor, avoiding her eyes. Her courage rose at this evidence of acquiescence.

"Yeh; I'm good, all right," he said. His voice was colorless, leaden.

"Indeed you are! Don't you like my little home?" She was a bit too bright of voice. Her courage was rising.

"Yeh; I like it all right. I'd rather picked it out myself, but so long's you're satisfied, I guess I can enjoy it, too."

Like a balloon that had been pierced by an enemy shell in mid-air, the Holben courage sank. She drew upon her store of insolence that so often deceives by its masquerade of bravery.

"You're twenty minutes late, more or less, Frankie," she said.

How One Evening's Study Led to a \$30,000 Job

A Simple Method of Mind Training That Any One Can Follow With Results from the First Day

By a Man Who Made Formerly No More Than a Decent Living

I HOPE you won't think I'm conceited or egotistical in trying to tell others how I suddenly changed from a comparative failure to what my friends term a phenomenal success.

In reality I do not take the credit to myself at all. It was all so simple that I believe any man can accomplish practically the same thing if he learns the secret, which he can do in a single evening. In fact I know others who have done much better than I by following the same method.

It all came about in a rather odd manner. I had been worrying along in about the same way as the average man, thinking that I was doing my bit for the family by providing them with three square meals a day, when an old chum of mine, Frank Powers, whom I had always thought was about the same kind of a chap as I, suddenly blossomed out with every evidence of great prosperity.

He moved into a fine new house, bought a good car and began living in the style of a man of ample means. Naturally the first thing I did when I noticed these things—for he had said nothing to me about his sudden good fortune—was to congratulate him and ask him what had brought the evident change in his finances.

"Bill," he said, "it's all come so quickly I can hardly account for it myself. But the thing that has made such difference in my life lately began with an article I read a short time ago about training the mind.

"It compared the average person's mind to a leaky pail, losing its contents as it went along, which if carried any distance would arrive at its destination practically empty.

"And it showed that instead of making the pail leak-proof most of us kept filling it up and then losing all we put into it before we ever reached the place where the contents would be of real use.

"The leak in the pail, the writer demonstrated, was forgetfulness. He showed that when memory fails, experience, the thing we all value most highly, is worthless. He proved to me that a man is only as good as his memory, and whatever progress a man accomplishes can be laid directly to his powers of retaining in his mind the right things—the things that are going to be useful to him as he goes along.

"Farther on in the article I read that the power of the mind is only the sum total of what we remember—that is, if we read a

book and remember nothing that was in it, we have not added one particle to our experience; if we make a mistake and forget about it, we are apt to make the same mistake again, so our experience did not help us. And so on, in everything we do. Our judgment is absolutely dependent on our experience, and our experience is only as great as our power to remember.

"Well, I was convinced. My mind was a 'leaky pail.' I had never been able to remember a man's name thirty seconds after I'd been introduced to him, and as you know, I was always forgetting things that ought to be done. I had recognized it as a fault, but never thought of it as a definite barrier to business success. I started in at once to make my memory efficient, taking up a memory training course which claimed to improve a man's memory in one evening. What you call my good fortune to-day I attribute solely to my exchanging a 'leaky pail' for a mind that retains the things I want to remember."

* * * * *

Powers' story set me thinking. What kind of a memory did I have? It was much the same as that of other people, I supposed. I had never worried about my memory one way or another, but it had always seemed to me that I remembered important things pretty well. Certainly it never occurred to me that it was possible or even desirable to improve it, as I assumed that a good memory was a sort of natural gift. Like most of us, when I wanted to remember something particularly I wrote it down on a memorandum pad or in a pocket notebook. Even then I would sometimes forget to look at my reminder. I had been embarrassed—as who has not been?—by being obliged to ask some man whom I had previously met what his name was, after vainly groping through my mind for it, so as to be able to introduce him to others. And I had had my name requested apologetically for the same purpose, so that I knew I was no different than most men in that way.

I began to observe myself more closely in my daily work. The frequency with which I had to refer to records or business papers concerning things that at some previous time had come under my particular notice amazed me. The men around me who were doing about the same work as myself were no different than I in this regard. And this thought gave new significance to the fact that I had been performing practically the same subordinate duties at exactly the same salary for some three years. I couldn't dodge the fact that my mind, as well as most other people's, literally limped along on crutches, because it could not retain names, faces, facts, and figures. Could I expect to progress if even a small proportion of the important things I learned from day to day slipped away from me? The only value of most of my hard-won experience was being canceled—obliterated—by my constantly forgetting things that my experience had taught me.

The whole thing hit me pretty hard. I began to think about the subject from all angles as it affected our business. I realized that probably hundreds of sales had been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many of our men whom I had heard try to present a new idea or plan had failed to put over their message or to make a good impression because they had been unable to remember just what they wanted to say. Many decisions involving thousands of dollars had been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation and thus used poor judgment. I know how that there isn't a day but what the average business man forgets to do from one to

a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words "I forgot."

I had reached my decision. On the recommendation of Powers, I got in touch at once with the Independent Corporation, which shortly before had published the David M. Roth Method of Memory Training. And then came the surprise of my life. In the very first lesson of the course I found the key to a good memory. Within thirty minutes after I had opened the book the secret that I had been in need of all my life was mine. Mr. Roth has boiled down the principles perfecting the memory so that the method can almost be grasped at a glance. And the farther you follow the method the more accurate and reliable your memory becomes. Within an hour I found that I could easily memorize a list of 100 words and call them off backward and forward without a mistake. I was thunderstruck with the ease of it all. Instead of study the whole thing seemed like a fascinating game. I discovered that the art of remembering had been reduced by Mr. Roth to the simplest method imaginable—it required almost nothing but to read the lessons! Every one of those seven simple lessons gave me new powers of memory, and I enjoyed the course so much that I look back on it now as a distinct pleasure.

The rest of my story is not an unusual one among American business men who have realized the value of a reliable trained memory. My income today is close to \$30,000. It will reach that figure at the beginning of our next fiscal year. And two years ago I scarcely made what I now think of as a decent living.

In my progress I have found my improved memory to be priceless. Every experience, every business decision, every important name and face is easily and definitely recorded in my mind, and each remembered experience was of immense value in my rapid strides from one post to another. Of course I can never be thankful enough that I mended that "leaky pail" and discovered the enormous possibilities of a really good memory.

SEND NO MONEY

Mr. Roth's fee for personal instruction to classes limited to fifty members is \$1,000. But in order to secure nationwide distribution for the Roth Memory Course in a single season the publishers have put the price at only five dollars, a lower figure than any course of its kind has ever before, and it contains the very same material in permanent form as is given in the personal \$1,000 course.

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An Explanation

THE printing and general make-up of November COSMOPOLITAN probably did not please you.

It did not please us either.

There has been a strike in the printing trades of New York City—a strike that affected us just as we were about to go to press with the November number.

This necessitated some quick action on our part. After many necessary and irritating delays, we finally succeeded in finding a shop in Chicago big enough to print COSMOPOLITAN.

The enormous detail connected with moving part of our equipment to Chicago—the delays incident to adjusting conditions there to take care of the November edition of 1,230,000 copies of COSMOPOLITAN—all contributed to its lateness on the stands and to the hasty printing which was not up to COSMOPOLITAN's usual standard.

We are sure you will agree with us that it was far better to give you Cos-

MOPOLITAN for November in some form than to have deprived you of it altogether.

And we wish, here, to express our appreciation of the help given us by our printers in Chicago. They made it possible for us to publish the November number. Notwithstanding the limitations of time and equipment, they did the best that could be done under the circumstances—and a very good best it was, all things considered.

But here, in your hands, is a better printed issue—not printed as well, or reaching you as promptly as we would like or as you have been in the habit of expecting.

If the next two or three issues do not reach you promptly, please do not write us. We hope very soon to resume our regular publication date.

It may interest you to know that this December edition is 1,300,000 copies. You'll find in this COSMOPOLITAN, as always, the best work of the greatest writers and artists in all the world.

"Uh-huh. I often miss the train; but I get where I want to go just the same, Fannie. Now—" From his pocket he took the letter that she had sent him. Carefully, with steady fingers, he took out her check. His calmness frightened her. "Now this, of course, I'll just tear up," he said. He folded the pink slip and tore it carefully in two. He looked round, apparently in search of a waste-basket. Not seeing one, he put the bits of paper on the table. Then, still deliberately, he brought out his check-book.

"How much, Fannie?" he said.

"How much what?" She tried to put defiance into her voice.

"Oh, all this." He gestured vaguely around him. "The rent—you got some new clothes, too, I suppose. All of it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I suppose you don't. How big a stake did he give you?"

"Who?"

"Yeh; I want to know that, too. Though it's easy to guess. Some rapid worker, this Baird. Oh, well, the faster they go the harder they crash."

Once again her heart seemed to stop. She hadn't realized that Frankie was as much in earnest as he really was. Now she understood. He'd been so casual in his love-making, so content, apparently, to bide his time, that she had thought that he'd perhaps let her drift out of his life without attempt to stay her. Now she knew better.

"I don't want your money," she said.

"I brought you back—"

A shake of his head interrupted her.

"It ain't what you do, Fannie. It's what I do. Get that into your nut, will you, kid? It'll save time and mistakes if you do." For a moment, he looked into her eyes. Then his own dropped down, but not before she had time to glimpse the steely wrath in them. "How much?" he demanded.

The girl's weak resistance crumpled.

"Five thousand," she muttered. Then, suddenly, she collapsed. He head fell forward into her arms and her body shook with the vehemence of her sobbing.

Calmly, Landers wrote in his check-book. He tore out the slip on which he had written and put in his waistcoat pocket. He returned the book to the pocket of his coat. Then he rose deliberately.

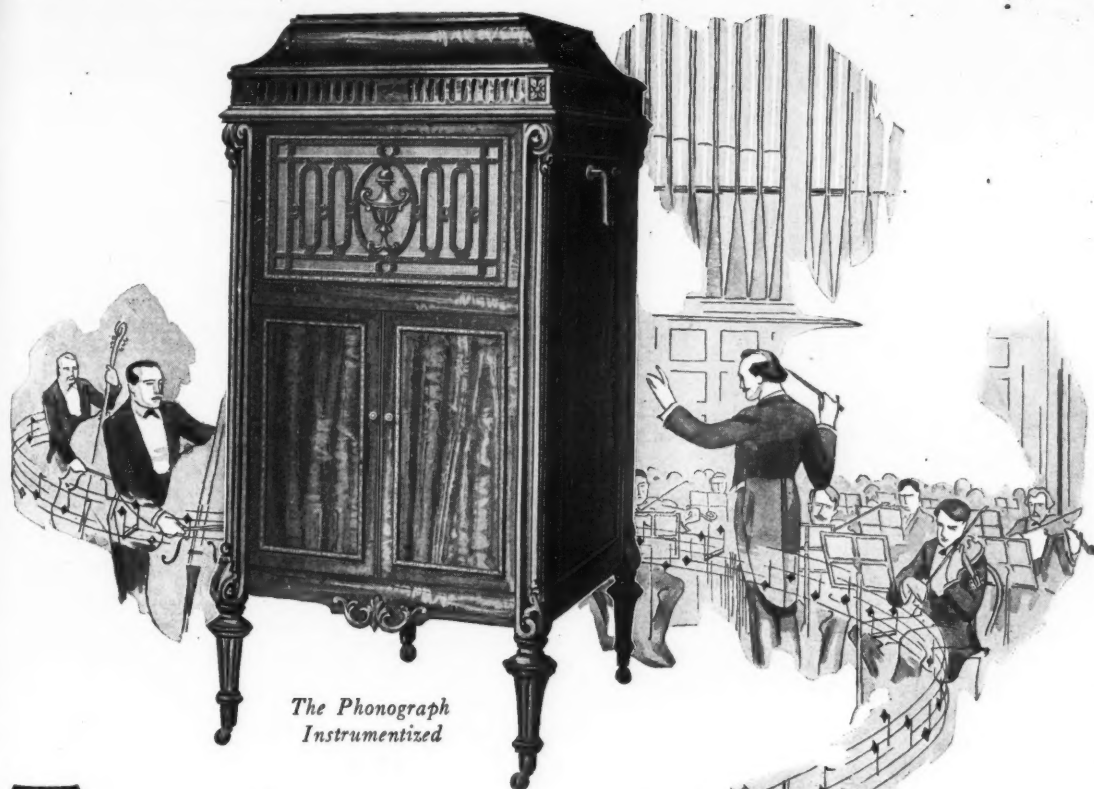
"That's all right, Fannie," he said heavily. "Cry all you want; it'll do you good. I'm going out now. I'll be back—"

"Frankie!" She lifted her eyes, from which the tears streamed down her plump cheeks. Some women are fortunate enough to be able to let their spirituality shine through their sorrow. But Fannie Holben was never so much of the earth earthly, never so fleshly, as when she wept. Yet it so happened that she was the one woman whom Frankie Landers had ever desired to marry. "Don't—Frankie—don't you—"

"Don't fret about me. I know my way round in the dark," he told her. In his voice there was a hint of softness. To him she had never been so appealing, so utterly desirable, as in this moment. Women were only children; they ought to weep when they were caught in naughtiness. But the softness went as quickly as it had come. "You pack!"

"What?"

"You heard. You pack your things!"



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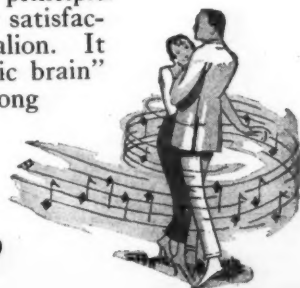
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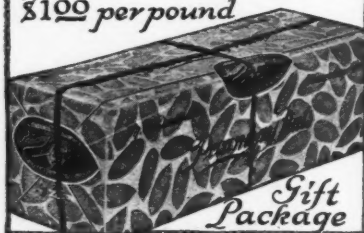
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He walked into the hall, climbed into his heavy overcoat, and left the apartment.

Defiance had been in Fannie Holben's heart when she had sent Landers the check last night. She had known that, sooner or later, Landers would find out where she was living. Why postpone the inevitable? Also, her note and its enclosure would hurt Landers. Landers had driven a bargain with her. What right had a man to drive a bargain with a woman whom he pretended to love? It had pleased her to hurt him. But his presence had aroused fear. Now— He was going to see Baird; she was sure of it. She rushed to the telephone and called up Ladd & Company.

"Mr. James Ladd, junior," she said.

"Out of town," came the bored reply of the telephone-clerk.

She had known it. Last Wednesday night, Jimmy Ladd had given her a check for five thousand dollars. She had telephoned his office the next day to learn that he was out of town. She had telephoned again on Friday. He was still out of town. Then she had written him a note, giving him her address. Yet she had not heard from him. And to-day was Tuesday. Almost a week since he had written her his check, and she had not heard a word from him.

"Give me Mr. Baird, please," she said. She hated to speak with Baird. She'd hoped that Jimmy might have returned this morning, that she could tell him the mistake under which Landers labored. To tell Baird—"This is Miss Holben," she said.

"Yes?" Baird's tone was cold. Six nights ago, Eileen had telephoned him of Fannie's visit. Since then, Eileen's maid had always answered; Miss Elsing was not at home. He had called twice; Miss Elsing was not at home.

To Fannie Holben he ascribed his unhappy week. She was to blame for Eileen's coldness, her neglect. No longer was he concerned with the moral aspects of his case. He dealt in physical facts only now. He had taken the trunk of money from the Tramby; he had used some of it; that use had given him his opportunity in life. Landers had not annoyed him; Blackmar had let him alone. Since Fannie's visit, six nights ago, nothing untoward had happened. He was safe, he reasoned. And it was safety, not ethics, that was most important.

So now, instead of hating the deed that had put him in the position of having to undergo injury at the hands of Fannie Holben, he hated her.

"I just telephoned Mr. Ladd. They tell me he's out of town."

Baird's lips pursed. Jimmy had been in his office this morning.

"Well?"

"Frankie Landers was just here. He found me—I'm living in an apartment!"

Baird hardly noticed that she had accented the last word.

"Well?" he said again.

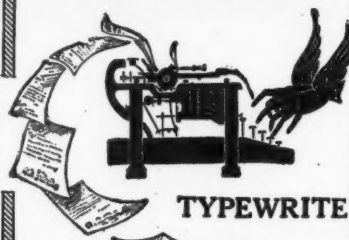
The girl hesitated. She was talking to a man whom she had tried to blackmail, and she was now trying to impress him with her virtue.

"Mr. Ladd is paying for this apartment where I'm living," she blurted.

Baird whistled.

"It's not what you think!" she cried.

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"He hasn't been here once; he's been away. But Frankie Landers thinks—"

"Why tell me all this? I'm not concerned," said Baird.

"Because Frankie thinks it's you! And he's on his way down-town now, and—I'm awful scared," she wailed.

Not content with damning him with Eileen, as she had evidently succeeded in doing, she was damning him with Landers, rousing hatred in a man who already suspected him of having in his possession money to which Landers had some sort of title.

"Why," he demanded, "why did you tell him—"

"I didn't tell him anything!" she cried. "He guessed it was you. For goodness sake, look out for yourself!"

"I'll take care of myself," he said angrily. He hung up the receiver with a bang and walked out to the telephone-clerk, wondering how much she had overheard. But the young woman was engrossed in a book.

"Some one had me on the telephone—wanted Mr. Ladd," he said.

The young woman nodded.

"Mr. Ladd told me, the middle of last week, that he was away on a business trip to anyone who called up."

Baird nodded. He continued on to Ladd's office. But Jimmy, according to his secretary, had gone out an hour ago.

In his own office, Baird walked impatiently up and down. He was not in the least afraid of Landers, but—he wished that Jimmy was there.

Landers did not send in his name. He walked boldly by the door-porter. Baird's office was at the end of the hall that led from the reception-room. His name was upon the door. Landers entered.

Baird wheeled suddenly. The rapid movement disconcerted Landers, so that he did what otherwise he would not have done—not at once, at any rate. He whipped out a revolver.

Baird had just returned from Europe. Arms and the use of them were no novelty in his recent life. And, in that recent life, arms had been drawn for use, not for threat. He leaped forward, swaying his body from side to side, as a fast boxer does. Landers had time to fire once. Then Baird was upon him, and had wrenched the weapon from the fingers of the slighter man. With his right hand, he held Landers away from him.

"Be quiet, you fool!" he snapped. "Sit down!"

To kill was one thing. To fail to kill was another. Landers could have killed. After killing, he could have carefully planned his escape. But to have merely fired at a man, and to be compelled to face a jail-sentence after having been disgracefully disarmed by his enemy—Landers was white as Baird walked to the door.

The clerks were hurrying down the hall. "Mr. Ladd in yet?" demanded Baird. The clerks stopped short at sight of him. One of them wiped his forehead.

"Thought we heard a shot or something, Mr. Baird," he giggled.

"A shot?" Baird stared at them blankly. "Oh—I knocked over a book-case. No; I'll put it back myself. Mr. Ladd not in?"

"No; not yet, sir."

"Very well." Baird closed the door

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Cosmopolitan, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1919. State of New York, County of New York—ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Mitchell Thorsen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the Business Manager of the Cosmopolitan and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Ray Long, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, George H. Casamajor, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business manager, J. Mitchell Thorsen, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders: W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Columbia Trust Company, 60 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; M. V. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Arthur Brisbane, 288 William St., New York, N. Y.; Lina Strauss, 27 West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.; George J. Gould, 165 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; E. H. Gary, 850 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, 30 Wall St., New York, N. Y.; George W. Perkins, 71 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; James Speyer, 1038 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. J. Mitchell Thorsen, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1919. (SEAL) B. S. Deuse, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

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upon them. He wheeled toward Landers. "Get out!" he said.

For the first time in his life, Landers was whipped. Mechanically, he reached for his hat and left the office. On the steps outside, he met Jimmy Ladd. A touch of color swept into Ladd's cheeks.

"Did you want to see me, Landers?" he asked.

Landers shook his head.

"No; I saw Baird."

Jimmy pursed his lips. Curious, a little disturbed, he knocked, a moment later, on the door of Baird's office. A harsh whisper asked who it was. He replied.

"Come in," said Baird.

Baird was sitting in his swivel chair. His coat was off, and he was tying a blood-stained towel round his arm.

"Well, for—who—Rod!" cried Jimmy.

Baird looked at him grimly.

"Nice mess you got me into, Jimmy! Landers thinks I've been putting up for that Holben girl, and—" He grinned. "Never thought my army training would help much in this life. I got his gun—"

"And let him go?" gasped Ladd.

"Well, did you want me to have him arrested, and have it come out that he potted the wrong man?"

A vivid blush swept over Jimmy's face.

"Rod—you're some boy! I—"

"Forget the bless-you-my-son stuff," groaned Baird. "Do you know a doctor that'll keep his mouth shut?"

"But can you wait—"

"It's stopped bleeding," announced Baird. "Help me on with my coat. It's not much more than a scratch."

They left the office by a side exit little used, and were fortunate enough to find a taxi-cab immediately. And Doctor Mensted, an old chum of Jimmy's, was the soul of discretion.

"Stay in bed twenty-four hours," he advised, after he had attended to the wound, "and you'll never know you've been hurt."

XXV

DOCTOR MENSTED was the soul of discretion, but his office-nurse was not. She had recognized Jimmy Ladd. Any young woman who read the society pages was bound, sooner or later, to run across a picture of Jimmy doing something or other. Having assisted the doctor in the sterilization of instruments and bandaging of Baird's wounded left arm, she was experienced enough to recognize that a bullet had caused the injury.

She talked that night to a young man at her boarding-house. The young man had a friend on an afternoon newspaper. Before ten on Wednesday morning, a reporter interviewed Jimmy Ladd.

Of course he learned nothing. Equally of course, the reporter's paper, the *Blade*, dared publish nothing. Libel is a heavy threat, especially when made by one who has money wherewith to press a suit.

But the mischief was done, although Doctor Mensted backed up Jimmy in his denial that he had treated anyone for a bullet-wound. The nurse was discharged, and one would have thought that the incident considered closed. The nurse did not know the name of Jimmy's wounded companion.

But rumor travels upon wings, and fin-



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ally it reached the ears of a young woman who, under the *nom de plume* of "The Divorcee," supplied *City Items* with some of the paragraphs that made that weekly journal so popular.

It reached the editorial offices of *City Items* on Thursday, in time to catch that week's issue of the paper. So it happened that, on Friday noon, Jennie Elsing read the paragraph. She immediately called up Eileen, and Eileen sent her maid out for a copy of the paper.

She found the paragraph easily. It was the first one in *The Divorcee's* column.

A certain young millionaire who acquitted himself creditably in France has been on the water-wagon almost a fortnight, and his friends, realizing what a triumph this was, had hoped for big things, especially since his multimillionaire father has taken him into partnership. But some people, on quitting drink, take to other things. This young man, it is said, has not substituted drugs for liquor. A revolver is his substitute. At any rate, he took a friend of his—name unknown—to a certain famous surgeon last Tuesday. Apparently, the two youths were friendly still, but that may have been camouflaged for spying servants or nurses. Mr. Unknown Friend had a bullet-hole in his left arm. Puzzle: Who did it? And why?

Of course, Jimmy Ladd was the young millionaire. A cold chill crept over Eileen's heart as she put the sheet down. *City Items* was scandalous, libelous, but—it told the truth mostly, viciously unnecessary as publication of the truth might be.

There was no reason on earth for Eileen to connect Baird with the story. But—if it had been an intimate friend of long standing, whoever had seen Jimmy enter a doctor's office would have recognized the friend as well as Jimmy. But Baird, being a recent friend—It was absurd! Nevertheless, Eileen telephoned Jimmy.

"What's all this scandal in *Items* about you, Jimmy?" she demanded.

"It doesn't mean me—that's all," lied Jimmy unhesitatingly.

"Then you haven't been keeping away from me merely because you disliked having my fair name coupled with a young would-be murderer?"

"But Baird's been telling me that you were away."

"Because I am 'out' to him doesn't necessarily mean that you couldn't have found me in," she retorted.

"Eh? What's wrong with you and Rod?" he demanded.

"Was there ever anything particularly 'right' with us?" she countered.

"Don't take that tone with me, young woman," he told her. "I'm not bound to your chariot-wheels any more."

"Please, sir, Mr. Ladd, sir, will you eat dinner with a lonely young woman?"

"That's a whole lot better," he approved. "To-night?"

"At seven," she replied.

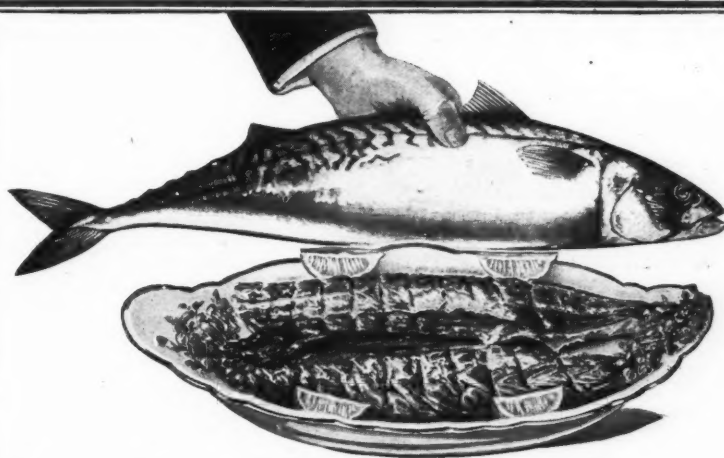
"I'll be wid yez," he said.

He was, to all appearances, a young man with nothing on his soul but his flesh. He was merry as usual. And tactfully, not until dinner was finished and he had lighted the inevitable cigarette, did she approach the subject which, by tacit mutual consent, had been thus far avoided.

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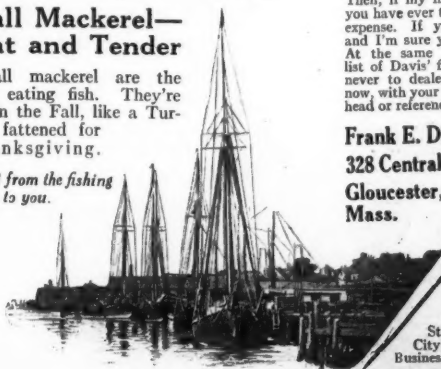
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"I thought so," he jeered. "What have you two quarreled about?"

Her lips curled a moment.

"We haven't been intimate enough for a quarrel, Jimmy."

"Then why does he think you're still out of town?"

"Jimmy, you're my friend, aren't you?"

"The best you'll ever have, Eileen!" he assured her.

"Then it's all right. Well then—I want to know something about Mr. Baird."

Jimmy puffed on his cigarette.

"Fire away," he invited.

"Just after I met him, Sam Blackmar objected to his coming here."

"Jealous," commented Jimmy.

"One night last week, that Holben girl called on me."

Jimmy glanced at her swiftly.

"Called on you?"

"To tell me that she could put Mr. Baird in jail if she chose."

"What?"

"The next day, Eleanor Cather dropped in. Told me that the Holben woman had paid her brother to investigate Baird in Donchester. Eleanor was naturally angry at Bob. She thought he'd sunk rather low. So did I. But—Bob had discovered that Baird was practically penniless."

"Well, what of it?" demanded Jimmy pugnaciously.

Eileen shrugged.

"I don't know. Why should the Holben woman pay Cather to look up Baird? Does she hope to marry him?"

"Rot!" declared Jimmy.

"Why did she come to me?"

"Thought you'd be interested enough to buy her off," suggested Jimmy.

Eileen colored.

"I wasn't. I didn't even ask what she had to say against Mr. Baird."

"What did you do?" asked Jimmy.

"I telephoned him that—that she'd threatened him. That was all."

"And since then?"

"I haven't seen him."

"Refused to see him, eh?"

"Well, suppose I have?"

"Oh, nothing. The easiest way, though, is to ask. That's the way to find out. Why not ask Rod what it all means?"

"And mix myself up with—It all looks like dirt, Jimmy."

"And you'd hate to soil your pretty white hands, eh?" He openly sneered at her.

"And you were considering being engaged to him. I don't think your friendship is worth much, Eileen." He glared at her.

"Jimmy!" she gasped.

"I said it! I mean it!" he blazed.

"You're the girl that I've always sworn was the finest made. And you quit under fire! Lord, you weren't even under fire!" She sat bolt upright, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Better be careful what you say, Jimmy."

"Careful nothing! You listen to me. You want to know what kind of chap Rod Baird is, don't you? Well, I'll tell you.

He's too darned good for you or any other woman that drops a friendship at the first mean whisper."

"I read more than a whisper about you to-day and haven't dropped you," she defended herself.

"And I suppose you pride yourself on that. But I notice that you invited me up here to hear what defense I might have. Well, you'll hear it. That Holben girl—I gave her five thousand dollars one day last week and put her in an apartment. I did it—I'm a fool, I am! But Frankie Landers is crazy about her. She's a fool—hasn't sense enough to marry him. I figured that, when I came to claim my payment—oh, let me be frank; it won't hurt you—that if there was anything decent in the girl, it would come out, that she'd throw me over like a shot and run to Landers. And just so's she'd have time to think it over, I kept away from her, let her think I'd gone out of town. You see, I sort of liked the little fool. She's kept herself straight, in her way, until now—I knew she'd balk at payment. Well, I stayed away too long. Landers found out, went to see her, got the idea it was Rod who put up for her, came down to the office, and put a bullet into Rod."

Eileen's color deserted her.

"He wasn't—"

"Nothing much. But—he jumped Landers, took his gun away from him, kept the whole business quiet, and—how many men would have let Landers go?"

She managed a sneer.

"He wanted to dodge scandal," she said.

Jimmy looked her over coldly.

"You're pretty mean, Eileen, I'm thinking. Yes; he wanted to dodge scandal. To dodge it for me! I found him bandaging up a hole in his arm by himself. I'm his friend. He'd take a bullet for me and keep quiet about it. That's friendship, Eileen!"

She leaned forward.

"Jimmy, I'm pretty small, ain't I?"

"Well, you don't measure up very big, old dear," he told her.

"Is he—still—"

"Oh, he's all right enough. Been three days in bed. Had a bit of a fever, but it's gone now."

"You think he'd like to—hear from me?"

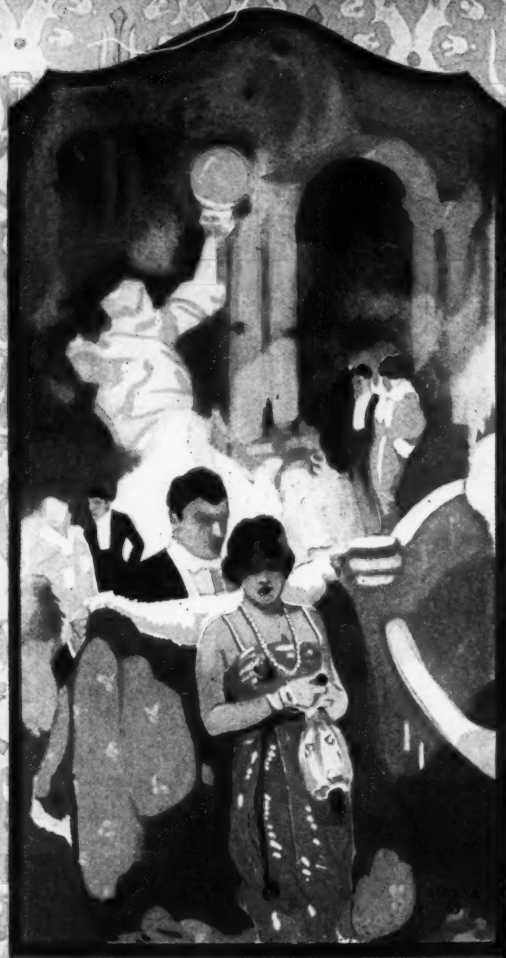
"Don't talk foolishness, Eileen. You know he's mad about you."

He said other things before he left, but this sentence was the one that rang in her ears. Baird was "mad about her."

And she'd judged him without hearing his defense. Well, she'd make amends. She'd telephone—Telephoning was too cold. She tiptoed into Mrs. Kelton's room. Her chaperon was sound asleep. So, too, judging from the heavy breathing, was her colored maid.

She changed her slippers for stouter Oxford, and put on a heavy coat. She didn't care for gossip, for talk, for scandal. Baird was too ill to come to her if she sent for him; she was going to him without his sending for her. He was mad about her. It was the sweetest sentence that mortal had ever uttered.

Eileen's visit to Baird develops a most peculiar situation. The young man asks himself how he ever will be able to return the money that was in the canvas trunk. His dilemma is described in the next instalment of *Uneasy Street* in *January Cosmopolitan*.



Deltah

P E R L E S

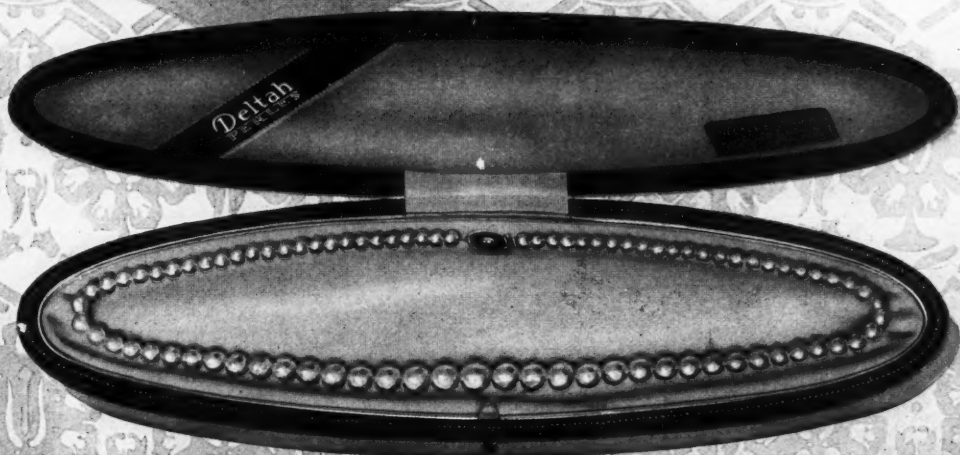
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Anetta the Third

(Continued from page 57)

Results are not always criterions of achievement, but usually they are pertinent. Anetta's pretty iris-blue eyes nightly were peculiarly limpid with the light of ambition which has been justified, and her stolid, worrying parents and brothers, protesting the dangers of a work which necessitated midnight homings on a none-too-lighted home street, were met by a defiant hint that such dangers could be removed by her and the other Koskaums, removal to a different neighborhood—one more befitting signal success in life. The younger ones of the family, even the brothers, agreed with the hinting Anetta.

Rachel, of the La Première plain-blue serge rack, was discharged for discontented remarks and sulky actions unbecoming—in the opinion of the smooth-shaven Hennings—a saleslady. Lisbeth Koskaum also mutinied at her manicuring—for what was such work compared to what sister Anetta in a white-silk dress was doing for her living? And Natie grumbled over her stenographic notes and began furiously to save for twenty lessons, too.

And to Mme. Maybelle Morrissey, who often dropped round to a Midnight Inn side-table to keep affectionate tab on her successful pupils, Anetta related more interesting results than those recorded above.

"An old white-haired saloon-keeper sent me two dozen pink roses. And Hennings, the other night, wanted to taxi me home. And a mechanic in our building—his mother is a friend of my mother and told her, though not to be agreeable—she didn't exactly like it—cut my picture out of a newspaper to paste up above his bench in the motor-repair works back of our place. And my brother Emil won't let the girl he's engaged to read a Watts ad for fear she'll get the fever, too. And an alderman sent me his name to remember election-day. And Jip Watts said I had made some of 'em forget that last July had a first." Anetta dimpled while she related.

Mme. Morrissey became wisely advisory.

"Pink roses ain't what I call a real substantial present, dearie. And a coat-and-suit-shop floor-man with a taxi? Don't, Anetta. That kind always wants some woman they don't make enough money to travel with right—and a wife don't even get 'L' fare, they're so busy chasin' some one a notch higher than her, poor thing! And a mechanic—I guess I don't have to warn one of my pupils about men that don't manicure regular. As for Jip Watts"—large pale-brown eyes became regretful—"don't waste any hopes on him, dearie. He's nice, and he's real nice-looking, though getting stout. But he's paying alimony to two now, dearie, and I don't think an order from the League of Nations would make him take on a third."

Anetta laughed outright.

"Oh—I'm making enough these days to buy pink roses myself. And Hennings—when a man's growled at you and your sales-slips for two years, a taxi with him doesn't make you light-headed. As for folks that live in my home street"—she shrugged—"I'm trying to dance my way out of that street. And Jip Watts"—she shrugged again, with pretty satisfied shoul-

a week from—but he—he's fifty-three years old. Though, of course, he can't help it"—kindly.

Mme. Maybelle reached over a large ringed hand to pat Anetta's bare forearm with genuine admiration.

"I bet you're going to be a credit to the Morrissey Studio, dearie. Your brains aren't all in your heels."

"I hope not." Anetta smiled idly, and glanced over toward a young man with dark eyes and a pronounced chin who, alone at his table, over a milk-punchless punch was staring hard at her. "This is the third night running he's been here."

"He ain't used to manicures, dearie"—carelessly.

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of him as—as you mean," said Anetta hastily. "I've just noticed that he's been here three nights. Alone."

Mme. Maybelle cast astute vision over the room.

"Jip signed you for long?"

"Just from week to week," said Anetta, with unconcern. "He says long contracts aren't tossed around these days."

"Well, times now ain't what the past used to be," admitted the other reflectively. "If these was the days of iced buckets, and a one-o'clock-closing law be simply ignored, I'd say he wasn't treating you real right. But now a girl has to be thankful for small favors—with maybe the reformers going to take a person's cigarettes away from her, which is my idea of no personal liberty at all—"

"Oh," said Anetta absently, eyes complacently on her crossed, narrow, white-slipped feet, "Jip Watts isn't my only basket of eggs. I'm thinking the stage—vaudeville, maybe—" Her expression was half alight, half diffident, as she raised pretty white eyelids.

"Certainly, dearie. Vaudeville's there to be jumped into—if you're a jumper. And I always say the Lord helps those who help themselves—especially if they've got extra well-shaped ankles and a complexion. Hair can be remedied, and your joints are what you make 'em—"

"A girl who was here before me is now on the three-a-day circuit."

"I don't hardly know how to advise you, Anetta. On the three-a-day, you earn all you make, and the cafés and tea-rooms have been considered bigger money-sources—but nothing's as it used to be before the Drys got their inning. And while"—with acerbity—"I ain't got nothing against the Drys personally, I ain't awfully gleeful about what they have done to the dancing profession." Mme. Maybelle sighed. "I fear few folks are going to sit up till two or three o'clock evenings watching pretty girls dance gracefully unless there is a chance to get a little stimulant."

"I'm thinking hard about vaudeville."

"Lots of dancers have turned to vaudeville since July. Though I don't want to discourage you."

Anetta rose to dance. There had been a signal to her. It is a pity that Anetta Pycychi, with her bundle on her back, plodding the rocky miles patiently, could not have looked ahead and seen her slim



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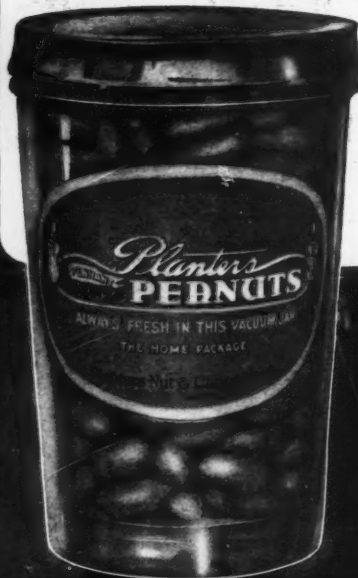
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satin slippers that cost more than the first Anetta's whole fare to America.

Mme. Morrissey helped applaud. And, when Anetta returned,

"You certainly don't discredit the Morrissey Studio, dearie!"

Anetta dropped to a chair laxly.

"At that, the life isn't all roses and hand-claps," she declared. "Your feet can ache—outside a coat-and-suit shop."

"Everything has its aches," said the other firmly, motioning a waiter for a glass of near-beer. "You may not believe it, dearie, and, of course, it ain't so in the case of a favorite pupil like yourself, but there are times when I get so weary showing girls steps that I wish dancing had never been wished on the human race. I ain't so young as I used to be."

Anetta listened absently to the hand-clappers.

"Always a mistake, dearie, not to give 'em a few more steps for their kindness in clapping hard," suggested Mme. Morrissey.

"My ankle nearly turned a minute ago," Anetta regarded it reproachfully. "Funny thing—my feet have a little pain lately."

"They have?"—sipping her glass.

"Most of the time."

"Worse with your shoes off—or with 'em on?" There was a careful accent to the speaker's voice.

"It's funny—worse with 'em off. Seems to be a relief when I lace a high pair on tight."

"Hm." The other's large-lidded eyes rested thoughtfully on the slim crossed young ankles. "Better see an osteopath right away, dearie."

"Guess I better." Anetta, not greatly concerned about the inconvenient pain, looked pertly over the many tables at the young men and old, many of whom were looking kindly at her.

"I can send you to a masseuse, too," said Mme. Morrissey. "A person I know well and can recommend just as well as if I wasn't getting a cent of the little commission she insists on my taking for whoever I direct to her."

"Give me her name"—carelessly. Anetta, smiling a little, looked past the chair of the solitary young man with a pronounced chin.

A few days later, Anetta Koskaum telephoned Mme. Maybelle Morrissey. Her young voice was excited, astounded.

"My arches have fallen—and I have weak ankles, too."

"What a dreadful shame!" exclaimed the teacher. "Dearie, I've hated to hint at anything, but along the sixth lesson, I noticed you didn't seem—"

"Didn't seem what?"

"Real strong-ankled, dearie. And while I know there's lots of folks thinks dancing is a real lazy profession, there's me and others could tell 'em it takes endurance and strong young muscles—"

"You noticed it the sixth lesson you say?" queried the girl sharply.

Mme. Maybelle's voice hesitated a little uneasily.

"Well, I wasn't real sure, dearie. And maybe it was the eighth or ninth lesson. Honestly, I wasn't sure. And sometimes you awful delicate-looking girls have just as much physique as the real-strong-appearing ones—"

appealingly.

"Besides the masseuse, I saw two osteopaths. Do you think—think a few days' rest—"

"Oh—well, dearie, I really couldn't say. There was Maisie Wells—her arches broke clear down, and she took treatment for a long time. But Maisie was going to be married, anyway, to a realty man that she met one evening, so she didn't care a great deal; and I never saw her later to learn the particulars whether they got well or not. And then there was Blanche Carey—Blanche was warned by the doctors that while she could do a turn a day of twenty minutes that might really strengthen them—"

"Jip Watts doesn't want anyone to do twenty minutes. It's three hours an evening at least—"

"Three hours is more than most fallen arches can stand," said Mme. Maybelle Morrissey decidedly. "Because I remember Allee Dunderly that used to be at Mosburg's All-Night Afternoon Tea-room two years ago, and she at last had to lay off eight months—"

"Eight months?"

"Allee's ankles went back on her, too, as well as her arches. She always blamed her parents, who were a sickly pair, and I guess it is true that unreliable ankles are hereditary. Though it seems awful queer"—Mme. Maybelle's large voice came regretfully—"that there ain't some way parents could give their children good ankles, especially when dancing as a profession is liable to be thought of by the children—"

"If my ankles didn't turn so—when I'm not expecting 'em to, one of the osteopaths said—"

"Dear me, you musn't let Jip Watts see 'em turn often"—with concern. "He's told me more than once not to fasten anything but a winner on his place."

"I guess he didn't like it last night—I fell once."

"Ain't it the truth"—the other was musingly sympathetic—"ain't it the truth, in the midst of life we are in the midst of trouble?"

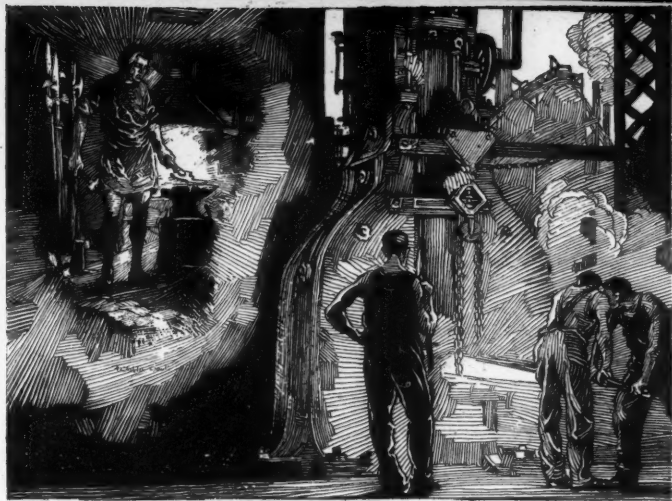
"I guess it's the truth," said Anetta, in hurt and perplexed voice. "I—I don't know what I'm going to do."

"I wish I could advise you, dearie. But I can't, any more than I could poor Essie Hayes, who took all the steps just like she was born knowing them, but she couldn't even stand three hours a day."

"One osteopath"—desperately—"told me I ought to get an engagement of an hour an evening at least—"

"You won't find many engagements of that character," said the other firmly.

"You see, the dancing profession ain't one in which a girl can pick and choose her minutes. In the first place, there's lots of girls in it willing not to choose, and, in the second place, nothing is—where pleasing a public is concerned." Mme. Morrissey was melancholic but positive. "You've got to consider your public, because that's what all the dancer-hirers consider, first and last and all the time. Many's the time Jip Watts—and many others—has said to me: 'Maybelle, we're slaves to our work—that's all we are. It ain't what we want; it's what the public wants.' Though a lot"—the speaker became grim—"those Drys cared about a great public that's will-



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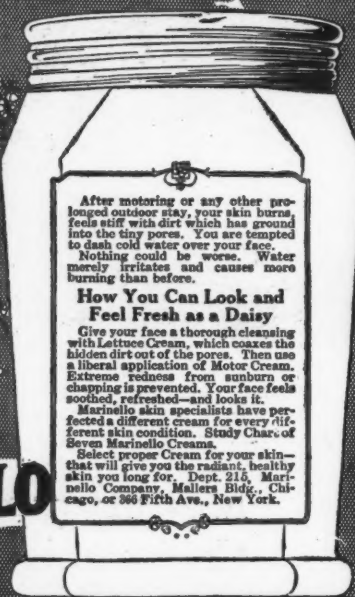


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ing to pay for its pleasure if it can only have its pleasure when it wants it—"

"Yes—yes. Good-by." Anetta hung up her receiver abruptly.

Which slightly displeased the other, and when, a week later, at a small side-table at the Midnight Inn, Anetta approached to sit down, Mme. Morrissey reproached her.

"You hung up, dearie!"—peevishly—"before I could give you the address of another masseuse who's a friend of mine and worked seven months on Amélie Raymond's arches, trying to—"

"Did she make them strong?"

"Well—no; not exactly. Amélie's father was a well-to-do wholesale grocer, and he didn't grudge the three hundred and fifty dollars for his daughter—"

"I haven't a wholesale-grocer father," said Anetta tartly. "He works by the day at the stock-yards. And forty dollars a week—for nine weeks or so"—bitterly—"isn't so much. There's been clothes. One masseuse I've already given fifty dollars to. And there was thirty-five to two osteopaths for consultation. And another ten. Though Lisbeth and Natie, and even Emil, offered right away to help. But—"

"It's a shame, dearie. I certainly wish I could advise you. But, too, I hope Jip Watts"—tone took on a certain apprehension—"doesn't come round and blame me for recommending you when—"

"Oh"—Anetta spoke listlessly—"he didn't blame me—or anyone. He merely said—last night, when I tripped twice: 'Say, girl, if a crowd is soaked in alcohol, you can limp around on wooden legs and they'll hiccough and applaud you if you've got fair clothes. But on soft drinks they're so darned critical that, with ten cents' worth of malted milk, they'll expect part of the Russian ballet as compensation.'"

Anetta laughed with hardness.

"Dearie, it's certainly a shame—"

Anetta held up a hand for the other to be silent just then. The small side-table was not far from the open door of Jip Watts' small side-business sanctum. From a telephone, his voice reached them clearly.

"Say, Mme. Stussy, one of my dancers has played me a poor trick—I'm turning her off to-night. Got any one at this short notice? . . . One? . . . Yeh—I 'member her. Tall—red-haired? Sure-stepper? Is she sure? . . . Yeh—get her here in a hour, if she's got a dress. Don't trail over no old clothes' carrier."

Mme. Maybelle Morrissey, hearing, set down heavily her glass of near-beer.

"Mme. Stussy!" And he told me once"—indignantly—"she'd take into her studio anyone, even a cripple, that'd pay her for ten lessons!" She suddenly regarded Anetta, silent, listless, with cold, large eyes. "Dearie, maybe I'm going to be too plain-spoken. But I can't help feeling you have not turned out a credit to the Morrissey studio."

"No," Anetta agreed quietly. Over the many tables of the place her glance wandered. It finally returned listlessly to her quiescent crossed ankles, not having focused.

"Oh, I ain't actually blaming you, dearie. I'll certainly feel bad over your going back to sell coats and suits. Just as I felt bad over Athalie Ginsberg going back to the silk counter in a department store. I felt real sorry for Athalie—though it wasn't her ankles. She had a little squat nose, and her first big-pay she

must go to a facial surgeon to make it a Greek, and he fills it out with paraffin, which later lumps up where it shouldn't."

"Poor Athalie!" said Anetta curiously. "I'm better off than Athalie, I guess. Even if I can't go back to the La Première—"

"You can't?"

"One osteopath said nine hours, standing would in time— No; you don't sit in a rocker to sell duvetyns and tricotines."

"I'm real sorry, dearie. I wish I could advise you. There—there ain't any men so far seemed real serious? There ain't none—"

"None." Anetta's laugh was harsh.

"Nor none to whom I might be—be serious."

"Too bad!" Mme. Maybelle Morrissey, though, was sending roving glances over the many tables, too. Her glance focused on a girl at a center-table, whose wide eyes laid forth fervid desire for all to read.

"Rather sweet girl!" remarked Mme. Maybelle calculatingly. "And she looks like she'd be a real sweet dancer—with a few lessons. I wonder if she ain't anxious to be a professional. I believe I'll just go over and give her one of my cards." She rose, crossed the room.

Behind her appeared a wry wraith of a smile on Anetta Koskaum's lips.

Small incidents follow annoyingly in the wake of big events, it often happens. As Anetta, hatted, coated, her satin slippers in a bag, her high shoes on for street-wear home, was leaving the Midnight Inn, one Hennings happened to be leaving it at the same time. Earlier in the evening, she had confided to him—

A tactful man was the youngish Mr. Hennings. Or was he? He raised a soft-felt hat to her—and went right on past. There was the least touch of past managerial manner in the hat-raising, in the going on his way.

Another wraith of a smile. But Anetta's eyes winked fast also.

At that time of night, street-cars were not crowded. The passengers of the one on which she stepped were self-absorbed except three youths in three-dollar hats and silk socks who surveyed her and her iris-blue eyes with amiable interest.

She was not in the humor for it, and she scowled at them so darkly that one was abashed and two tittered.


"She's a frosty young dame," said one.

"Maybe not. Maybe we ain't the right party," said another.

Anetta then disregarded them and devoted energy to tapping her ten toes on the car floor. During the ride home, her blue eyes winked through a variety of expressions. Chief of these seemed—presently—a perplexity tinged strongly with lonesomeness.

At her home street, she walked three blocks slowly, her high heels dragging at the pavement, and hardly breaking the dark quiet of the hour. On the bottom one of the ten home steps, she sat down—after a half-shrug of distaste at the other nine, beyond which was the slumbering, darkened home where would doubtless be sympathy, but a sympathy already pre-smarting with advice and comment.

The street was dark almost to blackness. Time had been when Anetta Koskaum had exclaimed pettishly at her native city's



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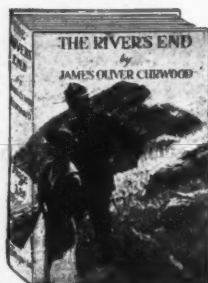
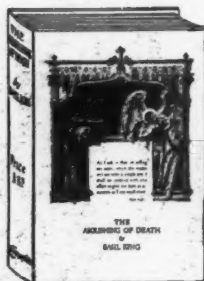
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parsimony in arc-light in certain of its areas. But to-night she hugged the darkness as a friend, and, sitting down on that bottom step abruptly began— Well, Mme. Maybelle Morrissey had proved unsatisfying as a listener. So had one Hennings, and Jip Watts likewise. And Anetta desired to talk to some one. At the moment, she knew none better for hearer than herself. So she passionately, in low tone, addressed herself and her weaking ankles and arches.

"I hate you! I wish you'd always been stocky, clumsy things!"

In answer to this, one sole twinged sharply.

Like an enemy who, in spite of his rage, cannot humanely refuse to succor a disabled foe, Anetta took off a shoe, held the twinging sole tight, rubbed it softly—angrily, though.

"Oh, twinge all you like now"—with an unsuppressed sob. "You can't hurt anybody now." She added disconsolately: "You're no good. You never were any good." She presently repeated it forlornly. "No good." It was followed by another sob. "And neither am I"—with a moan. "And I expected—" She moaned again hopelessly.

Whereupon,

"Why—what—"

But this last was spoken by another person nine steps above her. Anetta turned her head swiftly round, up, toward a young man sitting in the deep shadow at the walled end of the top step who had bent down impulsively toward her—a young man with dark Slav eyes and a pronounced chin.

"How dare you?" gasped Anetta.

"Why—I don't mean—"

"What are you doing here—there?"

"Listen: I just happened to be sitting out here a little while—"

"What do you mean by being sitting there?" she demanded angrily. "These steps—"

"Well, as to that"—the young man was slightly aroused—"I got a right to sit on 'em if I want to."

"You haven't! Certainly you haven't!"

"But I have. I guess— But, see here: I don't want to quarrel with you. And if I'd known you wanted the steps to yourself—"

"Whether I wanted them to myself or not, you had no right to come and plant yourself upon 'em—my steps!"

Again the young man allowed a natural resentment to get the better of a certain chivalry.

"Well, they're as much my steps as yours, if it comes to that."

"They are no such thing!"

"Why aren't they? You don't own 'em."

"I live here."

"So do I."

"You don't! How dare you say you do—how silly to say you do!"

"Say, I'm not daring, and I'm not silly. Certainly I live here—if you're referring"—warmly—"to that little tiff I had with my mother when I stayed away from home one night because she raised such a row over my quitting my motor-repairs job to try for professional aviation—"

"I don't know anything at all about your mother," haughtily declared Anetta, not listening attentively. "And don't try to make fun of me. I have seen you at



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the Midnight Inn, of course; but while I may have smiled at you very slightly one or two nights when I was in a very good humor—which I am *not* now—

"So I see," he put in.

"You can leave these steps of mine at once, because I want them to myself, and they are mine, not yours."

"I'll leave them, of course," he said, with spirit, rising. "But I fail to see your better claim merely because you Koskaums live on the second floor and we Schallmans on the fourth. But, anyway"—spirit yielded to forbearance—"I hope you aren't in any bad trouble. I couldn't help hearing you a minute or so back—"

But Anetta Koskaum was not at listening to this last. Her iris eyes had widened, taken on startlement at what came before.

"Schallmans?" she interrupted to demand.

"Do you mean to say you don't know me?" The question carried his confusion.

"Why, then, when you smiled—"

"I didn't know you were anyone I knew."

"Oh—you didn't"—slowly. "And I—I suppose, if you'd known who I was, you wouldn't have smiled—or looked at me?"

Her answer was a trifle delayed.

"Oh—I don't know."

"You don't?"

Sitting low on the bottom step, face turned round and up, Anetta Koskaum put in turn a question that had nothing to do with such conversation as had already taken place.

"You—you haven't been at the Midnight Inn for—several nights, have you?"

"I didn't think it was any use," said George Schallman impulsively and instantly. "Not a bit—so—" He sat down on the steps to finish the impulsive sentence.

Anetta Koskaum met Mme. Maybelle Morrissey in a department-store lunch-room some days later. And Anetta was not an uncheerful young woman.

"He is not a boob," she stiffly informed Mme. Morrissey. "And he isn't especially fond of our neighborhood, either—we're going to get a flat out north. He said he guessed any motor-repairs man these days could buy his wife any-priced shoes she wants—and he's saved enough to start his own garage."

"It certainly was a shame, though," said Mme. Morrissey, with sympathy. "I've been thinking maybe another osteopath—"

"Oh, George has consulted a dozen. And he says they all say the same," said Anetta decidedly. "And, between you and me, I'm glad. Because I'd never have a minute's peace with him up in the air every day—"

"I don't get you, dearie. Meaning—"

"George's astigmatism, of course," said Anetta. "After all his hopes of professional aviation! That was how I happened to get acquainted with him. He was sitting on our steps one night brooding—"

"Oh! He was?"

"Yes." Anetta Koskaum added dreamily, moving on her way. "George has five cousins who are crossing-cops in this town. And he said he wished he could get a diamond blue enough to match my eyes. But they don't grow that blue. He had to be satisfied with a blue-white one."

Isthmian Idlings

(Continued from page 67)

blood all over my hands. I cut another, and it exuded milk. The third gave forth honey instead of sap.

With sweat pouring from us, now that the sun was back on the job, we toiled up a four-thousand-foot spur of the main range. Near the top, we ran upon a sloping meadow, a lush and lovely beauty spot, carpeted with strange red and blue and yellow flowers, the perfume of which was heavenly.

Sheep—"signs" were plentiful all up and down the ridge; we hung our feet over the edge of the cliffs and let the view soak in, then combed the country with our glasses.

Near by, we came upon a city of cave-dwellings in very good repair. The whole face of a long bluff was perforated with entrances, lending it a Swiss-cheese effect, and opening from the main chambers, in some instances, were smaller compartments which had doubtless served the original homesteaders as china-cabinets, coat-closets, and butler's pantries. Nature had fashioned the caves, but the living-room ceilings had been done over; they were crudely smoothed off as if by bone instruments—perhaps the heads of the short-waisted inhabitants. So I deemed likely when I stood up in one.

Not all the isthmus of Lower California is a desert such as we were in. Far from it. Much of the land on the Pacific side, and especially that in the northerly section, is like that of our southern California, and with development would rival in richness the vaulted habitat of the Native Son. Its isolation from the mother country—the long, narrow gulf completely separating the two—has resulted in a peculiar state of political affairs; it is to all intents and purposes independent. Cantu, the present governor, is a forceful, energetic person. He is popular, and he maintains a considerable army upon steady pay. He and his party, if there is such a thing, make their own laws, levy and collect their own taxes, and thumb their noses at the Carranza government, daring them to do something about it. Since Mexico lacks a navy, and it is a long, dry walk round the head of the gulf, the bluff holds.

Governor Cantu is generally liked by Americans, and is credited with progressive ideas for the development of his state. He maintains internal order, and considerable American capital is invested near the border.

One American, however, told me an experience which, if true, reflects no credit upon the present state government. During the war, he learned there were vast herds of wild burros in Lower California, and obtained a concession to build and operate a slaughter-house and reduction-works for the purpose of meeting the shortage of oils and fats. The hides were to be saved and the carcasses reduced to fertilizer. As a tax, he agreed to pay fifty cents for every animal killed. After he had built his plant and operated it a short time, the tax was arbitrarily raised to three dollars and fifty cents per head, and he had to shut down.

There is also a story of a Russian colony which took up land and planted wheat with the understanding that the government—I was told this meant the governor

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himself—would build a mill to grind the grain. This was done, but at a price of a dollar a bushel, which broke the community flat.

Such methods, whether true of Lower California or not, are certainly not uncommon in other Mexican states and largely explain the present stagnation of business. It is the more regrettable because, prior to the Madero experiment in political science and the subsequent chaos, foreign capital was as safe in Mexico as were foreign lives. The lot of the peons was unhappy, pitiful; nevertheless, the country was developing, advancing, and that very outside capital which is now discouraged was doing much to improve the condition of the poor.

While on this subject, it is interesting and instructive to note the circle through which the Mexican experiments have revolved. As everyone knows, much of Mexico's lands were held in large parcels by the wealthy class. When the revolution triumphed, the reformers said:

"Enough of the old system. It is unjust, malicious. We will expropriate these lands and sell or give them away in small pieces." So they went at it.

But did the land-hungry small investor buy? He did not. He said, very reasonably, too;

"Why should I pay my good money? You took this land, without due process of law, from its original owners, who held it under sacred government guaranty. What is to prevent you from some day taking it away from me?"

In view of this absurd attitude of mind, arguments, further guaranties availed nothing; so it was decided that the state should work the lands, for revenues had to be raised somehow.

Here comes the lesson in socialism—a lesson that our own restless element would do well to ponder over, for it applies to one country, one people, as well as to another. When Mexico tried to work her own lands, she failed, as she was bound to do. Either she could not get the labor or such labor as she did get was lazy, inefficient, or dishonest. Anyhow, the scheme blew up and left the government more than ever perplexed as to means of meeting the "overhead." That need remained; it grew steadily.

There was but one other course to follow, viz: increase taxes. That Mexico did. She boosted them with a vengeance. But the idealist has a hard row to hoe; the obvious and the practical forever obtrude themselves and spoil the reformer's work just when he rolls up his sleeves, spits on his hands, and is about to show what he can do. In this instance, the property-owners sat back in their traces and refused to pull the load.

"Take our land," said they. "We can't exist under such a burden."

But land was the last thing the government wanted. It began to compromise and, under threat of walking out, the property-owners paid what they thought was right or could afford. This, of course, opened the way to unlimited graft, and was seized upon.

Having failed in these radical experiments, Mexico is now talking about restoring the seized lands to the original owners and reinstating them upon a productive basis, so that business and the flow of revenue will be resumed. When she does that, the circle will have been completed.

Doc and I hunted hard for those desert-sheep, and I've no doubt we would have landed some had it not been for the fact that Carrots had tucked into our grub-sack several cans of assorted fish. That tinned sea-food spoiled the party. We were on short water-rations, anyhow; whenever one of us glued his parched lips to a canteen, the others looked on like starving Armenians and prayed that he would break his arm—but when necessity forced us to partake of that salt-water product, our smoldering insides burst into flame. Mere ordinary, perishing thirst became a delightful memory; we quit looking for game and went hunting green maguey plants and the juicier varieties of cactus, such as the deer quench their thirst with.

We breathed dust; we slept in the sand like lizards; we scrubbed our dishes in it until the grub-pile disappeared; then we saddled up and hiked back for the coast. Even the animals speeded up.

We arrived at the bay late at night in the midst of a roaring sand-storm, and made out the yacht veering drunkenly about at her anchorage as the gale boiled over the mountains and blew her this way and that. Carrots put off in the skiff to pick us up, but a gust caught him and spun him out into the gloom. We rid our mouths of burro hair and dust, and answered his mournful cries for help. It did not seem right, after all we had endured, that we should be deprived of Carrots and denied our vengeance for those cans of briny fish. When the wind shifted and whirled him into sight, we waded out to meet him, but before we could entwine our hungry fingers in his vermillion beard, another squall bore him gyrating out into the bay. This time, he broke an oar. It was too dark to see to shoot him, so we sat down and wept. We were strong men, but thought of this meeting had been like wine to us; we had reached the breaking-point.

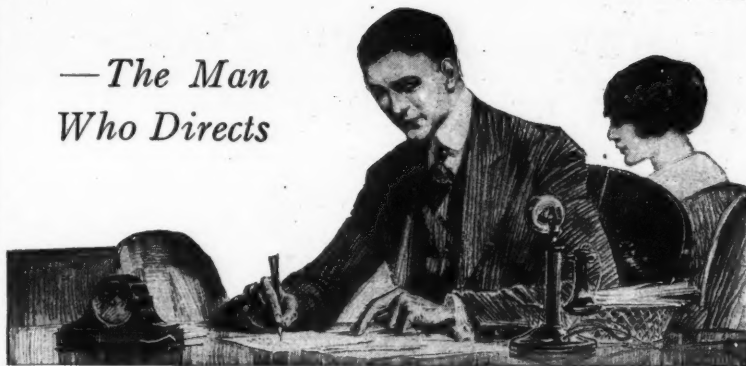
When he finally managed to scull in to the beach, his arms were paralyzed; he could not even raise his hands in supplication and—well, we lacked the heart to do away with him.

Before recrossing the gulf, a word more regarding that queer, little-known peninsula of Lower California which we were leaving. It is one of the last frontiers. It is a region at once amazingly fertile and as sterile as the moon, a land both rich in resource and readily accessible, and yet almost unpeopled and untouched. Mexico will not consent to sell it to us—talk along that line offends every instinct of the Mexican. Strategically, it would be a tremendous asset to the United States, and it would probably yield many products of great value, but further discussion of a purchase can serve only to inflame and antagonize—and international antagonisms we can very well do without for a while.

Angel de la Guarda Island lay just abreast of our anchorage, a vast, mountainous mass, as bare and infertile as the head of a sledge-hammer, but we lacked time in which to explore it for that old paved road and the city of stone houses. Instead, we took advantage of the first decent day to run back across the gulf.

We did not tell our pilot whither we were bound, else he would have gone to board with Maddone, for Tiburon is not a popular point of call, and local boatmen avoid it like the "flu."

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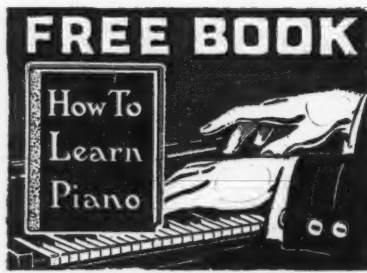
DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO. From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

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When he finally discovered that we were headed for the stamping-grounds of the notorious Seris, he surrendered the wheel and disclaimed further responsibility for anything except his own safety. That he proposed to safeguard. He complained that Tiburon was his idea of no place to be after dark, and assured us that even the rent-collector passed it up and the cops ignored it. In comparison with its inhabitants, the Yaquis were lovable, orderly people, and the electric chair was too good for them. If we chose to go ashore, there we would part as friends, and there would be no hard feelings, but he would appreciate it if we would show him how to start the engine, as it was a long row home.

Salisbury had since "sold" us this Seri proposition with his tales of their uncouth habits; it required no such boosting as this to further prejudice us in their favor. We had no particular fear of them, especially Crisp and I, for to anybody engaged in the motion-picture business, lack of refinement is nothing unusual. As a matter of fact, we had decided, if, in truth, these savages were cannibals, to purchase, hire, rent, lease, or steal, a brace of the hungriest, blood-thirstiest man-eaters and take them back to Los Angeles with us. Crisp wanted his for an assistant director, and I proposed to feed mine on scenario writers. The eating of human flesh, the gnawing of human bones is a reprehensible habit; no doubt, and should not be generally encouraged, but if it must be practised, where better than in and around a studio?

But from our first examination of Tiburon Island, we began to doubt that these Seris were what they had been painted. The soil was poor, too poor to raise any kind of garden-truck, and we reasoned that if, indeed, they were cannibals, it was purely because they were forced to subsist upon canned goods for want of fresh vegetables. Salisbury was positive, however—he knew them. He told about an expedition of newspaper men that had landed here years before and had disappeared, leaving nothing but well-picked femurs and tibias to indicate the manner of their taking-off. The pilot recounted the tale of some storm-bound fishermen who had met a similar fate but a short time before this. Crisp and I, therefore, did not despair.

But there were no Seris where we first went ashore. Doubtless, the scarcity of visitors had forced them to move about in search of other fresh meat.

Before leaving home, we had promised our wives that we would call upon these wild people, and, in order that we might prove that we had carried out our intention and had not spent our outing lolling in white flannel beneath the palms of some *señorita*-infested watering-place, we made up Eddie and posed him beside the bleached carcass of a whale. It was a good idea, and a good background, and Eddie would have made a fairly convincing aborigine had he not insisted upon wearing his red-flannel undergarments. The resulting photograph might have got by at that, had we needed it, but, fortunately, we did not.

This was the spot where Salisbury had killed his seven deer with one round from his six-shooter; so we went hunting, despite the protests of our pilot. In fervent Spanish, he assured us that the place

reeked of redskins, that hidden, hostile eyes were no doubt fixed upon us at that very moment, that unseen lips were smacking in moist anticipation of the fancy cuts and crown roasts into which we would subdivide. Our knowledge of the language was imperfect, but, with a fervor equal to his, we responded,

"*Muy guano!*" which we took to be the Spanish equivalent of "Very good."

Tiburon is a sure cure for buck-fever. Never have I seen a deer-country like it. except perhaps the plateau north of the Grand Cañon. The island where we landed was broken into many low hills separated by dry watercourses, with just sufficient brush in the arroyos to afford cover. The slopes were open, and they were crisscrossed by a very network of game-trails worn deep into the flinty soil. Those trails led everywhere. It seemed impossible to walk a half-mile without starting something, but it was 'not. Either the game lay close or at this season it was further inland, but even so it was not long before the entertainment began.

Elmer and I topped a steep ridge, and as we stepped to the edge of the bluff, a sudden movement below halted us. Out from the night and considerably below us burst a buck that looked as if he had a rocking-chair on his head. He was perhaps two hundred and fifty yards distant, but he made a spectacle. Nature's knack for protective coloring is well illustrated in these burro-deer; in repose, they blend perfectly into the background. It is only while in motion that the eye readily picks them up, and this deer was certainly in motion. No deer of my acquaintance ever displayed more motion in the same length of time. He was headed across-stage, but it was clear shooting, and I completely ruined his whole evening. I shot four times, and was rather surprised to find when we got down to him, that I had hit him four times, twice within a hand's breadth of the heart. It was lucky shooting, down-hill at that distance and at his rate of speed.

He had looked small from the top of the hill, but after he was dressed, ready to pack out, he was the size of a horse.

Far be it from me to dispute Salisbury's statement that some Tiburon deer will "dress" four hundred pounds. The head of this one, now that it is mounted, is so heavy I can't get a spike strong enough to hang it on my wall.

After working another section, where we killed a couple more, we set out to find the Seri village.

These Seris were once a powerful tribe. Mexican history refers to battles between them and the Yaquis in which as many as ten thousand warriors on each side participated. But the Seris were defeated; they dwindled and decayed, and were finally pushed off the mainland to this island of ill repute, where the remnants of the tribe now live. In view of their diminishing numbers, we expected to find a village of physical wrecks, a handful of decrepits. But we were mistaken.

We skirted the island until, with the glasses, we made out a weather-beaten boat drawn up on the shore. Running closer in, we studied the place, but could detect no indication of a village or any sign of life. Salisbury, however, was positive.

"They're probably hiding out," said he.



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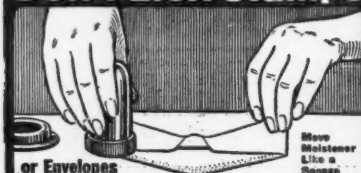
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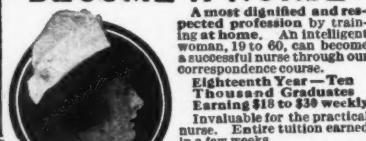
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Our pilot agreed. He hazarded the opinion that the merry villagers were doubtless out in the brush, hastily splitting kindling and filing their teeth in preparation for our landing.

Not until we came to anchor did we see a movement; then a solitary figure appeared. Soon another and another joined it, until there were half a dozen. Eventually they entered their boat and paddled out toward us. They were shy, distrustful at first, but when they recognized Salisbury, they cackled like guinea-fowl and closed in.

One's first impression of these people is that they carry picturesqueness to the point of vice; not even in Greenwich Village can one find such extremes of eccentricity in dress and deportment. But as for being decrepit—Dempsey and Willard and Zbyszko are similar wrecks. They are so big they run six to the dozen; they have teeth like quartz mills, and enough hair to stuff a mattress.

They had brought along a woman and a baby, for fear, I suppose, that we might not treat them gently, but we felt no desire to play rough with those boys. They had on their sport clothes—all that was mortal of some garments Salisbury declared he had given them several years before—and were ready to indulge in any game we suggested, from pillow-fighting to mayhem.

Ed beamed amiably upon them; he gesticulated hysterically and spilled disreputable Spanish, and they came back at him in kind. He was their friend, he said; he was glad to see them and to be once more in the bosom of the tribe. He had been long away, but his heart had hungered for Tiburon, and he had seen no people in any part of the world for whom he could cherish the same love and affection. Emotion choked him; he pressed the chief's hand and smiled moistly into his eyes; he admired the baby and threatened to kiss the mother. Joy so heartfelt as his was touching; his voice wavered, broke—he turned to us, saying, "Don't let the dam't thieves aboard or they'll cut our throats."

He had brought them gifts—oh, riches unimaginable!—the gleanings of his industrious voyages to far countries—not pungent spices and precious oils from the Indies perhaps, but something better. Look! A half-dozen standing collars, size seventeen and a half, and not badly soiled except along the edges; a straw hat with half a brim, and neckties of purest silk with bouillon polka-dots. The chief annexed these offerings and grinned so pleasantly that our Mexican pilot shuddered and backed into the whistle-cord.

We showered presents upon our visitors, and practically everything we gave them they either ate or put on. When we signified that we were going ashore for a more intimate powwow, they shouted vociferously and stirred the water to foam in their eagerness to go and prepare for us.

Prompted by affection and respect, our native navigator made one last appeal. These were bad people, he declared. They would probably make drumheads of our hides, and how would we like to be served up with dumplings and have our jewelry worn by people like these? As individuals we meant nothing to him, but his friends in Guaymas would be bound to talk if he returned alone.

There were perhaps twenty Seris in sight when we put off in the skiff, and they came leaping across the rocky beach to welcome us. They dashed into the water, seized the boat and ran it ashore, then examined us with much interest. Meanwhile, over the brush-tops in all directions black heads with hair like horsetails were lifted; more tattered figures appeared and surrounded us.

Not all of them were as friendly as the first few. Some were merely sullen; others were almost openly hostile. I undertook to photograph one pair, but they pulled a couple of knives as long as a ship, so I canceled that sitting. More than once, some coarse-fibered villager got insulting, despite the fact that there were ladies present. But we were armed and watchful, and on the whole they treated us as well as I would feel inclined to treat them if they descended upon my house in a body. Salisbury had assured us that they possessed no firearms; nevertheless, in exploring their living-quarters we discovered they were quite as well armed as we.

Those living-quarters were nothing but wind-brakes, small brush corrals, and there was nothing in the village that looked like a roof. As for food, the tribe lives altogether on shore dinners, with some occasional venison. It is probable that they cook some of their food, though not all, and meal-time among them would not be pleasant for a civilized person. But as for being cannibals—the word is, of course, only a figure of speech. They are thoroughly lawless, and the stories of their evil deeds are probably true; doubtless they are as dishonest as some of our own citizens, but, all in all, they do not greatly differ from some of the foreigners in the crowded quarters of our great cities, and they smell very much the same.

It was queer to find, so near to our own border, a people so low down the scale of progress. They do not even appear to possess any of the customary Indian skill at handiwork. There were no baskets, no pottery, no cloth, no evidence of any sort of industry. Nevertheless, they were healthy, strapping, energetic individuals, and illustrated the agreeable theory that work is a luxury pure and simple. Doubtless the blood will run out before long, for there are but two villages left, and they number not more than two hundred souls.

In such a community as this, it does not take long to see the sights. When they had taken all the gifts we offered and we had taken all the pictures we cared for, the afternoon began to drag. We did manage to get a little thrill after all of our party save Wilson, Crisp, and I had returned to the Par. While we three were waiting for the skiff to come back, we noticed two or three of the more disorderly young bloods arming themselves. Covertly, we watched them removing their hidden rifles and loading them; then, when they started toward the brush back of the village, we called the chief's attention, and told him by gesture and by facial contortions that this was no nice way to speed the departing guests. We were willing to speed, but whither? Our protests precipitated a scene. The chief managed to disarm one brave, but the others evaded him and made their getaway. When we discovered that the

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women and children were likewise disappearing, leaving us alone on the open beach, it seemed to us that we bulked as big and conspicuous as three dead mules on a hot road, and we could not understand why the skiff was so slow in returning.

Salisbury, we had discovered later, had been watching the scene through the glasses, and had sounded, a call to arms; but we were a quarter of a mile away, and our attention was distracted.

Probably the whole thing was just an aborigine's idea of a practical joke, but, be that as it may, I have no desire to again visit the Seris. I have had so much practise that I can tell nearly every time when I'm not wanted. A nice time was had by all, to be sure; but in view of the chill with which our actual departure was enveloped, I have lost interest in the spiritual progress or material good of those Indians. I hope Salisbury's collars chafe them.

Salisbury's sheep-country lay to the north of Tiburon, but we had cruised seven hundred miles since leaving Guaymas and our gasoline was short. Another norther was blowing, too, and, inasmuch as some of our party had to get home, we reluctantly headed back.

As I write this, there are items in the daily press about Mexico—a revival of resentment at fresh outrages in the Tampico and other districts, renewed mutterings about intervention. I cannot believe, in view of our past policy, that the United States will intervene—not, at least, with armed troops. I may be wrong—frequently I am—even before this sees print, something may happen to draw our military forces across the border. But it is unlikely. It is doubtful, moreover, if that is the best way to pacify Mexico. Bullets would do it, but dollars would do it equally well, perhaps better. Mexico needs money. She is financially discredited; her obligations are unpaid; her industries are starving; she is bled white. She needs new blood, new life. I believe a half-dozen of our strong bankers could restore law and order below the Rio Grande more quickly and more lastingly than an equal number of veteran overseas divisions. Given money to work with and given honest, wise men to handle the spending of that money, she can pacify her own rebellious elements, subdue her outlaws, and Indians, and enjoy a general house-cleaning. Whether she would tolerate American supervision of that sort, whether she would permit outsiders to step in and apply honest, efficiency methods in her departments, is another matter. After talking with thoughtful students of the subject, I learn there are some who believe she would—and if matters don't mend, she may have no choice. The idea is worth thinking about.

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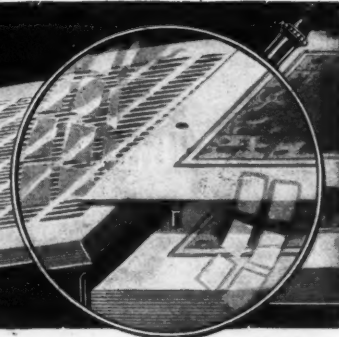
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After the Ceremony

(Continued from page 26)

only to her dizzy husband but to the other woman as well. This coolly competent girl was an opponent such as Hilda Brenner had never before met or imagined. Hilda was well-nigh as dazed as was Rolf. Yet she made shift to meet the strange attack half-way.

"There is no need for any 'talk' between us!" she snapped. "I have offered Rolf his choice. And—"

"And if he is so foolish as to choose me instead of you," cut in Faith, in mild curiosity, "you are going to kill yourself? How? Or is that none of our business? I don't want to be impertinent. Only, of course I'm interested."

With a struggle at her earlier dramatic intensity, Hilda drew from her hand-bag a two-ounce bottle and held it to view.

"Oh," commented Faith, much intrigued by sight of the red label with its white skull and cross-bones, "I see. Carbolic, isn't it? You must be brave! You must be ever so brave! Because I suppose you know what nasty things carbolic does to people."

"I know it takes sufferers out of the reach of pain and sorrow forever," returned Hilda, still fighting for her dramatic pose. "I know it—"

"Yes, yes!" agreed Faith, with the maddening air of tolerance which a teacher might adopt toward some defective pupil who was doing his best and was making a botch of the lesson. "Yes—certainly. It does all that. But it does lots of other things first. I know, you see—because a girl in our chemistry class at college drank some carbolic one day by mistake for distilled water. It burned the poor thing's lips black first, and then all the inside of her mouth. It was like liquid fire. Then it burned away her vocal cords, so that she couldn't even scream. Then it—"

"Faith!" cried Deane, sick at the bald gruesomeness of her recital.

"She was writhing all over the floor," pursued the girl, drawing freely on a super-fertile imagination and shuddering a little at thought of the purely hypothetical college-mate, "and we had to throw a cloth over her face, it was so frightful. Then the acid kept on eating its way—"

"Faith!" shouted Rolf, in crawling abhorrence of the tale.

"I'm sorry if it distresses you, dear," soothed the girl. "But Mrs. Brenner really has a right to know beforehand how—"

She paused and let an explanatory wave of the hand finish the sentence. Hilda Brenner's face had gone yellow. Once more she essayed to speak. Once more, with perfect civility, Faith forestalled her.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Brenner," she said, "if I've disgusted you. I didn't mean to. But the description really wasn't one-trillionth as awful as the thing itself. Still, that's your affair, not ours. We have no right to interfere. And we're not going to. You are old enough and experienced enough to know your own mind. You are going to kill yourself by swallowing that stuff if Rolf should have such bad taste as to choose me instead of you? Is that it? I'm terribly sorry it must be that way, Rolf. But I'm afraid you'll have to make your choice. Are you ready to?"

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She spoke still with the same pleasant carelessness. But, as she talked, she had moved closer to her husband. And one of her white little hands closed on his clenched fist.

"Make your choice, Rolf," she admonished. "Make it once and for all. If you choose Mrs. Brenner, I'll abide by your decision. And I promise not to kill myself. If you choose me, I promise not to nag you about what has happened before we were married, or to 'discipline' you for this, as mother always disciplines poor old dad. We'll just forget all about it and start fresh. I promise. Not that I want to influence your choice at all unfairly. Come, dear; choose! We're waiting. And it's cold out here."

Her fingers were frigid enough for winter as they tightened ever so lightly about Rolf's fist. Yet their contact as well as their chill told him of the gallant battle she was waging. His answer, under the spur of her touch, was explosive in its vehemence.

"There isn't any question of 'choice!'" he cried fiercely. "You are my wife. That is all there is to it. I—"

"Dear old boy!" Faith made answer, ignoring a sudden gesture from Mrs. Brenner. "I'm afraid you aren't at all the saint or even the hero I used to think you. But, somehow, I'm fool enough to love you. And I'm going to keep you from being sorry you chose as you did. You see, Mrs. Brenner," she continued, a fleck of ice creeping into her steady, sweet voice, "the choice is made. Once and for all. And now, if you insist on fulfilling your silly threat—why, there seems to be no good reason for waiting any longer. You said you weren't going to leave here alive, and that you were going to be a sort of human sacrifice—"

"I said that before you came out here!" flashed the woman, goaded and snarling. "You were listening! You timed your—"

"No"—Faith met the accusation, in no excitement at all—"I didn't 'time' it. I came out just as soon as I could quiet down a bit and make up my mind what to do. I didn't mean to eavesdrop. But it did need getting ready for. Honestly it did, Mrs. Brenner. I had only a minute or so. But that is not the point, is it? You are going to swallow this fearful stuff, you say. You say you are going to do it here. I wish you wouldn't. We both wish you wouldn't. But since you feel you must—"

Another significant little wave of the hand finished the sentence. Rolf, horrified at her cold-bloodedness, opened his lips to intervene. But a sudden touch of iron admonition in the white fingers on his hand checked him. He stood, looking and feeling like a fool. Faith stopped an interruption from the other woman by proceeding blandly:

"It will be very terrible, in any case, for you, Mrs. Brenner. You know that. But it may comfort you to know we're both here at your side, to do what few kindly, useless things can be done for you—afterward. We are going to stay with you to the end. We sha'n't stir. I promise. We owe you that much. We have no right to interfere if your mind is made up. And we sha'n't," she went on, her iron-tight fingers holding the dumfounded Rolf to silence. "So, since you are resolved, go right ahead! Or would you rather come



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indoors and do it there? There's a nice comfy couch in the hall. And——"

"You devil!" panted Hilda, the sweat jumping through the pores of her forehead. "I believe you'd let me do it! I believe you'd stand by and——"

"Why not?" queried Faith innocently. "It's the thing you want to do, isn't it? Of course, we hate to see you do it. But it's the Samaritan duty to make it all as easy for you as we can."

"Rolf!" declaimed the woman.

But again Faith side-tracked the appeal.

"My husband feels just as I do about it," said she. "Besides, his part of the business was over when he chose between us. The rest of it lies between you and me. In fact, the rest of it, now, is for you to finish. All I can do is to look on and feel tremendously sorry for you. Perhaps you would like to cut short all this uncomfortableness—and do it now?"

Rolf Deane no longer needed the firm grip on his hand to keep him quiet. He could not have interfered if he had wanted to. He was in a daze. This calmly dominant girl was a stranger to him. He gaped at her in gross bewilderment.

Mrs. Brenner glared, catlike, into the gently expectant eyes of her foe for the fraction of a second. Then, wheeling, she flung the acid-bottle far out into the moonlit grass.

"You win!" she said harshly, with a curt laugh of surrender. "There must be something in breeding after all. You win. I'm beaten."

"Oh, no!" deprecated Faith, with the air of one who waives an unmerited compliment. "I'm sure——"

But Hilda Brenner did not wait to hear the polite rejoinder. With a stride she still labored to make dramatic, she made her way from the veranda. Rolf, speechless, hardly daring to trust in his release, stared after her until the crunch of her footsteps died away in the gravel of the drive. Then he turned back to where his wife had been standing.

But Faith was no longer there. She had slipped indoors. And now, her battle fought and won, the bride was curled up in a miserable little heap on the hall couch she had described as so "comfy." Her fluffy head buried deep in the cushions, she was crying her heart out.

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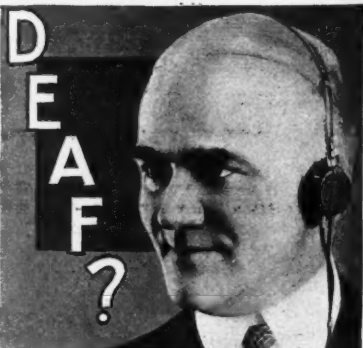
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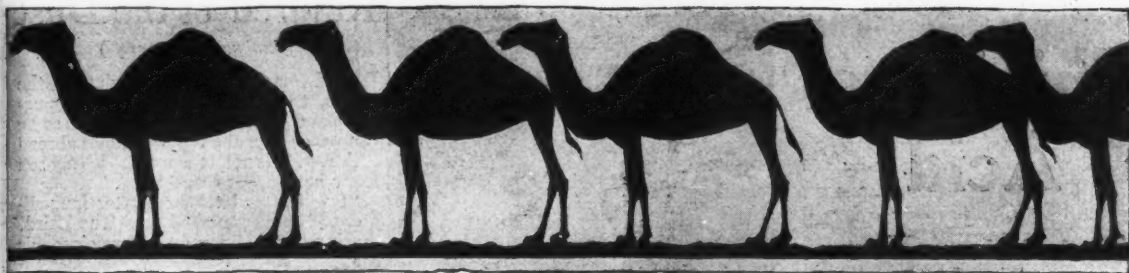
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Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is aluminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

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Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Kindred of the Dust

(Continued from page 48)

Donald completes his tour of duty in the woods, transfer Dan from the logging-camp and give him a job in the mill, so he can watch over the boy when he's abroad nights. He is not, of course, to let my son know he is under surveillance."

"I will attend to the matter immediately," Daney promised, and The Laird, much relieved, hung up and rejoined his son.

"Take care of yourself—and watch that Greek, boy," he cautioned, as he swung aboard the train.

Donald stood looking after the train until the tail-lights had disappeared round a curve.

XII

DANEY readily discovered in a pool-hall the man he sought. "Dirty Dan" O'Leary was a chopper in the McKaye employ, and had earned his sobriquet, not because he was less cleanly than the average lumber-jack but because he was what his kind described as a "dirty" fighter. That is to say, when his belligerent disposition led him into battle, which it frequently did, Mr. O'Leary's instinct was to win, quickly and decisively, and without consideration of the niceties of combat, for a primitive person was Dirty Dan. Fast as a panther, he was as equally proficient in the use of all of his extremities, and, if hard pressed, would use his teeth. He was a stringy, big-boned man of six feet, and much too tall for his weight, wherefore belligerent strangers were sometimes led to the erroneous conclusion that Mr. O'Leary would not be hard to upset. In short, he was a wild, bad Irishman who had gotten immovably fixed in his head an idea that old Hector McKaye was a "gr-rand gentleman," and a gr-rand gentleman was one of the three things that Dirty Dan would fight for, the other two being his personal safety and the love of battle.

Daney drew Dirty Dan out of the pool-hall and explained the situation to him. The knowledge that The Laird had, in his extremity, placed reliance on him moved Dirty Dan to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and loyalty. He pursed his lips, winked one of his piggy eyes craftily, and, without wasting time in words of assurance, set forth in search of the man he was to follow and protect. Presently he saw Donald entering the butcher shop; so he stationed himself across the street and watched the young laird of Tyee purchase a fowl and walk out with it under his arm. Keeping his man dimly in view through the gloom, Dirty Dan, from the opposite side of the street, followed on velvet feet to the outskirts of the town, where Donald turned and took a path through some vacant lots, arriving at last at the Sawdust Pile. Dirty Dan heard him open and close the gate to Caleb Brent's garden.

"Oh, ho, the young divil!" Dirty Dan murmured, and immediately left the path, padding softly out into the grass in order that, when the door of Caleb Brent's house should be opened, the light from within might not shine forth and betray him. After traversing a dozen steps, he lay down in the grass and set himself patiently to await the reappearance of his quarry.

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In response to several clearly audible knocks, the front door failed to open, and Dirty Dan heard Donald walk round the house to the back door.

"The young devil!" he reiterated to himself. "Faith, whin the cat's away the mice'll play, an' devil a word o' lie in that! Begorra, I'm thinkin' the ould gintleman'd be scandalized could he know where his darlin' bhoys is this minute—here, wait a minute, Daniel, ye gossoon. Maybe, 'tis for this I've been sint to watch the lad an' not for to protect him. If it is, faith 'tis a job I'm not wishful for, shypin' on me own boss." He pondered the matter. Then: "Well, sorra wan o' me knows. What if the young fella do be in love wit' her an' his father have wind of it! Eh? What thin, Daniel? A scandal, that's what, an', be the toe-nails o' Moses, nayther The Laird nor his son can afford that. I'll take note o' what happens, but, be the same token, 'tis not to Misther Daney I'll make me report, but to the ould man himself. Sh—what's that?"

His ear being close to the ground, Dirty Dan had caught the sound of slow, cautious footsteps advancing along the little path. He flattened himself in the grass and listened, the while he hoped fervently that those who walked the path (for he knew now there were more than one) would not leave it as he had done and at the same point. Should they inadvertently tread upon him, Dirty Dan felt that the honor of the McKaye family and the maintenance of the secret of his present employment would demand instant and furious battle—on suspicion.

The unknown pedestrians paused in the path.

"Ah done tol' you-all Ah'm right," Dirty Dan heard one of them say.

"Ha!" thought Dirty Dan. "A dirty black naygur! I can tell be the vice of him."

One of his companions grunted, and another said, in accents which the astute Mr. O'Leary correctly judged to be those of a foreigner of some sort:

"All right. W'en he's come out, we jumpa right here. Wha's matter, eh?"

"Suits me," the negro replied. "Let's set down, an', fo' de Lawd's sake, keep quite 'twill be come."

Dirty Dan heard them move off to the other side of the path and sit down in the grass.

"So 'tis that big buck yeller naygur from Darrow an' two o' the Greeks," he mused. "An' God knows I never did like fightin' in the dark. They'll knife me as sure as pussy is a cat."

Decidedly, the prospect did not appeal to Dirty Dan. However, he had his orders to protect The Laird's son; he had his own peculiar notions of honor, and in his wild Irish heart there was not one drop of craven blood. So presently, with the stealth of an animal, he crawled soundlessly away until he judged it would be safe for him to stand up and walk, which he did with infinite caution.

He reached the gate, passed like a wraith through it, and round to the side of Caleb Brent's home, in momentary dread of discovery by a dog. He breathed a sigh of relief when, the outcry failing to materialize, he decided the Brents were too poor to maintain a dog; whereupon he filled his pipe, lighted it, leaned up against the house, and, for the space of an hour, stood

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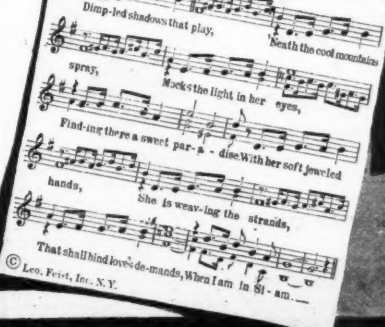


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entranced, for from Caleb Brent's poor shanty there floated the voice of an angel, singing to the notes of a piano.

"Glory be!" murmured the amazed Daniel. "Sure, if that's what the young fella hears when he calls, divil a bit do I blame him. Oh, the sweet v'ice of her—an' singin' 'The Low-backed Car'!"

Despite the wicked work ahead of him, Dirty Dan was glad of the ill fortune which had sent him hither. He had in full measure the Gael's love of music, and when, at length, the singing ceased and reluctantly he made up his mind that the concert was over, he was thrilled to a point of exaltation.

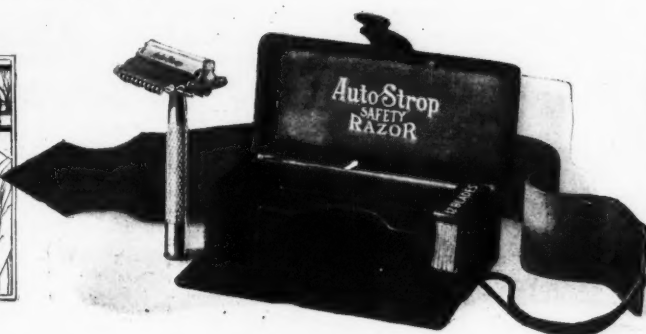
"Begorra, I didn't expect to be piped into battle," he reflected humorously—and sought the Brent wood-pile, in which he poked until his hard hands closed over a hard, sound, round piece of wood about three feet long. He tested it across his knee, swung it over his head, and decided it would do.

"Now thin, for the surprise party," he reflected grimly, and walked boldly to the gate, which he opened and closed with sufficient vigor to advertise his coming, even if his caked boots on the hard path had not already heralded his advance. However, Dirty Dan desired to make certain; so he pursed his lips and whistled softly the opening bars of "The Low-backed Car" in the hope that the lilting notes would still further serve to inculcate in the lurking enemy the impression that he was a lover returning well content from his tryst. As he sauntered along, he held his bludgeon in readiness while his keen eyes searched—and presently he made out the crouching figures.

"The naygur first—to hold me, whilst the Greeks slip a dirk in me," he decided shrewdly.

He heard the scuttering rush start, and, with the shock of combat, his carefully prearranged plan of battle quite fled his mercurial mind. He met the charge with a joyous screech, forgot that he had a club, and kicked viciously out with his right foot. His heavy logger's boots connected with something soft and yielding, which instinct told Mr. O'Leary was an abdomen; instinct, coupled with experience, informed him further that no man could assimilate that mighty kick in the abdomen and yet remain perpendicular, whereupon Dirty Dan leaped high in the air and came down with both terrible caked boots on something which gave slightly under him and moaned. On the instant, he received a light blow in the breast and knew he had been stabbed.

He remembered his club now; as he backed away swiftly, he swung it, and, from the impact, concluded he had struck a neck or shoulder. That was the luck of night-fighting; so, with a bitter curse, Dirty Dan swung again, in the pious hope of connecting with a skull; he scored a clean miss and was, by the tremendous force of his swing, turned completely round. Before he could recover his balance, a hand grasped his ankle and he came down heavily on his face; instantly, his assailant's knees were pressed into his back. With a mighty heave he sought to free himself, at the same time flinging both long legs upward, after the fashion of one who strives to kick himself in the small of the back; whereupon a knife drove deep into his instep, and he realized he



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It isn't necessary to take the razor apart to strop the blade. The strop is simply slipped through the razor head. The AutoStrop Razor sharpens, shaves, and cleans without removing a single part.

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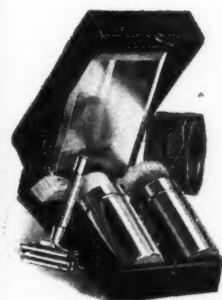
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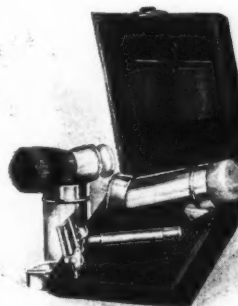
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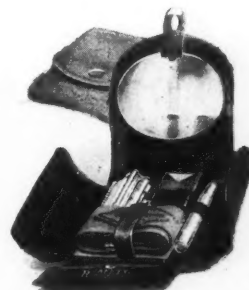
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Cosmo, 12-19

had not acted a split second too soon to save himself from a murderous thrust in the kidneys—a Greek's favorite blow.

In battle, Dirty Dan's advantage lay always in his amazing speed and the terrible fury of his attack during the first five minutes. Even as he threw up his feet, he drew back an elbow and crashed it into his enemy's ribs; like a flash, his arm straightened, and his sinewy hand closed over the wrist of an arm that struggled in vain to strike downward. Holding that wrist securely, Dirty Dan heaved upward, got his left elbow under his body, and rested a few moments; another mighty heave, and he tossed off the Greek, and, whirling with the speed of a pin-wheel, was on top of his man. He had momentarily released his hold on the Greek's wrist, however, and he had to fight for another hold now—in the dark. Presently he captured it, twisted the arm in the terrible hammer-lock, and broke it; then, while the Greek lay writhing in agony, Mr. O'Leary leaped to his feet and commenced to play with his awful boots a devil's tattoo on that portion of his enemy's superstructure so frequently alluded to in pugilistic circles as "the slats." After five or six kicks, however, he paused, due to a difficulty in breathing; so he struck a match and surveyed the stricken field.

The big mulatto and two Greeks lay unconscious before him; in the flickering light of the match, two blood-stained dirks gleamed in the grass, so, with a minute attention to detail, Dirty Dan possessed himself of these weapons, picked up his club, and, reasoning shrewdly that Donald McKaye's enemies had had enough combat for a few weeks at least, the dauntless fellow dragged the fallen clear of the path, in order that his youthful master might not stumble over them on his way home, and then disappeared into the night. Half an hour later, smeared with dust and blood, he crawled up the steps of the Tye Lumber Company's hospital on his hands and knees and rapped feebly on the front door. The night nurse came out and looked him over.

"I'm Dirty Dan O'Leary," he wheezed; "I've been fightin' agin."

The nurse called the doctor and two orderlies, and they carried him into the operating-room.

"I'm not the man I used to be," Dirty Dan whispered, "but glory be, ye should see the other fellers." He opened his hand, and two blood-stained clasp-knives rolled out; he winked knowingly, and indulged in humorous reminiscences of the combat while he was being examined.

"You're cut to strings and ribbons, Dan," the doctor informed him, "and they've stuck you in the left lung. You've lost a lot of blood. We may pull you through, but I doubt it."

"Very well," the demon replied composedly.

"Telephone Judge Alton to come and get his dying statement," the doctor ordered the nurse, but Dirty Dan raised a deprecating hand.

"'Twas a private, personal matter," he declared. "'Twas settled satisfactory. I'll not die, an' I'll talk to no man but Mister Daney. Sew me up an' plug me lung, an' be quick about it, Doctor."

When Andrew Daney came, summoned by telephone, Dirty Dan ordered all others

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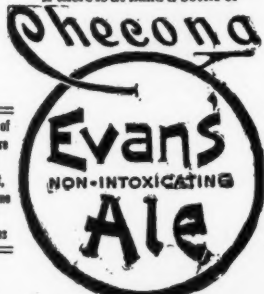
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from the room, and Daney saw that the door was closed tightly after them. Then he bent over Dirty Dan.

"Where's Donald?" he demanded.

"That's neither here nor there, sir," Mr. O'Leary replied evasively. "He's safe, an' never knew they were afther him. T'ree o' thim, sir, the naygur and two Greeks. I kidded thim into thinkin' I was Misther McKaye; 'tis all over now, an' ye can find out what two Greeks it was by those knives I took for evidence. I cannot identify thim, but go up to Darrow in the mornin' an' look for a speckled mulatter, wan Greek wit' a broken right arm, an' another wit' a broken neck, but until I die, do nothin'. If I get well, tell them to quit Darrow for good agin' the day I come out o' the hospital. Good-night to you sir, an' thank ye for callin'."

From the hospital, Andrew Daney, avoiding the lighted main street, hastened to the Sawdust Pile. A light still burned in Caleb Brent's cottage; so Daney stood aloof in the vacant lot and waited. About ten o'clock, the front door opened, and, framed in the light of the doorway, the general manager saw Donald McKaye, and beside him Nan Brent.

"Until to-morrow at five, Donald, since you will persist in being obstinate," he heard Nan say, as they reached the gate and paused there. "Good-night, dear."

Andrew Daney waited no longer, but turned and fled into the darkness.

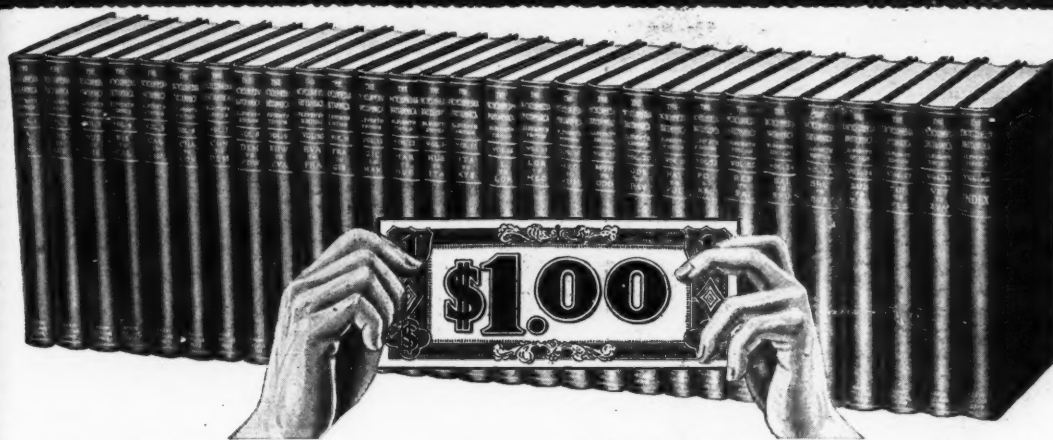
XIII

HAVING done that which her conscience dictated, Nan Brent had returned to her home a prey to many conflicting emotions, chief of which were a quiet sense of exaltation in the belief that she had played fair by both old Hector and his son, and a sense of depression in the knowledge that she would not see Donald McKaye again. As a boy, she had liked him tremendously; as a man, she knew she liked him even better.

She was quite certain she had never met a man who was quite fit to breathe the same air with Donald McKaye; already she had magnified his virtues until, to her, he was rapidly assuming the aspect of an archangel—a feeling which bordered perilously on adoration.

But deep down in her woman's heart she was afraid, fearing for her own weakness. The past had brought her sufficient anguish—she dared not risk a future filled with unsatisfied yearning that comes of a great love suppressed or denied.

She felt better about it as she walked homeward; it seemed that she had regained, in a measure, some peace of mind, and as she prepared dinner for her father and her child, she was almost cheerful. A warm glow of self-compacency enveloped her. Later, when old Caleb and the boy had retired and she sat before the little wood fire alone with her thoughts, this feeling of self-conscious rectitude slowly left her, and into its place crept a sense of desolation inspired by one thought that obtruded upon her insistently, no matter how desperately she drove her mind to consider other things. She was not to see him again—no, never any more. Those fearless, fiery gray eyes that were all abeam with tenderness and complete understanding that day he had left her at the gate; those features that no one would



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ever term handsome, yet withal so rugged, so strong, so pregnant of character, so peculiarly winning when lighted by the infrequent smile—she was never to gaze upon them again. It did not seem quite fair that, for all that the world had denied her, it should withhold from her this inconsequent delight. This was carrying misfortune too far; it was terrible—unbearable almost—

A wave of self-pity, the most acute misery of a tortured soul, surged over her; she laid her fair head on her arms outspread upon the table, and gave herself up to wild sobbing. In her desolation, she called aloud, piteously, for that mother she had hardly known, as if she would fain summon that understanding spirit and in her arms seek the comfort that none other in this world could give her. So thoroughly did she abandon herself to this first—and final—paroxysm of despair that she failed to hear a tentative rap upon the front door and, shortly, the tread of rough-shod feet on the board walk round the house. Her first intimation that some one had arrived to comfort her came in the shape of a hard hand that thrust itself gently under her chin and lifted her face from her arms.

Through the mist of her tears she saw only the vague outlines of a man clad in heavy woolen shirt and mackinaw, such as her father frequently wore.

"Oh, father, father!" she cried softly, and laid her head on his breast, while her arms went round his neck. "I'm so terribly unhappy! I can't bear it—I can't! Just—because he chose to be—kind to us—those gossips—as if anybody could help being fond of him—"

She was held tight in his arms.

"Not your father, Nan. Donald," murmured a low voice.

She drew away from him with a sharp little cry of amazement and chagrin, but his great arms closed round her and drew her close again.

"Poor dear," he told her, "you were calling for your mother. You wanted a breast to weep upon, didn't you? Well, mine is here for you."

"Oh, sweetheart, you mustn't!" she cried passionately, her lips unconsciously framing the unspoken cry of her heart as she strove to escape from him.

"Ah, but I shall!" he answered. "You've called me 'sweetheart,' and that gives me the right." And he kissed her hot cheek and laughed the light, contented little laugh of the conqueror, nor could all her frantic pleadings and struggling prevail upon him to let her go. In the end, she did the obvious, the human thing. She clasped him tightly round the neck, and, forgetting everything in the consuming wonder of the fact that this man loved her with a profound and holy love, she weakly gave herself up to his caresses, satisfying her heart-hunger for a few blessed, wonderful moments before hardening herself to the terrible task of impressing upon him the hopelessness of it all and sending him upon his way. By degrees, she cried herself dry-eyed and leaned against him, striving to collect her dazed thoughts. And then he spoke.

"I know what you're going to say, dear. From a worldly point of view, you are quite right. Seemingly, without volition on our part, we have evolved a distressing, an impossible situation—"

New Stomachs for Old

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around today with entirely re-made stomachs. They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods **correctly combined!**

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he eats. What we take into our stomachs today, we are tomorrow. Food is the source of all power, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had

formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappearing, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste, and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man of 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, everyone of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY,

Department 912, 443 Fourth Ave., New York City.

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days or send you \$3.

Name..... Address.....
City..... State.....

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 912, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

The reasons that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.



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*Why do dark lashes wrap her cheeks
Like a fairy queen?
The magic word she softly speaks,
It is—"LASH-BROW-INE."*

*You, too, a heritage may win
Like stars of stage and screen;
Delay no more, at once begin
Applying "LASH-BROW-INE."*

—E. M. C.

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"Oh, I'm so glad that you understand!" she gasped.

"And yet," he continued soberly, "love such as ours is not a light thing to be passed lightly by. To me, Nan Brent, you are sacred; to you, I yearn to be all things that—the other man was not. I didn't realize until I entered unannounced and found you so desolate that I loved you. For two weeks you have been constantly in my thoughts, and I know now that, after all, you were my boyhood sweetheart."

"I know you were mine," she agreed brokenly. "But that's just a little tender memory now, even if we said nothing about it then. We are children no longer, Donald dear; we must be strong and not surrender to our selfish love."

"I do not regard it as selfish," he retorted soberly. "It seems most perfectly natural and inevitable. Why, Nan, I didn't even pay you the preliminary compliment of telling you I loved you or asking you if you reciprocated my affection. It appeared to me I didn't have to; that it was a sort of mutual understanding—for here we are. It seems it just was to be—like the law of gravitation."

She smiled up at him, despite her mental pain.

"I'm not so certain, dear," she answered, "that I'm not wicked enough to rejoice. It will make our renunciation all the easier—for me. I have known great sorrow, but to-night, for a little while, I have surrendered myself to great happiness, and nothing—nothing—can ever rob me of the last shred of that. You are my man, Donald. The knowledge that you love me is going to draw much of the sting out of existence. I know I cannot possess you, but I can resign myself to that and not be embittered."

"Well," he answered dully, "I can give you up—because I have to; but I shall never be resigned about it, and I fear I may be embittered. Is there no hope, Nan?"

"A faint one—some day, perhaps, if I could live another."

"I'll wait for that day, Nan. Meanwhile, I shall ask no questions. I love you enough to accept your love on faith, for, by God, you're a good woman!"

Her eyes shone with a wonderful radiance as she drew his face down to hers and kissed him on the lips.

"It's sweet of you to say that; I could love you for that alone, were there nothing else, Donald. But tell me, dear, did you receive my letter?"

"Yes—and ignored it. That's why I'm here."

"That was a risk you should not have taken."

He looked thoughtfully at the multi-colored flame of the driftwood fire.

"Well, you see, Nan, it didn't occur to me that I was taking a risk; a confession of love was the last thing I would have thought would happen."

"Then why did you disregard that letter that cost me such an effort to write?"

"Well," he replied slowly, "I guess it's because I'm the captain of my soul—or try to be, at any rate. I didn't think it quite fair that you should be shunned; it occurred to me that I wouldn't be playing a manly part to permit the idle mewing of the Port Agnew tabbies to frighten me away. I didn't intend to fall in love

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One bright sunny day, while taking my morning walk in the park, I found Judith and her mother playing hide-and-seek. Judith's mother and I were old friends. We sat down on the grass together for a visit—and Judith played around.

Of course, we talked about the child, for I loved her almost as much as her mother did. As I watched this remarkable child playing around, I thought of the tremendous responsibility of the mother. I asked her how she had met it. And this is what she told me:

"When Judith was born, my first feeling was one of utter helplessness. I knew nothing about caring for a child. I was afraid—afraid that I might do the wrong thing. I wondered if other mothers had felt that same haunting fear for their child's welfare. And even though Judith thrived under my care, I never could quite shake off the feeling that I might do the wrong thing.

"Never shall I forget the day when my helplessness overwhelmed me completely. Judith was about 2½ years old—just old enough to begin to play, to notice things and to ask questions.

speak. I sank down on the floor—helpless. Was it possible that Judith didn't love me and had lost confidence in me?

"For days I struggled with the problem, haunted by the fear that my child didn't love me. Then I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly. So I went to my friends and asked frankly for advice. If I had followed all that advice I shudder to think of what might have happened to Judith!

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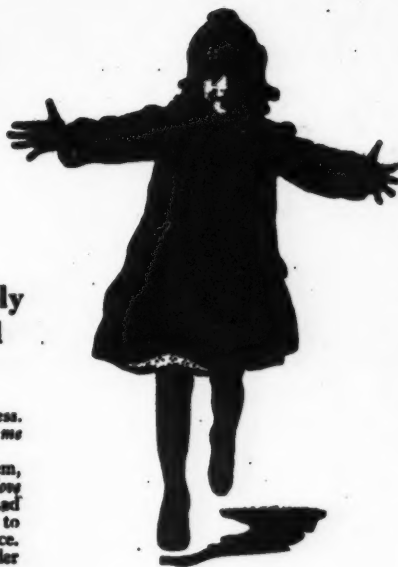
"These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Judith—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nourish the sweet ways which everyone loved. And then . . . but there's no need to go into details, for you can see what it has done. I give The Parents' Association full credit."

The heart of every mother thrills with pride when she hears some whole-souled, notable man proudly stand up and say, as Lincoln said, "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother." Never was a greater truth uttered than this. For the course of one's whole life is shaped in childhood.

There is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. A child is what its parents make it. Heredity, environment and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

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The Parents' Association is an organization devoted to scientific child training. It was founded by Professor Ray C. Beery, A. B., M. A. (Harvard and Columbia), after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. Professor Beery is regarded by those who know his work as one of the greatest authorities on child culture. No

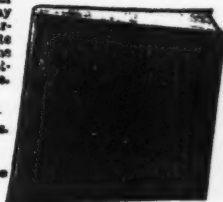


man has a better knowledge of human nature or a more sympathetic understanding of children.

The moment you become a member of The Parents' Association you are given information of the most vital nature. Avenues of knowledge which will astound you are opened up to you. Things that have perplexed you, worried you, will become as clear as day to you. You will stand amazed at the tremendous possibilities of child training. And, best of all, you can apply this vital information immediately. You will marvel at the remarkable and instant results.

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"I had corrected her for striking me in the face with a ball. Then I went to get the ball and had my back to her for a moment. As I turned around with the ball, I saw something that nearly broke my heart! There was Judith, in an attitude of defiance, making a face at me!

"For a moment I couldn't move nor

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with you— Oh, drat my reasons! I'm here because I'm here. And in the matter of that old hen—" He paused and favored her with a quizzical smile.

"Yes?"

"I brought a substitute hen with me— all ready for the pot, and if I can't come to dinner to-morrow, I'm going to face a very lonely Sunday."

"You ridiculous boy! Of course you may come, although it must be the final visit. You realize that we owe it to ourselves not to make our burden heavier than it's going to be."

He nodded.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we may be dead," he quoted. "Let's sit down and talk it over. I haven't sat in front of a driftwood fire since I was a boy. Queer how the salt in the wood colors the flames, isn't it?"

It occurred to her for a fleeting moment that they two were driftwood, and that the salt of their tears would color their lives as the years consumed them. But she banished from her mind all thought of everything save the present. With a contented little sigh she seated herself beside him; her hand stole into his and, soothed and sustained by the comforting touch, each of the other, gradually the first terror of their predicament faded; e'er long, Donald reminded her of her promise, and she stole to the old square piano and sang for him while, without, Dirty Dan O'Leary crouched in the darkness and thrilled at the rippling melody.

At ten o'clock, when Donald left the Sawdust Pile, he and Nan had arrived at a firm determination to follow separate paths, nor seek to level the barrier that circumstance had raised between them.

"Some day—perhaps," he whispered, as he held her to his heart in the dark at the garden gate. "While I live, I shall love you. Good-by, old sweetheart!"

XIV

TRUE to his promise, Daniel P. O'Leary declined to die that night.

"Confound your belligerent soul!" the doctor growled at dawn. "I believe you're too mean to die."

"We'll make it a finish fight," whispered Daniel.

"I'll go you," the doctor answered, and sent for digitalis and salt solution.

There was one other soul in Port Agnew who did not sleep that night, either. Andrew Daney's soul, shaken by what was to him a cosmic cataclysm, caused that good man to rise at five o'clock and go down to the hospital for another look at Dirty Dan. To his anxious queries the doctor shook a dubious head, but the indomitable O'Leary smiled wanly.

"Go on wit' ye!" he wheezed faintly. "I'll win be a hair-line decision."

At seven o'clock, when the telegraph-station opened, Andrew Daney was waiting at the door. He entered and sent a telegram to The Laird.

Return immediately.

In the late afternoon, Hector McKaye returned to Port Agnew and at once sought Daney, who related to him exactly what had occurred. The shadow of profound worry settled over The Laird's face.

"Dan refuses to disclose anything re-

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ness of deceit, injustice or oppression, there he unloosed the thunderbolts of his fury.

No money, no influence, no human agency was strong enough to encompass his downfall. For Brann wielded a power greater than any of these—the power of words! He wove a pattern of words and it breathed with life, shone with beauty, scintillated with satire. At his touch cold type kindled into fire, glowed with the red heat of wrath, blinded with the white flare of passion. With the genius of his pen he ruled the emotions of men, played upon the heartstrings of humanity.

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What Kind of a Human Are You?

"I am no perfectionist. I do not build the spasmodic sob nor spill the scalding tear because all men are not Sir Galahads in quest of Holy Grail, and all women angels with two pair of reversible wings and the aurora borealis for a hat band. I might get lonesome in a world like that. I do not expect to see religion without cant, wealth without want, and virtue without vice; but I do hope to see the human race devote itself to grander aims than following the fashion and camping on the trail of cart-wheel dollars. I want to see more homes and fewer hovels, more men and fewer duds. I want to see more women with the moral courage to brave the odium of being old maids rather than the pitiful weakness to become loveless wives. I want to see more mothers who would rather be queen of their homes than the favorites of fashionable circles; women who would rather have the love of their husbands than the insolent admiration of the whole hi-world—women who do not know too much at 15 and too little at 50."

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"The woman who inveigles some poor old fool—perhaps old enough to be her father—into calling her his tootsie-wootsie over his own signature, then brings suit for breach of promise—or the overpaid commandment; who exhibits her broken heart to the judge and jury and demands that it be patched up with Uncle Sam's illuminated anguish plasters; who plays the adventures, then poses in the public prints as an injured innocent—sends a good reputation to join a bad character in tape of monetary reward—well, she too may be legally honest; but it's just as well to watch her; for no woman worth powder to blow her to perdition ever did or ever will carry such a case into court. When a woman's heart is really hurting her money is not going to help it; when she's truly sorry for her sin she tells her troubles to the Lord instead of to policemen and reporters."

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If you are that man

or if you know that man, write to us. We have a proposition to make that may be the means of determining your or his whole future.

But write now—before you forget it—and remember, we are just as anxious to hear from you as you can possibly be to connect yourself or your friend with this great organization.

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garding Donald's movements," Dancy continued, "where he followed the boy or where the fight took place. I only know that Donald was not present; Dan, fortunately, overheard the plot, inculcated, by some means, the idea in those scoundrels' heads that he was Donald, and took the fight off the boy's hands. He claimed he fought a winning fight, and he is right. The mulatto died in Darrow this morning. One of the Greeks has a smashed shoulder, and the other a broken arm and four broken ribs. How they ever got home to Darrow is a mystery."

"The third Greek must have waited near the river-mouth with a boat, Andrew. Have you any idea where Donald spent the evening?"

"Yes, sir; but he's free, white, and twenty-one, and he's my superior. I prefer not to discuss his movements."

"Andrew, I command you to."

"I refuse to be commanded, sir."

"That's all I wanted to know. He visited the Brents, and you know it." He saw by the flush on Dancy's old face that he had hit the mark. "Well, I'm obliged to you, Andrew. You've done your full duty; so we'll not discuss the matter further. The situation will develop in time, and, meanwhile, I'll not spy on my boy. I wonder if that Darrow gang will talk."

"I imagine not, sir—that is, if Dirty Dan keeps his own counsel. They will fear prosecution if Dan dies; so they will be silent awaiting the outcome of his injuries. If he lives, they will still remain silent, awaiting his next move. Dan will probably admit having been jumped in the dark by three unknown men and that he defended himself vigorously; he can fail to identify the Greeks, and the Greeks cannot do less than fail to identify Dirty Dan, who can plead self-defense if the coroner's jury delves too deeply into the mulatto's death. I imagine they will not. At any rate, it's up to Dan whether Donald figures in the case or not, and Dan will die before he'll betray the confidence."

"That's comforting," The Laird replied. "Will you be good enough to drive me home to The Dreamerie, Andrew?"

At The Dreamerie, old Hector discovered that his son had left the house early in the afternoon, saying he would not be home for dinner. So The Laird sat him down and smoked and gazed out across the Bight of Tyee until sunset, when, a vague curiosity possessing him, he looked down to the Sawdust Pile and observed that the flag still flew from the cupola. The night shadows gathered, but still the flag did not come down; and presently round The Laird's grim mouth a little prescient smile appeared, with something of pain in it.

"Dining out at Brent's," he soliloquized, "and they're so taken up with each other they've forgotten the flag. I do not remember that the Brent girl ever forgot it before. She loves him."

Which will it be—Love's renunciation or fulfilment? Donald must now struggle with his love for his father and his love for Nan. Will he gain his heart's desire or carry out The Laird's ambitious plans for his worldly position? The next instalment of *Kindred of the Dust* continues the tense situation. Read about it in the next issue, **January Cosmopolitan.**



After the Dance

THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature's agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin's texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

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Resinol Soap



RESINOL SHAVING STICK is especially appreciated by young men, who like the way the Resinol in it soothes the face and prevents shaving discomforts.

Why Do People Like William S. Hart and Dorothy Dalton

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Dorothy Dalton,
Thomas H. Ince
Star appearing
in Paramount-
Artcraft Pictures

WHY is Dorothy Dalton so well loved by her followers? Why does William S. Hart attract and hold the admiration of almost every one? They both know the secret of making people like them.

If Dorothy Dalton and William S. Hart can do the thing that makes themselves liked by the most cosmopolitan audience in the world—people they never see—think how much easier it will be for you to master this ability—win the confidence and liking of the people with whom you come in contact.

You too can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Dr. Blackford in analyzing Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and **YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU.** Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on with them; mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial Analysis Made from Photograph]

Miss Dalton has a particularly fine physical organization. She belongs to the vital-motive type. Note the roundness of her features and the fullness of her figure. The motive qualities show in the squareness of her face in full front view, and in the graceful poses and movements of her body. She has splendid recuperative power. This gives vivacity, responsive energies, warmth and enthusiasm of nature.

Miss Dalton is distinctly feminine in type. Note the slightly concave nose, tilted up at the end, the soft curves of her face and body, and the cupid-bow lips. Feminine characteristics are further shown in her large, soulful eyes, her long, curling lashes, and the subtle humor and coquetry in her facial expression.

Miss Dalton belongs to the convex type, with the exception of the nose, which is plane tending to concave. Convexity of features indicates keenness, quick responses, quickness in action and directness in speech. These qualities Miss Dalton manifests in her quick responsiveness to conditions of environment, in her quick comprehension of artistic values and her readiness to make the most of a dramatic situation.

She is very emotional and strongly sentimental, and appeals to these qualities in her audience. One loves Dorothy Dalton because she has the art of winning your affection through her heart appeal.

Paul Graham was a blond, and not until he had learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place, he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

Another example—the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and to do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for “getting under the skin” and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could

Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Dear Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Dr. Blackford's character analysis of Miss Dorothy Dalton. From a long acquaintance with Miss Dalton it gives me pleasure to say that Dr. Blackford has unerringly depicted Miss Dalton's characteristics.

Everyone knows of Miss Dalton's outstanding histrionic ability and personal charm, but this is the first time to my knowledge that anyone has stated the basis from which these personal qualities spring. I feel sure that Dr. Blackford's analysis will not only be interesting to everyone but informative as well.

Cordially yours,
(Signed) B. E. SEIBEL
Manager to Miss Dalton.

What Miss Dalton's Manager Says:

tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it was a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's characters and making them like you.

You realize of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

As unerringly as Dr. Blackford has told the characteristics of Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart you can tell the weak and strong points of character in everyone you meet.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—making friends of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard before of Dr. Blackford the Character Analyst. Dr. Blackford's development and application of the science of Character Analysis has been built on a solid foundation of direct professional study of all kinds of men and women. After years of extensive consulting work among business concerns, merchants, manufacturers, Chambers of Commerce, and trade associations, Dr. Blackford made a trip around the world, observing widely different races, comparing notes with leading specialists of forty nations, comparing theories with such famous authorities as Alfred Haddon, Metchnikoff and Giuseppe Sergi, and studying the exhaustive records of Bertillon. So Dr. Blackford's store of ideas in the realm of human relations has become probably the most carefully arranged exhibit of facts on character study in the United States.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, the Lauretende Company, Ltd., and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services, that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature, and a power over people which will surprise you.

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid. Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial Analysis from Photographs]

Mr. William S. Hart is a fine example of a keen intellect, dominating and directing both the activities of his muscles and the play of his emotions. This characteristic enables its possessor consciously and unerringly to express in the finest indications of posture, gesture, walk, and features, just the meaning he wishes to convey.

This is shown, first, by the height, breadth and depth of his forehead and the keenness of his eye, indicating intellectual power of penetration; second by the length and firmness of his upper lip—indicating control of emotion—and the length and firmness of his chin, indicating control of physical activities.

Keen observation is shown in the fine development of the lower part of the forehead, which is prominent just above the eyes, while judgment of human nature is shown in the height of the forehead directly above the root of the nose.

It follows from this that he is keen, shrewd judge of human nature. He uses this knowledge of people not only to portray their joys, their sorrows, their passions, and their sympathies, but also as a basis for judgment as to what will please them in the pictures.

One of the most marked traits about Mr. Hart is his determination which is shown in the long, firm upper lip, the square, deep jaw, the straight, dogged cut of the lips across the face, and the high head.

His determination is backed by courage. Courage is shown in the long, large but well-balanced nose; the straight, level gaze; and the prominence of the lower end of the chin.

So we have in him a man who by keen observation and smoothly working intellect, fixes upon his purposes, who knows how to influence, persuade and direct people to play their parts in his plans, who has the courage to attempt big things and the determination to accomplish them in spite of difficulties and obstacles.

These are qualities which largely explain Mr. Hart's success in motion pictures, but he adds to them an unusual capacity for concentration. He not only starts, but no matter how disagreeable and difficult the job, he sticks and he finishes.

Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

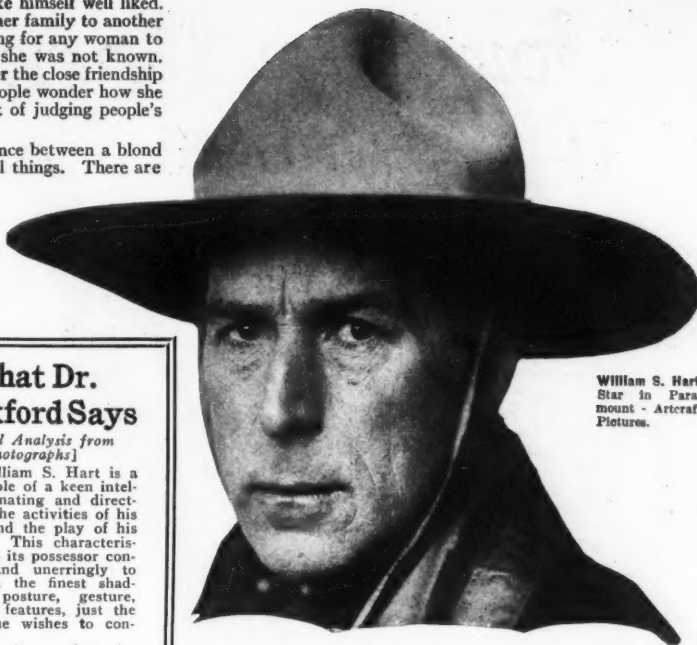
Gentlemen:

I have carefully read Dr. Blackford's analysis of Mr. William S. Hart, and in the light of years' close personal acquaintance with him must say that I am amazed at the close accuracy with which Dr. Blackford depicts Mr. Hart's personal characteristics.

This analysis is all the more remarkable when it is realized that Dr. Blackford has never met Mr. Hart and that this character reading was made wholly from a photograph.

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. H. ALLEN
Manager.

What Mr. Hart's Manager Says.



William S. Hart,
Star in Paramount - Artcraft
Pictures.

it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

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"Home, James!"

(Continued from page 37)

Sanford got ready for it as quickly as he could manage, didn't follow. Jim didn't go down; he only staggered a little, clenched his fists, and stood still.

"What do you mean, you—you—" Sanford spluttered.

"You've got your weight on the wrong foot, Sanford," said Jim. "If I got in quick with my left, where would you be? You want to think about those things, you know, when you go round punching people."

"Don't call me 'Sanford.' And I want you to know that I'm here to protect my sister——"

"All right, Mr. Berrian. Do you figure that you've protected her enough now, or do you want to hit me again?"

Sanford bit his lip uncertainly.

"Look here," he began; "Don't try to put over any funny business on me. Get out of this before you're kicked out. I've suspected this for some time."

"Then if you've suspected it, you can't be much surprised," said Jim. "I'm not putting anything over. I'm getting out. I was coming to give the doctor notice when you started beating me up. And if you never had to protect your sister from anything worse than me, she wouldn't lead a very dangerous life, Mr. Berrian."

"Then what do you mean by——"

"That only happened once," said Jim, turning pale. "She fainted or something. I guess I'll see the doctor now, if you've no objections." Sanford scowled undecidedly, but made no effort to stop him.

Then ensued a strained, uncomfortable month. Sanford, of course, told his father, from whom his mother, of course, wormed out everything. But nobody said a word to Zanna.

"Please allow me to manage this, Harri," said Mrs. Berrian. "Don't let us lose our heads. It's ghastly, of course, and I blame myself for letting the man stay—I never liked or trusted him, you may remember. But he had the decency to go, and Zanna has breeding—thank God!—and it's bound to tell in the end. She'll thank us for not mentioning it—you'll see."

"Well—if you're sure——"

"Sure?" Why, my dear, I fell in love with my second music-teacher myself, when I was seventeen!"

"But is that the same thing, exactly, my dear?"

"Just exactly," she assured him. "We must simply bury it."

But before you bury anything, it is better to be reasonably sure that the thing is dead.

Zanna lived through that month on her pride. They knew, and she knew that they knew, that the first great crisis of her life had come to her. And yet nobody mentioned it. They never mentioned the word "Jim." This was easy for them, because Helmar had suddenly returned. He had not gone to Stockholm after all, but had written to his girl to come to America instead, and she had come, and now he was a married man, and would be glad to drive for the doctor again, if he was wanted. He was wanted.

In Zanna's mind, odd and unsuspected



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thoughts were taking shape. If Jim had not gone as he did, she would have died of shame, but now that he had gone, she felt less and less ashamed and more and more argumentative. She never spoke of him—but she never thought of much else.

And her family was much pleased and congratulated Mrs. Berrian upon her knowledge of the human heart.

One month after Jim left them, Zanna received a letter. It is a fact she had never seen a written word of his in her life, but when she took up the envelop, her heart beat very *quickly* and her fingers turned cold. She went out in her car to a lonely road and stopped under an apple tree and read it.

DEAR MISS BERRIAN:

I have been doing a lot of thinking since I went away, and I would feel better if I got some things off my mind. I try to be fair to all, and I know just how your brother felt—brought up as he has been, of course he would. But I am as good an American as he is, maybe, at that. And I am going to get somewhere before I die. I am bound to. It's true I might have more education, but I had not the time; there was so much I needed to learn, so I had to leave school. Women could not teach it to me very well, and they were all women. But I guess I could manage it all right at that, if you insisted. It can't be much to do—look at the boys that do it. That's enough. Now, what I mean is: Do you really feel to me as you seemed to in the barn that day? Because, if you do, I have been thinking that it is your business more than your brother's, and, after all, I never asked you. You are different from the rest of them. You always were. I never thought much about this business of love, but I have a great deal lately, and I know now that you are the girl for me. And I can see that you were always very contented with me—I mean happy when we were together. And I the same with you. I think we would always be.

Now, Miss Berrian, would you feel like taking a chance and marrying me? We should be poor at first, but you need not worry about that. It won't last. And, anyway, I do not care about marrying any girl who waited until the man was rich. I don't like it, somehow. I am getting forty dollars a week now, and anybody that can't live on that ought to be drowned.

I should like to know about this, because I have not felt the same since that day, and if you have changed and there is no good thinking about it, I plan to go West and start fresh. But to be plain with you, if I cannot have you, I must try to get on with a second choice, that's all, and I shall hunt for a girl who looks like you and marry her. I am not contented alone any more. Of course it will never be you. I know that. But I will try to settle down with her. They say it is the best thing to do. But I shall never forget it when you kissed me.

If you would consider it, I shall be at the wood road off Pease's Corners, where you learned the reverse gear, on Saturday afternoon.

To be fair with you, I must say that you will never get their consent; so you would just have to come to me without it. If you wish, show this letter to your father; he is a fine man. But I am afraid not. I am glad you are twenty-three. Of course, if you do not care, then do not show this letter to anybody but send it back to me, and I will know you got it if you address it yourself. I will not write again. But I can only say you are the only girl for me.

Yours truly,
JIM ELDER.

Zanna drove the car to the wood road off Pease's Corners on Saturday. In the car were two suitcases, and her trunk was



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checked to Boston. It was that sentence about finding another girl that looked like her, you see, that did it. She left Jim's letter for her father to read, and opposite that sentence she wrote:

There is no good arguing with you about it, father—while you are scolding me, some one else will get him. Jim is not like you and San—he does things so quickly, but he doesn't talk about them. I am sorry about mother, but I don't dare wait. You know what Jim is. I can't help it, father—when I am with him, I am happy and contented, and when he is gone I am miserable. You can't live like that. What difference does it make what a person does, or if he is rich, when it makes you happy to be just with him?

So she went. And when they kissed, this time, I think Jim came nearer fainting than she, to tell you the truth. He always said he didn't know which would have surprised him most that day—to see her coming or not to see her. But Zanna always says he knew well enough.

And here again Sanford comes in. Having, as he phrased it, "a hunch," when he saw Zanna's suitcases, he followed her in the Ford, and though he lost her at a crowded turn and thereby gave her a half hour's start, he picked her up at Pease's Corners and even saw one of the kisses from where he had stopped. At this, he got out to crank the car, and Zanna opened her eyes and saw him.

"Oh! He'll stop us! Oh, Jim!" she gasped. And Jim, who, up to now, had been trying to persuade her to wait, set his jaw and pushed his car.

"Stop us?" *With that Ford?* he said.

"*They'll have swift steeds that follow!*" quoth young Lochinar."

(You see, it is only that Sir Walter Scott and I use slightly different words—we mean the same thing.)

So he threw in the clutch, and Sanford didn't even know which village they were married in.

Jim's company raised him to fifty a week, and they went honeymooning (with full pay) for a week in the car.

I know you will want me to say that Zanna got worn out with housework and too many babies. Perhaps you would like it if Jim drank, and was rude to her, like the Russian stories.

But I cannot say this, because it wasn't so. Zanna had three babies, it is true, but they agreed with her tremendously, and Jim never let them wear her out because he was immensely fond of them and helped take care of them most handily. And he drank very little and was nothing like any Russian husband I ever read about.

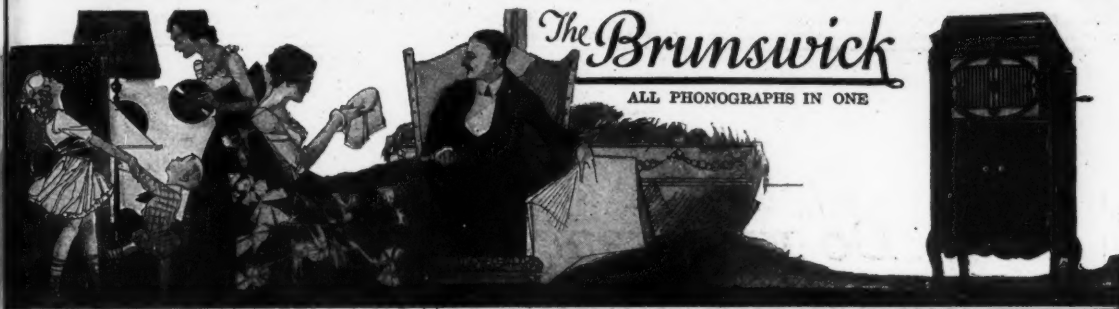
Between the second and third babies, he invented that little nickel knob in the front of your car that you pull out when you want to go faster and use less gas. You all want to do this, and so Jim sells a good many of the buttons each year and has a fifty-per-cent. interest in the factory his firm put up in order to make them. Sanford writes the advertising for him, and finds that it pays him much better than his critical review ever did.

Jim has always been willing to stop and complete his education whenever Zanna wishes, but she is always putting it off, because, as you can easily see, he is far too busy in the daytime, and if he went to night-school, what would she do, all alone, evenings?

VIVAUDOU'S
MAVIS
TALC
CREAM
FACE POWDER

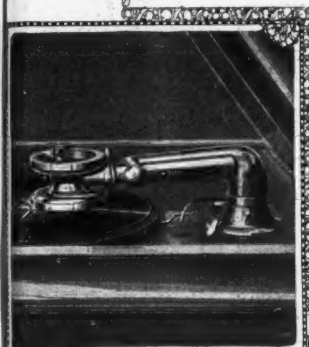
IRRESISTIBLE!

VIVAUDOU
PARIS
CREATOR OF NEW YORK
Lady Mary
"THE FASHIONABLE FRAGRANCE"



METHOD OF REPRODUCTION

Gives New Beauty to Record Music



The ULTONA

"TONES that are reproduced truer, finer, sweeter." "Music that in both spirit and letter is restated with greater beauty." "All records transcribed with greater fidelity."

Golden opinions like these are showered on The Brunswick by its hearers everywhere. And why?

Because, with its many other betterments, it has an exclusive, new Method of Reproduction.

Method of Reproduction

This Method of Reproduction for which the Brunswick Phonograph is famous, includes two scientific features—the Ultona and the Tone Amplifier.

The Ultona

The Ultona—a new day creation—is a tone arm adaptable to playing any make of record.

With but a slight turn of the hand, it presents the correct weight, precise diaphragm and proper needle.

The Tone Amplifier

The Tone Amplifier is the vibrant all-wood throat of The Brunswick.

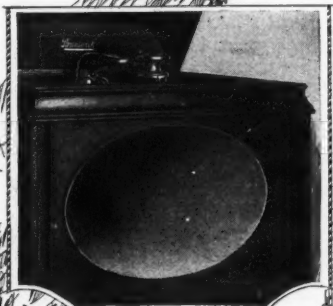
It is oval in shape and made entirely of rare moulded hollywood.

No metal touches it.

By it, sound waves are projected into full rounded tones—tones that are richer and more natural.

Brunswick Superiority is Apparent

Proof of the claims made by the many proud possessors of Brunswick phonographs may be had at your nearest dealer. Ask to hear your favorite record played—TODAY.



The TONE AMPLIFIER

Ask your dealer for a free copy of "What to Look For in Buying a Phonograph." You will want this interesting instructive booklet before you buy because it is authentic. It was written by Henry Purmort Eames, L.L.B., Concert Pianist and Lecturer, Director Pianoforte Dept., Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago.

The **BRUNSWICK - BALKE-COLLENDER Company**

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of
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General Offices:
623-633 So. Wabash Avenue,
CHICAGO

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise
Sales Co., 819 Yonge St., Toronto

Do you want legislation based on "facts" like these?

The Federal Trade Commission, it seems, would like to show that the packers are getting control of the food supply of the nation.

If it were true, the commission ought to have no trouble in proving it. Every detail of the packing business has been open to them.

But the idea is absurd—and an absurdity cannot be proved.

* * *

The commission has published a list of some 640 articles said to be sold by the packers.

This list is a gross exaggeration. 90 of the items listed are not sold to the outside trade by Swift & Company but are supply and repair materials, such as brick, cement, etc., used in construction and maintenance.

Glaring duplications appear also. Sausage was listed 37 times under different varieties. Strictly beef products and by-products were classified as over 60 different items.

* * *

As a matter of real fact—

Aside from meat and meat by-products, Swift & Company regularly handles only butter, eggs, cheese, poultry, canned

goods, lard substitutes, soap, and, to a very small extent, dried and salt fish. And it handles only a small percentage of the volume of these sold to the trade.

It is natural and logical, of course, that Swift & Company should handle these auxiliary articles.

Practically all of them are sold to retail shops. And plus this is the matter of plain economy. Swift & Company, by handling these auxiliary products, reduces overhead costs all down the line and gives cheaper meat and better service to the public.

That Swift & Company can serve the public at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources is possible in large part because of these products.

* * *

We do not believe that intelligent, fair-minded American citizens want legislation based on the kind of "facts" the Federal Trade Commission is using to fight the packers.

Such "facts" are vicious and grossly unfair and can do nothing but harm to everybody concerned.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 30,000 shareholders



